

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LIV.

JULY, 1897.

No. 3.



OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.—COLE'S NEW SERIES.

WILLIAM HOGARTH (1697-1764).

WHEN George I went to the shades there was little poetry or painting to tell his praises. The masters in verse had passed on; the masters of the brush had not yet arrived. The king had been indifferent to their comings and their goings, for art was not one of his failings. To be sure, painting existed, and court circles for many years had cherished a pseudo-fondness for it, but only as a foreign product. Holbein, Rubens, Van Dyck, Lely, Kneller, and the *outré mer* contingent had been successively at court, and the foreign cult was still firmly established when George II came to the throne. Native painters there were, but of inconsiderable skill, and they were treated in an inconsiderate manner. It was thought that something in climate or natural incapacity prevented the native from doing good work, and that none but a Continental could be an artist in the grand style. And when at last, in the eighteenth century, the first English painter of rank, William Hogarth, made his appearance, he was not considered a rival of the foreigners by any one but himself. He did not win public attention by painting the historical picture better than Rubens. Such large pictures as he painted were coldly received; and Sir Joshua, who voiced British taste in his day, did not regard Hogarth as an artist of the higher sort. Neither did he draw notice to himself by painting nobility nobler than Van Dyck. His portraits were excellent, but the people

of his time did not think so. He attracted attention by a new kind of painting—a something like personal journalism with the paint-brush—that hit and interested all classes. He created a pictorial Dunciad, and set the people of the town by the ears with his lampoons on the follies of the times. This made a stir, and London awoke to the fact that there was one English painter who at least had something to say. There was much attention given to what he said, for his truths struck near home; but one fails to find in his own time, or even in the present time, any wide-spread appreciation of how he said it. The artistic quality of his work was little considered. It was William Hogarth, satirist; no one thought or cared much about William Hogarth, painter. His engravings and pictures were accepted for their matter rather than for their manner; and with the exception of people directly interested in art as art, they are so accepted to this day.

It cut Hogarth to the quick that he was not considered a great artist, and that people looked only at his subjects. He was aware of possessing fine pictorial qualities, and wondered that people did not recognize them; yet he knowingly rendered them subordinate by the great prominence he gave to his subject. In his day and country the story-telling theme, the dramatic climax, the moral teaching, were considered the end and aim of painting. He himself said as much, and so



NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

«THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT.» (DETAIL FROM «MARRIAGE À LA MODE.»)

designed his work. There is something peculiarly English, perhaps, in this point of view—something suggestive of origin or inheritance. For painting in England did not, as in Italy, originate in architectural decoration, and concern itself with filling space decoratively with form and color. Under Hogarth it derived from the stage, and he was probably the first one to make it a vehicle for illustrating themes pertinent to literature. His serial pictures were the painted acts of a drama—acts written with a paint-brush instead of with a pen. They were read scene by scene like a book, each picture being a chapter, and each chapter having time-movement. To comprehend them his audience required literary intelligence rather than pictorial imagination. The idea that his pictures were decorative panels, and had artistic qualities pleasing to the eye regardless of their subjects, could have occurred to but few; and yet they were decorative in a very high degree. The story-teller was clever indeed, but the painter was infinitely more clever—in fact, little short of a marvel, considering his period and that he was the first of the school. He quarreled with «the connoisseurs» all his life because they would not recognize him as the equal of Correggio and Van Dyck; but reckoning with the fate that usually befalls the innovator, he seems to have fared not badly. His own generation recognized him as a great satirist and moralist, and it is safe to say that future generations will recognize him as a great painter.

Hogarth was born in London, November 10, 1697. His father was an unsuccessful schoolmaster, and at the time of the son's birth an equally unsuccessful literary hack in London. His uncle, too, had literary aspirations, and wrote satirical poetry that was characterized as wanting in «grammar, metre, sense, and decency.» The painter's school education was probably slight, for he was early apprenticed to Ellis Gamble, a silversmith, at the sign of the Golden Angel; and under him Hogarth learned to engrave and decorate silver plate with scrolls, devices, and coats of arms. He was not satisfied with such work, and had hopes of another sort in his youthful mind. «Engraving on copper was at twenty years of age my utmost ambition,» he says; and he soon began engraving business cards, tickets, and booksellers' plates. He also designed and engraved the plates of the «South Sea» and the «Lottery,» and illustrated Aubrey de la Mottraye's «Travels»; but none of these works showed great talent. The illustrations

were graceful but not noteworthy, except for what they tell us of Hogarth's early taste, which seems to have had some French bias. The illustrations to Butler's «Hudibras,» which followed, were more of kin to Dutch art, and had a coarse, harsh fiber running through them indicative of what was to come.

His ambition soon extended itself to the painting of pictures, and here he began battling against odds, for he had little systematic education as a painter. He was no passed master in drawing, but he had habituated himself to mental impressions of form, and probably «drew out of his head,» as the saying is, until the form looked right, resorting at times perhaps to a model with a difficult piece of work. He attended Sir James Thornhill's art school in Covent Garden, and he must have learned considerable there; for Sir James, though not a great popular success, was far from being the incompetent bungler with the brush that people have chosen to consider him. He had not mental strength, and was French-Italian in taste; but he knew how to draw tolerably well, and his line, types, and composition are apparent in Hogarth's large religious pictures. But making due allowance for this teaching, and for the occasional traces of foreign influence, like that of Watteau, Teniers, Callot, and Chardin, in Hogarth's work, his education as a painter still remains something of a mystery. However it was accomplished, the transition from an indifferent engraver to a master of the brush was quickly made, and was little short of astonishing.

In 1729 Hogarth ran away with and married his master's only daughter, Jane Thornhill, and set up in life as engraver and painter in South Lambeth. The match was not relished by Sir James, but after Hogarth came to popularity (and an income) he was duly forgiven. He began to engrave and publish his own plates, and to paint some small conversation pictures in measure like the work of Lancret. Before 1732 he had painted the «Wanstead Assembly,» the «Meeting of a Committee of the House of Commons at the Fleet Prison, 1729» (one of his most charming pieces of tone and color), scenes from the «Beggar's Opera» and the «Indian Emperor,» and some small portrait groups. Between 1730 and 1733 he painted his first notable success, the «Harlot's Progress.» There were six pictures in the series, and they were afterward engraved. Hogarth explained the series by saying: «I have endeavored to treat my subject as a dramatic writer. My picture is

my stage; my men and women my players, who, by means of certain actions and gestures, are to exhibit a dumb-show." He could not have made a more exact explanation of the subject, and the subject was the only thing in which his audience was interested. The "Harlot's Progress" was a moral tale in paint, carrying over six acts. The play—the story—was the thing. Had the series not been destroyed by fire, we might to-day find that there was something else to it than the "dumb-show." It caught the fancy of the town at once, and Hogarth immediately followed up its success by the "Rake's Progress," in eight pictures, now in the Soane Museum. This was not so successful with the populace, though it made a savage lunge at high life. The two series had made him famous, and his satires were in demand; yet at this very time the painter in him seemed to revolt at mere popular success, and he turned back sharply to an early ambition of excelling in the "great style of history-painting."

In 1736 he produced two enormous pictures for St. Bartholomew's Hospital, with figures over life-size, representing the "Pool of Bethesda" and the "Good Samaritan." They were a first attempt at large pictures, and though not exceptionally good, they were not exceptionally bad, as we have been told. They displayed ability, but there was no applause for them at the time; and Hogarth, not wishing to sink into "a portrait manufacturer," as he put it, returned to his small pictures, his plates, and his public. The "Distressed Poet," the "Strolling Actresses Dressing in a Barn," the "Enraged Musician," came next; and then, after a unique auction of his pictures, at which the two "Progresses" fetched only two hundred and seventy-three pounds, he produced his "Marriage à la Mode," six pictures in a series, now in the National Gallery. It is a tragic tale, a stinging commentary on fashionable life in Hogarth's day, yet it was well received even by those it stung. After this he did some portraits of Lord Lovat, Mr. Garrick, and others; got up "Industry and Idleness," twelve plates illustrating apprentice life; painted the effective "March to Finchley"; engraved "Beer Street," "Gin Lane," and the "Four Stages of Cruelty," three uninteresting and coarse studies in criminology; and painted an insular, ill-natured fling at the French, called the "Roast Beef of Old England" or "Calais Gate." In 1752 he produced two more large historical pictures—one of "Moses Brought to Pharaoh's Daughter," now in the Found-

ling Asylum, and one of "Paul Before Felix," belonging to the Society of Lincoln's Inn.

Hogarth was now fifty-four, and had perhaps done his best work, but his fighting spirit was by no means stilled. He wrote a book called the "Analysis of Beauty," to "fix the fluctuating of taste," in which he went out of his way to attack the "black masters" of Italy, and incidentally to assert his own superiority. In reality his quarrel was more with the picture-dealers who brought over the "ship-loads of manufactured 'Dead Christs,' 'Holy Families,' and 'Madonnas,'" than with the old masters. "The connoisseurs and I are at war, you know, and because I hate them they think I hate Titian—and let them." But the "Analysis of Beauty" was not a very lucid performance, and it brought Hogarth many hard knocks from his enemies. He who had been such a biter soon felt himself bit, and "Painter Pugg," as they called him, afforded considerable amusement to the satirists of the day. He went on, however, but with slackened vigor, to paint the "Election," four satirical canvases now in the Soane Museum, and to get out some prints of minor importance. The fancy for historical painting came to him once more, and he painted three pictures as an altarpiece for St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, now in the Academy of Clifton. For these he got five hundred pounds, and was vastly proud of getting such a sum for his work. In 1757 he was appointed sergeant-painter to the king, and thought to confine himself thereafter to portraiture; but two years after his appointment he announced that he would finally abandon the brush for the graver. Before doing so he painted the "Lady's Last Stake," now belonging to Mr. Huth, and the "Sigismunda" in the National Gallery, for which Mrs. Hogarth is said to have acted as the model. He did take up the graver again, but with weakened wit, producing the plates of the "Times," which got him into a quarrel with his whilom friends Churchill and "the heaven-born" Wilkes. The quarrel resulted in Hogarth's pride getting badly wounded, and Wilkes having his cock-eyes perpetuated in caricature. Hogarth's work ended with the plate of the "Bathos," and he died on October 26, 1764, at his house in Leicester Fields, where he had lived most of his life.

Such, in brief, was the life of William Hogarth—a life that is both illustrated and contradicted by his pictures. To the public he was a pugnacious little man, one who believed in justice and uprightness, and never minced words in denouncing social immoral-

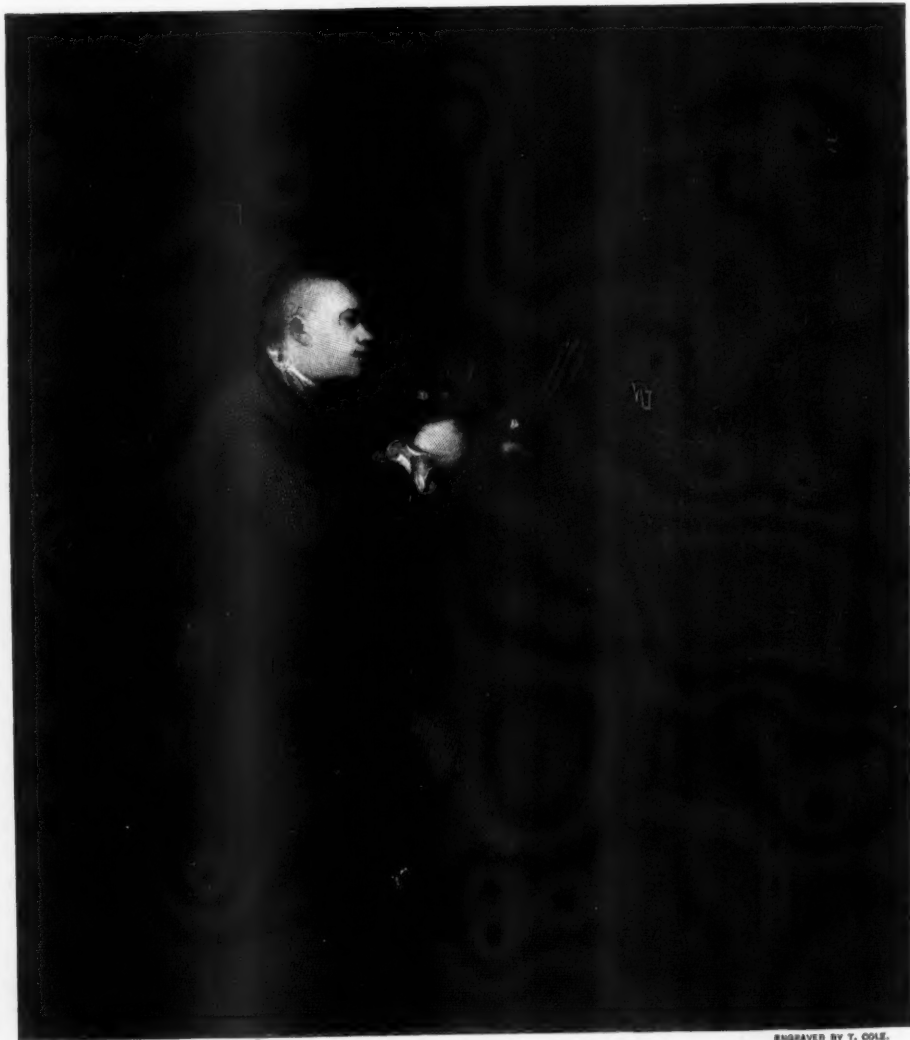
ity. His subjects would indicate the coarse-grained satirist, the man who meant to shake the sides and at the same time preach a sermon. He was regarded as something of a Wilkes in paint—a slasher and a bruiser of reputations for righteousness' sake, a denouncer of evil, an opponent of the old masters, and one knows not what else besides. Undoubtedly he was in measure the product of a degraded time, and had some degraded instincts that cropped out in his works; but these were only a part of the man, and the poorer, more ignoble part at that. There was another side, about which he said little, because his public was not interested, but it is fully revealed in his pictures. The pictures show that under the coarse mask of the satirist was a feeling as refined as any known to English painting. Hogarth the satirist and Hogarth the painter were like two different natures. One was savage, brutish, almost hyena-like in the laugh over the unwholesome; the other was the embodiment of tenderness, delicacy, and charm. The brutish nature is apparent in many plates and paintings: the «Modern Midnight Conversation,» the «Election,» the «Progresses,» the «Marriage à la Mode,» Take the «Rake's Progress,» for instance, and study the tragic horror of the gambling-scene, the cold-bloodedness of the hands grasping the money, the frenzy of the young man kneeling upon the floor, his hands clenched in agony, the utter indifference of those about him. Consider the picture called the «Orgies»—the uproar of the drunken women, the bestiality of the faces, the coarseness of the actions, the gutter quality of the whole scene. Pass on to the last picture, the «Mad-House,» where the rake lies on the floor in the foreground, without mind, feeling, or even clothing; around him hideous types of the maniac, and back of him gloom, chains, grated windows, and the grave. It is not possible to sup more full of horrors.

But dismiss the subjects from mind, study the pictures for what they look rather than for what they mean, and see with what wonderful taste and refinement the man has painted them. Notice the gamblers at the table for their grouping and action; see with what skill the painter has drawn the room and filled it with atmosphere, and with what charm he has woven through that atmosphere his subtle and beautiful scheme of color. In the «Orgies» picture notice the woman in the foreground pulling off her shoes and stockings for the dance; and, as art, could anything be more beautiful than the abandon

and grace of the action, the beauty of the color, the setting and relief of the figure? See again the circle of women around the table; how delicately the reds, blues, yellows, and grays of the dresses harmonize and run together! Notice the angle of the room; the Roman emperors on the wall; the little girl standing at the door, so beautiful in color and painting. Could anything be more exquisite than this treatment? And there, in that charnel-house of the mind, the mad-house, are two women standing in the background, one dressed in pink silk, the other in silver gray, than which Watteau never painted anything more graceful or more delicate. In the painter's mind, what mission had these beings of another sphere in such a place? Were they not put there as atoning loveliness? It must have been a strange imagination that could entertain such visions of beauty and deformity at one and the same time—a strange nature that could be so coarse in thought, so refined in feeling and execution. Jan Steen occasionally reeked of the bagnio without knowing it, and Goya was sometimes hideous through mental infirmity; but Hogarth knowingly compounded viciousness with purity, and married Beauty to the Beast; he consciously gilded the gutter with the rainbow hues of heaven.

In his story-telling subjects Hogarth's strong feature was his mimic sense and his power of characterization. The influence of the theater appears here again. Shows of all sorts interested him as a child, he tells us; the dramatic was his natural gift, the stage his study, and a knowledge of physiognomy one of his earliest acquirements. Characterization came to him as it might to a trained actor. He knew almost infallibly how a feeling or emotion made itself manifest in face or action. Look, for instance, at Mr. Cole's engraving of the detail from the «Marriage à la Mode,» where the marriage contract is being drawn up, and see how strongly hit off are the flippant vanity of the young fop admiring himself in the mirror, the peevish listlessness of the prospective bride playing with her ring. It is a milder piece of sarcasm than Hogarth usually indulged in, but how absolute it is! The people of the «Progresses,» the «Election,» and the «March to Finchley» are just as decisively epitomized. Characterization shows again in his portraiture. He objected to «manufacturing» portraits, and yet some of his noblest pieces are in this department. Individuality of form and feature he grasped unerringly, even when he had himself for a

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NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

«PORTRAIT OF HOGARTH,» BY HIMSELF.

model, as in the small picture engraved by Mr. Cole. The «Garrick and Wife» at Windsor Castle is a little more precise and non-elastic, but shrewdly observed and full of force; and the half-length of his own wife, belonging to Lord Rosebery, is one of the most refined pieces of vital portraiture in the whole reach of the English school. The color-scheme alone—a scheme of grays touched with lilacs—forestalls the color delicacy of to-day, and the face shows as distinguished drawing as Hogarth ever did. The «Mrs. Dawson» at Edinburgh, and the «Peg Woffington» in Sir Charles Tennent's collection, have much of the same quality. The portraits of «Miss Fenton as Polly Peacham,» and Hogarth with his dog, in the National Gallery, are of a much poorer quality; and even the panel showing the heads of Hogarth's servants, though forceful, is lacking in color and somewhat hard in execution. The feeling that they once actually lived, however, is as strong as with the «Captain Coram» or the sketchy «Lord Lovat.» Character marks all his heads.

His large religious pictures in the Foundling Asylum and St. Bartholomew's Hospital were experiments. Hogarth knew little about large-scaled figure-painting, and when he designed such work he did little more than enlarge a small conception. In the «Moses Brought to Pharaoh's Daughter,» the princess is a pretty «Marriage à la Mode» type, cleverly handled, as is the girl back of her; and Moses is, of course, a Drury Lane urchin in green dress and flaxen hair. The «Pool of Bethesda» has an amphitheater of ruins in the background, a figure of Christ lacking in dignity, a typical street mob about him, a girl with a white cap like a Hals, a woman in white like a Chardin, a nude figure like a Boucher, and a man in the foreground like a Titian. The «Good Samaritan,» on the side wall next it, is no improvement. They are all well enough painted, but a bit disjointed and incongruous in conception. The mind of Hogarth did not readily rise to nobility of type after dealing with models from the London slums. Occasionally we see in his pictures a figure that is airy and graceful, but these appear more at home in his small conversation groups, and in his single-figure pieces, like the «Lady's Last Stake» and the «Sigismunda.» The figure in the former approaches to nobility, and so far as the type is concerned, the «Sigismunda» is elevated enough; but in painting it Hogarth was trying to outdo a supposed Correggio, and overworked the canvas. It lacks in freedom and spontaneity.

VOL. LIV.—42.

Hogarth was not a landscape-painter, yet he knew a great deal about landscape, as the first picture in the «Election» series discloses. The «Calais Gate,» too, shows knowledge of sky and sunlight; and in the first picture of the «Marriage à la Mode» series there is a street or square, seen through a window, that is astonishing in its delicate drawing, its value and light, and its feeling of air. The «Arrest» in the «Rake's Progress» shows conclusively that he knew how to paint a street with air in it, sky over it, and buildings placed in their proper planes. In fact, Hogarth could paint almost anything, except animals, and in nothing was he stronger than in still-life. His cups and saucers and table-cloths are as beautiful as Chardin's; his beef in the «Calais Gate» is worthy of any Dutchman; and neither Pater nor Watteau was his superior in painting silks, draperies, and furniture.

Technically he was uneven in drawing. Sometimes he was harsh and lacking in freedom, at other times quite rhythmical and flowing. He seldom drew like an academician, trained to ease by knowledge, and giving the whole truth of form. On the contrary, he frequently cut out the accidental by a loose, broken line, and summarized an object, like Ostade or Millet. Knowledge of anatomy he showed in more than one nude; and motion, life, abandon, he pictured well in the «Orgies» picture of the «Rake's Progress,» in the «Strolling Actresses Dressing in a Barn,» in the «Marriage à la Mode.» All his people have weight and bulk, and they all stand or sit firmly. This is noticeable in his own portrait, in the «Lord Lovat,» in the fat singing-master of the fourth «Marriage à la Mode» picture. Moreover, all his people hold their places by virtue of their atmospheric setting. Each one is given a proper value. Not one of the old English masters understood the problem of *enveloppe*—the placing of figures in atmosphere—so thoroughly as Hogarth. I have only to refer to the little family group (No. 1153) in the National Gallery for confirmation of this. The figure of the man standing at the right, the group about the table, the table itself, are absolute in their truthful relations to the foreground, the room, and the wall decorations. The setting is so true that the air of the room can be almost felt. Look again at the «Duel» scene in the «Marriage à la Mode,» and a similar effect is apparent, though the illumination is different. It is perhaps the first candle- and fire-light picture painted in England, and it is a little arbitrary in its lighting; but the

relation of objects, the *enveloppe* itself, is not disturbed. Everything keeps its place, and the picture holds together as a whole.

Hogarth was not less skilful in the handling of color. There is a sharp brick quality often shown in his flesh that is peculiar to English painting, but in other respects he is most forceful while being most subtle. His tones are usually pure, though he often used broken notes to attain delicacy. All colors—reds, blues, greens, grays, Jan Steen's yellows—are seen upon his canvases, and they seem to be laid on easily, without kneading, mixing, or emendation. Moreover, they are to-day in an excellent state of preservation; for Hogarth used no bitumen, like those who came after him, and tried no experiments with fugitive colors. Many faces by Reynolds are stricken with a death pallor; Raeburn's shadows are pot-black; and Turner's skies have turned chalk-white or lemon-yellow: but Hogarth's colors are as clear, pure, and serene as when first painted. He knew very well what he needed, and resorted to no studio expedient in obtaining it. Frank, honest little man that he was, he painted in a frank, honest way. His handling is not remarkable, but it is effective. The sketch of the «Shrimp Girl» shows both his brush-work and his color to advantage. It is a scheme in reds, browns, and grays, done swiftly, but with knowledge, taste, and skill.¹

His composition was perhaps his weakest feature. It is the final and convincing proof of the influence of the theater upon his art. One cannot look at the «Progresses», the «Marriage à la Mode», the «Lady's Last Stake», without realizing that they are stage tableaux, the painted climaxes of a play.

¹ See frontispiece of THE CENTURY for November, 1896.

The setting of the scenes, the grouping of figures, the disposition of properties, the planes in which the figures stand, the exits and the entrances, all point to the theater. He probably found his characters in real life, but he arranged them on the boards like a stage manager. This led to something akin to the artificial, to overmuch detail, and to the crowding of space. The object of many accessories was, of course, to suggest the tale that could not be spoken; and for the story-telling purpose it was effective enough, but as pictorial composition it was sometimes unfortunate. Composition never was a strong feature of the English painters, and Hogarth, the beginner, was not always successful with it. As with many another painter, his least elaborate compositions were his best.

There can be no doubt that Hogarth's instincts were those of a painter. His feeling for color, air, values, his handling of the brush, his sense of delicacy and refinement in the placing of tones, all mark him as an artist whose medium of expression was necessarily pigment. His trenching upon literature in his subjects, his constant jumbling of pigment with figment, were requirements thrust upon him by his age and audience; but neither that, nor the fact that his audience applauded him for his satires rather than for his painting, invalidates the excellence of his art. The *raison d'être* for the subjects has passed away, but the painting still lives to give its author high rank. It is worthy of more study than it has yet received, for there were only four great originals in old English painting—Hogarth, Gainsborough, Constable, and Turner. Hogarth was the first, and some there be who do not hesitate to say he was the greatest of them all.

John C. Van Dyke.

AT TWILIGHT.

OUT of the dusk, wind-blown and thin,
The shadowy wood-boats gather in,
And twilight hushes the harbor's din—
Sleep, little head, on my shoulder!

The gold lights wake through the evening
gray
In the little village beside the bay,
And a few cold stars gleam far away—
Sleep, little head, on my shoulder!

The sailor turns his face once more
Where his sweetheart waits at the opened
door;
The lone light washes the wave-swept shore—
Sleep, little head, on my shoulder!

Here where the dancing shadows swarm
Our driftwood fire is bright and warm;
Beyond our window wakes the storm—
Then sleep, little head, on my shoulder!

William Carman Roberts.

HUGH WYNNE, FREE QUAKER:

SOMETIME BREVET LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ON THE
STAFF OF HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL WASHINGTON.

BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL,

Author of «Far in the Forest,» «Roland Blake,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY HOWARD PYLE.

XXIII.



ON Sunday, the 21st of June, while our chief was crossing into the Jerseys, I was hearing at Christ Church, for the first time, the words of prayer in which William White commended Congress and our armies and their great leader to the protecting mercy of Almighty God. General Arnold was already busy with the great household and equipage which soon did so much to involve him in temptations growing out of his fondness for display. The militia were unwilling to act as a body-guard, or to stand sentries beside the great lamp-posts at his door. Nor did McLane and the rest of us fancy the social and guard duties which the general exacted; but we had to obey orders, and were likely, I feared, to remain long in this ungrateful service.

On June 30 we heard of the glorious battle at Monmouth, and with surprise of General Lee's disgrace. On the 3d of July came Jack with a bayonet-thrust in his right shoulder and a nasty cut over the left temple. He was able to be afoot, but was quite unfit for service. I heard from him of the splendid courage and judgment shown by his Excellency, and of the profane and terrible language he had used to that traitor Lee. Jack said: «I was in the midst of a lot of scared men, with a leader who wanted only to get away. And then the general rode up, and all was changed. I think, Hugh, he was like an angry god of war. I should have died of the things he said to Mr. Lee.»

When, long after this, in July, '79, his Excellency issued that severe order about swearing, how it was against all religion, decency, and order, Jack was much amused. Like the army in Flanders, our own army solaced their empty stomachs with much bad language. But, as Jack observed, «There is a time for everything; Mr. Lee did catch it hot.»

McLane soon left us, glad to get away. Had he stayed much longer there would have been one more sad moth in the pretty net

into which fell all who were long in the company of our fatal Darthea. I too applied for active duty, but some influence, probably that of General Arnold, came in the way and kept me in the city.

Very soon, to my pleasure, I received a letter from Mr. Hamilton, inclosing my commission as captain in the Third Regiment of the Pennsylvania line, and with it, not to my pleasure, an order to recruit in and near the city. Rather later the general asked me, as I was but little occupied, to act as an extra aide on his staff, a position which might have been my ruin, as I shall by and by relate.

Jack's hurts turning out worse than was anticipated, he was of no use in camp, and remained at home to be petted and fussed over by my Aunt Gainor. After a month or two he was able to go about with his arm in a sling, and to be greatly noticed by the Whig women. Very soon he was caught, like me, in a ceaseless round of all manner of gaieties. He shortly grew weary of it, and fell back on his books and the society of the many who loved him—above all, that of my aunt and Darthea. For me there was no escape, as my own dissipations were chiefly those of official duty, and in company with my chief.

Congress was still in session, but from it were missing Adams, Franklin, Henry, Jay, and Rutledge, who were elsewhere filling posts of importance. It had no fully recognised powers, and the want of more distinct union was beginning to be sadly felt. Had not the ruin of the Conway cabal and the profound trust of the people lifted Washington into a position of authority, the fears and predictions of men like my friend Wilson would have been fully justified. Intrigues, ruinous methods of finance, appointments given to untried foreign officers who were mere adventurers—all these and baser influences were working toward the ruin of our cause.

Our own city went wild that winter. The Tories were sharply dealt with at first, but, as many of them were favoured by the gen-

eral in command, they soon came back in mischievous numbers. The more moderate neutrals opened their doors to all parties. The general began to be at ease in the homes of the proprietary set, and, buying the great house of Mount Pleasant, made court to the lovely Margaret Shippen, and was foremost in a display of excess and luxury such as annoyed and troubled those who saw him hand and glove with the Tory gentlemen, and extravagant beyond anything hitherto seen in the quiet old city of Penn.

At this time the Congress often sat with but a dozen members. It was no longer the dignified body of seventy-six. Officers came and went. Men like Robert Morris and Dr. Rush shook their heads. Clinton lay in New York, watched by Washington, and in the South there was disaster after disaster, while even our best men wearied of the war, and asked anxiously how it was to end.

Recruiting in the face of such a state of things was slow indeed. I had little to do but wait on the general, read to my aunt, ride with her and Darthea, or shoot ducks with Jack when weather permitted; and so the long winter wore on.

With Darthea I restrained my useless passion, and contented myself with knowing that we were day by day becoming closer friends. If Arthur wrote to her or not, I could not tell. She avoided mentioning him, and I asked no questions.

I shall let Jack's diary tell—at this time it was very full—what chanced in midwinter. Alas, my dear Jack!

«It has,» he wrote, «been a season of foolish dissipation. While the army suffers for everything, these fools are dancing and gambling, and General A—the worst of all, which seems a pity in so good a soldier. He is doing us a mighty harm.

«To-day has been for me a sad one. I shall think ever of my folly with remorse. I set it down as a lesson to be read. We had a great sleighing-frolic to Clieveden. There were all the Tories, and few else—the general driving Peggy Shippen, and I Darthea. Mistress Wynne would have none of it. «We were no worse off under Howe,» she says; «Mr. Arnold has no sense and no judgment.» It is true, I fear. Mrs. Peniston, half froze, went along in our old sleigh. We drove up to the stone steps of Clieveden about seven at night—a fine moonlight, so that the stone vases on the roof, crowned with their carved pineapples, stood out against the sky. The windows were all aglow, and neither doors nor shutters were as yet fully repaired.

«We had a warm welcome, and stood about the ample fires while the ladies went merrily up-stairs to leave their cloaks. I looked about me curiously, for there were dozens of bullet-marks on the plaster and the woodwork. It had been a gallant defence, and cleverly contrived. Soon came down the stairs a bevy of laughing girls to look, with hushed voices, at the blood-stains on the floor and the dents the muskets had made. They did think to tease me by praising Colonel Musgrave, who had commanded the British; but I, not to be outdone, declared him the bravest man alive. Darthea smiled, but said nothing, and for that I loved her better than ever.

«Then we fell to chatting, and presently she said, «Madam Chew, Mr. Warder is to show me where the troops lay, and Mr. Wayne's brigade; and who will come too?» There were volunteers, but once outside they found it cold, and Darthea, saying, «We shall be gone but a minute,» walked with me around the stone outbuilding to northwest. She was very thoughtful and quiet this night, looking as sweet as ever a woman could in a gray fur coat against the moon-lit drifts of snow. «Over there,» I said, «across the road, were our poor little four-pounders; and beyond yonder wall our chief held a brief council of war; and just there in the garden lay my own men and Hugh, and some Maryland troops, among the box where we used to play hide-and-find.»

«On this Darthea said, «Let me see the place,» and we walked down the garden, a gentle excitement showing in her ways and talk; and I—ah me, that night!

«I must see,» she said, «where the dead lie; near the garden wall, is it?»

«Here,» said I—«ours and theirs.»

«In the peace which is past understanding,» said Darthea. Then, deep in thought, she turned from the house and into the woods a little beyond, not saying a word. Indeed, not a sound was to be heard, except the creak and craunch of the dry snow under our feet. A few paces farther we came to the summer-house, set on circular stone steps, and big enough to dine in. There she stood, saying: «I cannot go back yet; oh, those still, still dead! Don't speak to me—not for a little while.» She stayed thus, looking up at the great white moon, while I stood by, and none other near.

«I am better now, Jack, and you will not tell of how foolish I was—but—»

I said there was some sweet folly, if she liked so to call it, which was better than wisdom. And then how it was I know not, nor

ever shall. I felt myself flush and tremble. It is my foolish way when in danger, being by nature timid, and forced to exercise rule over myself at such seasons.

«She said, «What is it, Jack?» for so she often called me when we were alone, although Hugh was Mr. Wynne. The ways of women are strange.

«I could not help it, and yet I knew Hugh loved her. I knew also that she was surely to marry Mr. Arthur Wynne. I was wrong, but, God help us! who is not wrong at times? I said: «Darthea, I love you. If it were to be Hugh I should never say so.» I cared nothing about the other man; he hates my Hugh.

«Oh, Jack, Jack! you hurt me!» Never was anything so sweet and tender. Her great eyes—like Madam Wynne's that were—filled and ran over. «Oh, Jack!» she cried, «must I hurt you too, and is it my fault? Oh, my dear Jack, whom I love and honour, I can't love you this way. I can't—I can't. And I am sorry. I must marry Arthur Wynne; I have promised. You men think we women give our hearts lightly, and take them again, as if they were mere counters; and I am troubled, Jack, and no one knows it. I must not talk of that. I wish you would all go away. I can't marry you all.» And she began to be agitated, and to laugh in a way that seemed to me quite strange and out of place; but then I know little about women.

«I could but say: «Forgive me; I have hurt you whom I love. I will never do it more—never. But, dear Darthea, you will let me love you, because I cannot help it, and this will all be as if it had never been. To hurt you—to hurt you of all the world! I had no right to ask you.»

«(Don't,) she said, with a great sob, which seemed to break my heart.

«Darthea, I said—«Darthea, do not marry that man! He is cruel; he is hard; he does not love you as my Hugh loves you.»

«Sir, she said, with such sudden dignity that I was overcome, and fell back a pace, «I am promised; let that suffice. It is cold; let us go in. It is cold—it is cold!»

«I had never seen her like this. I said: «Certainly, I should not have kept you. I was thoughtless.» And as she said nothing in reply, I went after her, having said my say as I never intended, and more than was perhaps wise. At the door she turned about, and, facing me, said abruptly, with her dear face all of a flush: «Do not let this trouble you. I am not good enough to make it worth while. I have been a foolish girl, discontented with our simple ways, wanting what I have not. I

have cried for toys, and have got them, and now I don't care for them; but I have promised. Do you hear, sir? I have promised—I have promised.»

«She stayed for no answer, but went in. It seemed to me a singular speech, and to mean more than was said. The repeating of one phrase over and over appeared meant to reinforce a doubtful purpose. I think she cares little for Mr. Arthur Wynne, but who can say? Darthea is full of surprises.

«Can it be that she loves Hugh and knows it not, or that she has such a strong sense of honour that it is hard for her to break her word? She does not believe this man to be bad. That is sure. If ever I can make her see him as I see him, he will hold her not an hour. I shall disturb her life no more. Had she taken me to-day, I know not what would have come of it. I am not strong of will, like Hugh. God knows best. I will ask no more.»

I was an old man when I, Hugh Wynne, read these pages, and I am not ashamed to say they cost me some tears.

So far as I remember, neither Jack nor Darthea betrayed by their manner what I learned naught of for so many years. Neither did my Aunt Gainor's shrewdness get any hint of what passed at Clieveden. I recall, however, that Jack became more and more eager to rejoin his regiment, and this he did some two weeks later.

My father's condition was such as at times to alarm me, and at last I proposed to him to see Dr. Rush. To my surprise, he consented. I say to my surprise, for he had a vast distrust of doctors, and, to tell the truth, had never needed their help. The day after the doctor's visit I saw our great physician, whom now all the world has learned to revere, and who was ever more wise in matters of medicine than in matters of state.

He told me that my father was beginning to have some failure of brain because of his arteries being older than the rest of him, which I did not quite comprehend. He had, he said, losses of memory which were not constant. Especially was he affected with forgetfulness as to people, and for a time mistook them, so that for a while he had taken Dr. Rush for his old clerk Mason. The doctor said it was more common to lack remembrance of places. In my father's condition he might take one man for another, and tomorrow be as clear as to his acquaintance as ever he had been; but that as to business, as was in such cases rare, his mind continued to be lucid, except at times, when his memory would suddenly fail him for a few minutes.

The doctor saw no remedy for his condition, and I mention it only because my father's varying peculiarities came in a measure to affect me and others in a way of which I shall have occasion to speak.

My sense of his state did much to make me more tender and more able to endure the sad outbreaks of passion which Dr. Rush taught me were to be looked for. Nor was my aunt less troubled than I. Indeed, from this time she showed as regarded my father all of that gentleness which lay beneath the exterior roughness of her masculine nature. I observed that she looked after his house, paying him frequent visits, and in all ways was solicitous that he should be made comfortable.

Near about the 1st of March—I am not quite sure of the date—I was asked in the absence of Major Clarkson, chief of the staff, to take his duties for a few days. I then saw how needlessly the general was creating enmities. His worst foe, Mr. Joseph Reed, had become in December president of the Council of State, and we—I say we—were thenceforward forever at outs with the body over which he presided. When at last, thoroughly disgusted, General Arnold was about to resign from the army, those unpleasant charges were made against him which came to little or nothing, but which embittered a life already harassed by disappointed ambition and want of means, and now also by the need to show a fair face to Mr. Shippen, whose daughter's hand he had asked.

General Arnold's indifference as to privacy in his affairs amazed me, and I saw enough to make me both wonder and grieve. The friend of Schuyler and of Warren, the soldier whom Washington at one time absolutely trusted, attached me to him by his kindness and lavish generosity, and as an officer he had my unbounded admiration. Surely his place was in the field, and not at the dinner-tables of Tories, whose society, as I have said, he much affected. It was a sign of weakness that he overestimated the homage of a merely gay and fashionable set, and took with avidity the dangerous flattery of the Tory dames.

He was withal a somewhat coarse man, with a vast amount of vanity. It was a blow to his self-estimate when he was unjustly passed over in the promotions to major-general. He felt it deeply, and was at no pains to hide his disgust. I did not wonder that the Shippens did all they could to break off this strange love-affair. They failed; for when a delicate-minded, sensitive, well-bred woman falls in love with a strong, coarse,

passionate man, there is no more to be said except, "Take her."

XXIV.

As the spring came on my father's condition seemed to me to grow worse. At times he had great gusts of passion or of tears, quite unlike himself; for a day he would think I was my cousin, and be more affectionate than I had ever seen him. Once or twice he talked in a confused way of our estate in Wales, and so, what with this and my annoyance over the irregularities at our headquarters, I had enough to trouble me.

The office duties were, as I have said, not much to my taste, but I learned a good deal which was of future use to me. It was a dull life, and but once did I come upon anything worth narrating. This, in fact, seemed to me at the time of less moment than it grew to be thereafter.

Neither I nor Major Clarkson, his chief of staff, had all of the general's confidence. Men came and went now and then with letters, or what not, of which naturally I learned nothing. One—a lean, small man, ill disguised as a Quaker—I saw twice. The last time he found the general absent. I offered to take charge of a letter he said he had, but he declined, saying he would return, and on this put it back in his pocket, or tried to; for he let it fall, and in quick haste secured it, although not before I thought I had recognised Arthur Wynne's peculiar handwriting. This astounded me, as you may imagine. But how could I dream of what it meant? I concluded at last that I must have been mistaken, and I did not feel at liberty to ask the general. It was none of my business, after all.

The fellow—I had always supposed him one of our spies—came again in an hour, and saw the general. I heard the man say, "From Mr. Anderson, sir," and then the door was closed, and the matter passed from my mind for many a day.

Jack very soon after left us, and Darthea became more and more reserved, and unlike her merry, changeful self.

On March 25, '79, I came in late in the afternoon and sat down to read. My father, seated at the table, was tying up or untying bundles of old papers. Looking up, he said abruptly, "Your cousin has been here to-day." It was said so naturally as for a moment to surprise me. I made no reply. A few minutes later he looked up again.

"Arthur, Arthur—"

I turned from a book on tactics issued by Baron Steuben. «I am not Arthur, father.»

He took no notice of this, but went on to say that I ought to have come long ago. And what would I do with it?

I asked what he meant by *it*, and if I could help him with his papers.

No, no; he needed no help. Did I ever hear from Wyncote, and how was William? I made sure he had once again taken me for my cousin. I found it was vain to insist upon my being his son. For a moment he would seem puzzled, and would then call me Arthur. At last, when he became vexed, and said angrily that I was behaving worse than Hugh, I recalled Dr. Rush's advice, and humouring his delusion, said, «Uncle, let me help you.» Meanwhile he was fumbling nervously at the papers, tying and untying the same bundle, which seemed to be chiefly old bills and invoices.

«Here it is,» he went on. «Take it, and have a care that thou hast it duly considered by James Wilson, or another as good. Then we will see.»

«What is it, uncle?» I returned.

He said it was the reconveyance of Wyncote to my grandfather; and with entirely clear language, and no fault of thought that I could observe, he stated that at need he would execute a proper title to Godfrey, the present man.

I was struck dumb with astonishment and pity. Here was a man acting within a world of delusion as to who I was, and with as much competence as ever in his best days. I did not know what to say, nor even what to do. At last I rose, and put the old yellow parchment in my coat pocket, saying I was greatly obliged by his kindness.

Then, his business habits acting as was their wont, he said, «But it will be proper for thee to give me a receipt.»

I said it was not needed, but he insisted; and at this I was puzzled. I did not want the deed, still less did I want it to pass into Arthur's hands. I said, «Very good, sir,» and sitting down again, wrote a receipt, and, calmly signing my own name, gave it to him. He did not look at it, but folded and indorsed it, and threw it into the little red leather trunk on the table.

I went away to my aunt's without more delay, a much-astounded man. The good lady was no less astonished. We read the deed over with care, but its legal turns and its great length puzzled us both, and at last my aunt said:

«Let me keep it, Hugh. It is a queer tangle. Just now we can do nothing, and later we shall

see. There will be needed some wiser legal head than mine or yours, and what will come of it who can say? At all events, Mr. Arthur has it not, and in your father's condition he himself will hardly be able to make a competent conveyance. Indeed, I think he will forget the whole business. I presume Master Wynne is not likely to return in a hurry.»

In the beginning of April General Arnold married our beautiful Margaret Shippen, and took her to the new home, Mount Pleasant, above the shaded waters of the quiet Schuylkill. Tea-parties and punch-drinking followed, as was the custom.

Mr. Arnold, as my aunt called him, after a fashion learned in London, and also common in the colonies, gave his bride Mount Pleasant as a dowry, and none knew—not even the fair Margaret—that it was hopelessly mortgaged. Hither came guests in scores for a week after the marriage to drink tea with madam, the men taking punch up-stairs with the groom, while the women waited below, and had cakes and gossip, in which this winter was rich enough to satisfy those of all parties.

It was a year of defeat, and again the weaker folk, like Joseph Warder and some much better known,—I mention no names,—were talking of terms, or, by their firesides with a jug of Hollands, were criticising our leader, and asking why he did not move. Meanwhile the army was as ill off as ever it had been since the camping at Valley Forge, while the air here in the city was full of vague rumours of defection and what not. I was of necessity caught in the vortex of gaiety which my chief loved and did much to keep up. He liked to see his aides at his table, and used them as a part of the excessive state we thought at this time most unseemly.

I remember well an afternoon in April of this year, when, the spring being early, all manner of green things were peeping forth, while I walked to and fro in the hall at Mount Pleasant, that I might receive those who called and excuse the absence of the host. I wandered out, for as yet none came to call. The air was soft like summer, and, sweeter than birds overhead or the fragrant arbutus on the upland slopes, came Darthea in virgin white, and a great hat, tied under her chin with long breadths of blue ribbon. My aunt walked with her from her coach, and close after them came a laughing throng of men and women, for the most part of the governor's set. There was bad news from the South, which was by no means unwelcome to these people, if I might judge from their comments. My aunt walked with them in silent wrath, and after I had

met them at the door, turned aside with me, and bade me go with her on the lawn, where the grass was already green.

"I have held my tongue," she said. "These people have neither manners nor hearts. I told Mr. Shippen as much. And where does your general get all his money? It is vulgar, this waste. Look!" she said; "look there! It is well to feed the poor after a wedding; I like the old custom; but this is mere ostentation." It was true; there was a crowd of the neighbouring farm-people about the detached kitchen, eager for the food and rum which I saw given daily in absurd profusion. My Aunt Gainor shook her head.

"It will turn out badly, Hugh. This comes of a woman marrying beneath her. The man may be a good soldier,—oh, no doubt he is,—but he is not a gentleman. You must get away, Hugh." Indeed, I much desired to do so, but until now had been detained, despite repeated applications to my chief.

My aunt said no more, but went into the house, leaving me to await the coming of the many guests, men and women, gentlemen of the Congress, with officers in uniform, who flocked to this too hospitable mansion. I had just heard from Jack, and the contrast shown by his account of the want of arms, clothing, and food seemed to me most sad when I reflected upon the extravagance and useless excess I had seen throughout the winter now at an end. I did not wonder at my aunt's anger. Her fears were but the vague anticipations of a wise old woman who had seen the world and used good eyes and a sagacious brain. How little did she or I dream of the tragedy of dishonour into which the mad waste, the growing debts, the bitterness of an insulted and ambitious spirit, were to lead the host of this gay house!

As I turned in my walk I saw the general dismount, and went to meet him. He said: "I shall want you at nine to-night at my quarters in town—an errand of moment into the Jerseys. You must leave early to-morrow. Are you well horsed?"

I said yes, and was, in fact, glad of any more active life. Before nine that night I went to headquarters, and found a number of invitations to dine or sup. It may amuse those for whom I write to know that nearly all were writ on the white backs of playing-cards; but one from Madam Arnold was printed. I sat down, facing the open doorway into the general's room, and began to write refusals, not knowing how long I might be absent.

Presently looking up, I saw the general at

his desk. I had not heard him enter. Two candles were in front of him. He was sitting with his cheeks resting on his hands and his elbows on the desk, facing me, and so deep in thought that I did not think fit to interrupt him. His large, ruddy features now were pale and sombre, and twice I saw him use his kerchief to mop his brow as if it were moist from overheating.

At last he called me, and I went in. His forehead and the powdered hair about it were in fact wet, like those of a man who was coming out of an ague. Indeed, he looked so ill that I ventured to ask after his health. He replied that he was well. That infamous court-martial business annoyed him, and as to Mr. Reed, if there were any fight in the man, he would have him out and get done with him—which seemed imprudent talk, to say no more.

"Captain Wynne," he went on, "early to-morrow you will ride through Bristol to the ferry below Trenton. Cross and proceed with all haste to South Amboy. At the Lamb Tavern you will meet an officer from Sir Henry Clinton. Deliver to him this despatch in regard to exchange of prisoners. He may or may not have a letter for you to bring back. In this package are passes from me, and one from Sir Henry Clinton, in case you meet with any Tory parties."

"I shall be sure to meet them in west Jersey. Pardon me, sir, but would it not be easier to pass through our own lines in the middle Jerseys?"

"You have your orders, Mr. Wynne," he replied severely.

I bowed.

Then he seemed to hesitate, and I stood waiting his will. "The despatch," he said, "is open in case it becomes needful to show it. Perhaps you had better read it."

This sounded unusual, but I opened it, and read to the effect that the exchanges would go on if Sir Henry did not see fit to alter his former proposal, but that some time might elapse before the lists on our side were made out. "The officer charged with this letter will be unable to give any further information, as he has no powers to act for me.

"I have the honour to be

"Your obedient, humble servant,

"BENEDICT ARNOLD,

"Major-General in command of
Philadelphia and the western Jerseys."

I looked up. "Is that all?"

"Not quite. If it chance that no officer appears to meet you at Amboy, you will return at once."

Very glad of relief from the routine of rather distasteful duties, I rode away at dawn the next day up the Bristol road. I was stopped, as I supposed I should be, by a small band of Tory partisans, but after exhibiting my British pass I was permitted to proceed. Between Trenton and Amboy I met a party of our own horse, and had some trouble until I allowed their leader, a stupid lout, to read my open despatch, when he seemed satisfied, and sent on two troopers with me, whom I left near Amboy.

At the inn I waited a day, when a ketch appeared, and an officer, stepping ashore, came up from the beach to meet me. I saw, as he drew near, that it was Arthur Wynne.

"Glad to see you," he cried, in a quite hearty way. "It is an unexpected pleasure. André was to have come, but he is ill. He desires his regards and particular compliments."

Was I always to meet this man when I was so hampered that to have my will of him was out of the question? I said the meeting could not be unexpected, or how could André have known? At this I saw him look a bit queer, and I went on to add that the pleasure was all on his side.

"I am sorry," he returned.

Not caring to hear further, I said abruptly: "Let us proceed to business. Here is a despatch for Sir Henry. Have you any letter for me?"

"None," he replied.

"Then I am free to go."

"Pardon me; not yet," he said. "I beg that for once you will hear what I in person have to say. I have been greatly misrepresented."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. Pray be patient. I meant to write to you, but that has been difficult, as you know."

"Of course. And what have you to say, sir?"

"You have misunderstood me. There have been reasons of difference between us which, I am happy to say, are at an end for me." He meant as to Darthea. "I made a mistake in the prison such as any man might have made. I have been sorry ever since. I made an effort to arrest you in the garden; I did my duty, and was glad you escaped. If you are not satisfied, a time may come when I can put myself at your disposal. Our present service and our relationship make me hope that you may never desire it."

He was quiet, cool, and perfectly master of himself. It did not suit him to have a break with me, and I well knew why. It would

end all chance of his future intercourse with my father, and why he did not wish this to happen I now knew pretty well.

I said, "Mr. Wynne, the arrest is a small matter. Thanks to Miss Peniston and to Major André, it came to nothing." At my use of Darthea's name I saw him frown, and I went on:

"You have lied about the prison, sir. If Mr. Delaney, who heard you ask my name, were here, I should long ago have exposed you and your conduct to all who cared to hear. You were shrewd enough to provide against the possibility of my telling my own story. I can only hope, at no distant day, to have the means of unmasking a man who—why, I know not—has made himself my enemy. Then, sir, and always I shall hope to ask of you another form of satisfaction."

"Cousin Hugh," he returned, "I shall be able to prove to you and to Mr. Delaney, when he can be found, that you are both mistaken. I trust that you will not for so slight a reason see fit to disturb my pleasant relations with your father." They were, I thought, profitable as well as pleasant.

"I shall use my judgment," said I.

"I am sorry. I hoped for a more agreeable ending to our talk. Good evening." And he walked away.

Before nightfall of the day after I was again at home, and had made my report, little dreaming of the innocent part I had played in a sorrowful drama, nor how great was the risk I had run. Concerning this I was not made clear for many a day. I had carried a letter which was not what it seemed to be, but was really a means of satisfying Clinton that Arnold intended to betray us, and had accepted his terms. Had this been known when the great treason came, I should no doubt have got into serious difficulties. The unreasoning storm of anger which followed General Arnold's treachery spared no one who was in any way involved, and no appearance of innocence would have saved even so loyal and blameless a soldier as I from certain disgrace.

I have at times wondered that a man to outward seeming so kindly and so plainly attached to me as Arnold apparently was should have used me for such an errand; but he who could value lightly the respect and friendship of Washington and Schuyler may have had few scruples as to the perils to which he might expose a simple officer like myself. Who bore his later missives no one knows. I have never thought, as some do, that any Eve was active in the temptation

which led to the dark treachery of the saddest hour of that weary war. Arnold's first downward step was taken months before he knew Margaret Shippen, as Sir Henry Clinton's papers have now most clearly shown.

Of my personal regret as to Arnold's disgrace I have said little in these pages, and shall say but little more. His generosity may have been but a part of his lavishness in all directions; but this was he who for years cared liberally for the destitute children of his friend Warren after his death at Bunker Hill; and this was he who, as Schuyler has told me, saved the life of the soldier who had just shot him on the field at Saratoga. Surely the good and the bad are wonderfully mingled in our humanity!

Early in June of '79, and after repeated requests on my part to rejoin my regiment, I received orders to report to the colonel in command of the Third Pennsylvania foot, then lying at Ramapo, New Jersey. I took leave of my people, and, alas! of Darthea, and set out with a number of recruits. I was glad indeed to be away. Darthea was clearly unhappy, and no longer the gay enchantress of unnumbered moods; neither did my home life offer me comfort or affection.

If, however, I looked for activity in the army, I was greatly mistaken. Sir Henry held New York; our own people had the Jerseys. A great chain of forts limited the movements of the British on the Hudson. Our general seemed to me to have a paralyzing influence on whatever British commander was matched against him. As it had been with Gage in Boston and with Howe in Philadelphia, so was it now with Clinton in New York. From Danbury in Connecticut to Elizabeth in New Jersey, a thin line watched the pent-up enemy, who to seaward was guarded by a great fleet. North of the Potomac he held New York alone, but on the frontier a savage contest raged, and in the South the war everywhere went against us.

Occasional skirmishes, incessant drill, and a life of expedients to shelter, clothe, and feed my men, filled the tedious winter of '79 and '80, but afford me nothing of interest to add to the story of my life. In August General Arnold passed through our forces to take command of the forts at West Point, having declined a command in the field on account, as he said, of continued suffering from his wounded leg. I fear it was a mere pretence.

We were lying about Middlebrook, New Jersey, when, a few days later, Captain Alexander Hamilton came to my quarters, evi-

dently much amused. He said the videttes had captured a batch of letters, mostly of no moment, but some too mischievous to be let to pass.

"Here," he said, "is one which concerns you, Wynne. You need have no scruple as to the reading of it. It has much entertained the mess of the headquarters guard."

He sat down with Jack and a pipe to keep off the Tory mosquitos, while I fell to reading the letter. The same buzzing Tories were busy about me also with bugle and beak, but when, as I glanced at the letter, I caught Darthea's name on the second page, I forgot them and hesitated. "Still," thought I, "others have read it, and it may be well that I should do so." It was no longer private. I went on to learn what it said. It was from Miss Franks in New York to some young woman of her set in my own city, but to whom was not clear, as an outer cover seemed to have been lost or cast away.

"MY DEAR PUSSY," it began: "I hope you will get this despite the rebels, else you will lose much that is useful in the warfare with our dear enemy, the unfair sex." After this was an amusing record of the latest modes, and much about gowns, pincushion hoops, and face-patches. "Also the gentlemen of New York wear two watches, which with you is not considered genteel, and the admiral has introduced the fashion of dining by candle-light at four. It is very becoming, I do assure you.

"How is the pretty boy-captain? Does he still blush?" This was clearly Jack, but who was Pussy? "And Mr. Wynne—not Darthea's Mr. Wynne, but the perverted Quaker with the blue eyes?" It was plain who this was.

"Darthea's captain—but I must not tell tales out of school; indeed he needs to be dealt with. Tell the witch if she *will* stay among the R. R.'s—which is what we call them—Ragged Rebels it is—she must look to suffer. I am not as sure she does. Oh, these men! Between us, there is a certain Olivia L—who is great friends with Mr. Wynne. She hath a winning air of artless youth. I am pleased to hear from *my* colonel, whom you must soon know, that we shall soon be with you in our dear Philadelphia, and Mr. G. W. hoeing tobacco, or worse, poor man. Dear me! I have quite lost my way, and must look back.

"I can fancy Darthea weeping. She hath small need. It is my way to love to tease whom I love, and the more I do love the more I do love to tease. I cannot believe any would be false to Darthea, nor is he, I am sure; but

thou dost know (as Mistress Wynne's Captain Blushes would word it. 'Thou' and 'thee' are sweet. I would I had a Quaker lover)—*thou* dost know that the she who is *here* is always more dangerous than the she who is *there*. That is Darthea, dear.

«I forgot to say stays is wore looser, which is a mercy; also the garters *must* be one red and one blue.»

When, amused, I read a bit to Jack, he declared we ought to read no more, and if he had been of the mess which did read it, he would have had reason out of some one. Indeed, he was angry-red, and beginning to twitch in his queer way, so that I feared he would bring about a quarrel with Mr. Hamilton, who knew neither woman and was still shaking with laughter.

I liked it no better than Jack did, but he had said enough, and I shook my head at Hamilton as I lay on the floor of the hut behind Jack. Mr. Hamilton, who was a very model of good breeding, and despite his vivacity never forgot what was due to others, said at once: «I ask pardon, Mr. Warder. I did not know either of the ladies was known to you. Had I been aware, no one should have read the letter.»

Then Jack said he had been hasty, and hoped Mr. Hamilton would excuse him.

«There is nothing to excuse, Mr. Warder; but I must tell you the rest, for it much delighted his Excellency. It is but a madcap account of how Miss Franks tied our own colours all over Mr. André's black poodle, and let him loose at a ball the De Lanceys had in honour of Sir Henry Clinton. Our Excellency says it is a pity we had not captured the fair writer. That is as near to a jest as he ever comes, but he can enjoy our staff nonsense, for all his gravity. I leave you the letter; you may like some day to deliver it. I hope we shall move soon. This camp life is devilish dull. And here is the British mouse in a hole and won't come out, and our serious old cat a-watching. Lord, the patience of the man! Come over and see us soon, Mr. Warder, and you too, Wynne.»

«I wish Miss Darthea had the letter. But she never can have it now,» said I.

«Hardly,» says Jack, blushing sweetly. I think the garters were on his mind.

Early in August Jack's command was sent to join the army on the Hudson, and, as I learned later, was camped with the bulk of our forces about the former seat of the Tappan Indians, among the old Dutch farms. These changes of troops from place to place were most perplexing to us, who did not

comprehend the game, and were now at Hartford, and a month later at Elizabeth in the Jerseys. My own regiment had seen little service beyond the Jersey line, and was willing enough to get out of reach of those summer pests, the mosquitos. We were soon gratified.

XXV.

On the 20th of September I was desired by my colonel to conduct two companies from Newark, where we lay, through the gap at Ramapo, New Jersey, to the main army, which at this date was camped, as I have said, about Tappan. Being stout and well, I was glad to move, and glad of a chance to see the great river Hudson. We were assigned campground near to Piermont, on a hill slope, in a long-settled country, where since early in the seventeenth century the Dutch had possessed the land. Having no tents, on arriving we set to work at the old business of hut-building, so that it was not until the 26th of September that I had an idle hour in which to look up Jack, who lay somewhere between Tappan and the river.

It was, as usual, a joyous meeting, and we never did less lack for talk. Jack told me that he was ordered on an unpleasant bit of business, and asked if I could not get leave to go with him. Orders were come from West Point to seize and destroy all periaguas, canoes, and boats in the possession of the few and often doubtfully loyal people between us and King's Ferry. He had for this duty two sail-rigged dories with slide-keels, and would take two soldiers in each.

Upon his representing my skill as a sailor, and the need for two officers, I was allowed to turn over my command to the junior captain and to join Jack.

We set off on the 27th of September with provender and two small tents, and went away up the river with a fine wind. The water was a dull gray, and the heavens clouded. The far shore of Dobbs Ferry and Tarrytown was already gaily tinted with the hues of the autumn, and to south the bleak gray lines of the Palisades below Sneedon's Landing lay sombre and stern under a sunless sky. One of my men was a good sailor, and I was thus enabled to spend most of the day in Jack's boat.

I mention all these details because of a curious coincidence. I said to Jack—I was steering—that I had had since dawn a feeling that some calamity was about to happen. Now this was, as I recall it, a notion quite new to me, and far more like Jack himself.

He laughed and said it was the east wind. Then after a pause he added: «I was trying to recall something I once heard, and now I have it. This waiting for an idea is like fishing in the deep waters of the mind: sometimes one gets only a nibble, and sometimes a bite; but I have my fish. It was Dr. Rush who told me that the liver was the mother of ghosts and presentiments. When I told him I was afflicted with these latter, he put on his glasses, looked at me, and said I was of a presentimental temperament.»

«And he was right,» said I, laughing. Then Jack declared the weather was sorry enough to account for my notion. I made answer, as I remember, that I was not subject to the rule of the weathercock, like some fellows I knew, nor to thinking I was going to be shot. This shut up Jack for a while, and we got off on to our own wise plans for capturing Sir Henry and all his host.

At last we ran ashore at a settled point called Nyack, and thence we went to and fro wherever we saw the smoke of men's homes. We broke up or burned many boats and dugouts, amid the lamentations of their owners, because with the aid of these they were enabled to take fish, and were ill off for other diet. We had an ugly task, and could only regret the sad but inexorable necessities of war.

We camped ten miles above Piermont, and next day, near to dusk, got as far as King's Landing, having pretty thoroughly attended to our ungracious task.

As the tall promontory of Stony Point rose before us, dim in the evening light, we talked of Wayne's gallant storming of this formidable fort, and of his affection for the bayonet, which, he said, was to be preferred to the musket because it was always loaded.

«We of our State had most of that glory,» said Jack; «and all our best generals, save the great chief, are men of the North,» which was true and strange.

We had at this place a strong force of horse and foot, and here we meant to pass the night with some of our officers, friends of Jack's.

It was quite dark, when, running in with a free sheet, we came close to a large barge rowed by six men. As we approached I heard a stern order to keep off, and recognised in the boat, where were also armed men, Major Tallmadge, whom I knew. I called to him, but as he only repeated his order, I answered, «Very well, sir»; and we drew in to the shore some hundred feet away.

Jack said it was queer; what could it

mean? We walked toward the small block-house in time to see Tallmadge and several soldiers conduct a cloaked prisoner into the fort. A little later the major came out, and at once asked me to excuse his abruptness, saying that he had in charge Sir Henry Clinton's adjutant-general, who had been caught acting as a spy, and was now about to be taken to Tappan. I exclaimed, «Not Major André!»

«Yes,» he returned; «André. A bad business.» And I was hastily told the miserable story of Arnold's treason and flight. I turned to Jack. «There it is,» said I. «What of my presentiment?» He was silent. «You know,» I added, «that to this man I owed my life at the Mischianza ball; here he is in the same trap from which his refusal to aid my cousin saved me.» I was terribly distressed, and at my urgent desire, in place of remaining at the fort, we set out after supper, and pulled down the river against the flood-tide, while my unfortunate friend André was hurried away to Tappan, guarded by a strong escort of light horse.

We reached Sneedon's Landing about 5 A. M., and I went up with Jack to his hut. Here I got a bit of uneasy sleep, and thence set off to find Hamilton; for the whole staff, with his Excellency, had made haste to reach the camp at Tappan so soon as the general felt reassured as to the safety of West Point.

I walked a half-mile up a gentle rise of ground to the main road, about which were set, close to the old Dutch church, a few modest one-story stone houses, with far and near the cantonments of the armies. At the bridge over Piermont Creek I was stopped by sentries set around a low brick building then used as headquarters. It stood amid scattered apple-trees on a slight rise of ground, and was, as I recall it, built of red and black brick. Behind the house was the little camp of the mounted guard, and on all sides were stationed sentinels, who kept the immediate grounds clear from intrusion. For this there was need; soldiers and officers were continually coming hither in hopes to gather fresh news of the great treason, or curious as to this strange capture of Sir Henry Clinton's adjutant. General officers came and went with grave faces; aides mounted and rode away in haste; all was excitement and anxious interest, every one asking questions, and none much the wiser. With difficulty I succeeded in sending in a note to Hamilton along with Jack's report. This was nigh to nine in the morning,

but it was after midday before I got a chance to see my friend.

Meanwhile I walked up and down in a state of such agitation and distress as never before nor since have I known. When I had seen Major Tallmadge, he knew but little of those details of Arnold's treason which later became the property of all men; but he did tell me that the correspondence had been carried on for Sir Henry by André in the name of Anderson, and this brought to my mind the letter which the Quaker farmer declined to surrender to me at the time I was serving as Arnold's aide. I went back at last to Jack's hut in the valley near the river and waited. I leave Jack to say how I felt and acted that day and evening, as I lay and thought of André and of poor Margaret Shippen, Arnold's wife:

"Never have I seen my dear Hugh in such trouble. Here was a broken-hearted woman, the companion of his childhood; and André, who, at a moment which must have called upon his every instinct as a soldier, held back and saved my friend from a fate but too likely to be his own. Hugh all that evening lay in our hut, and now and then would break out declaring he must do something; but what he knew not, nor did I. He was even so mad as to think he might plan some way to assist André to escape. I listened, but said nothing, being assured from long knowledge that his judgment would correct the influence of the emotion which did at first seem to disturb it.

"Now all this miserable business is over, I ask myself if our chief would have tried to buy an English general, or if so, would I or Hugh have gone on such an errand as André's. To be a spy is but a simple duty, and no shame in it; but as to the shape this other matter took, I do not feel able to decide."

Still later he adds:

"Nor is my mind more fully settled as to it to-day; some think one way, some another. I had rather André had not gone on this errand with the promise of a great reward. Yet I think he did believe he was only doing his duty."

After an hour or more of fruitless thinking, not hearing from Mr. Hamilton, I walked back to headquarters. Neither in the joy and pride of glad news, nor when disaster on disaster fell on us, have I ever seen anything like the intensity of expectation and of anxiety which at this time reigned in our camps. The capture of the adjutant-general was grave enough; his fate hung in no doubt-

ful balance: but the feeling aroused by the fall of a great soldier, the dishonour of one greatly esteemed in the ranks, the fear of what else might come, all served to foster uneasiness and to feed suspicion. As the great chief had said, whom now could he trust, or could we? The men talked in half-whispers about the camp-fires; an hundred wild rumours were afloat; and now and again eager eyes looked toward the low brick church where twelve general officers were holding the court-martial which was to decide the fate of my friend.

It was evening before the decision of the court-martial became generally known. I wandered about all that day in the utmost depression of mind. About two in the afternoon of this 29th of September I met Hamilton near the creek. He said he had been busy all day, and was free for an hour; would I come and dine at his quarters? What was the matter with me? I was glad of a chance to speak freely. We had a long and a sad talk, and he then learned why this miserable affair affected me so deeply. He had no belief that the court could do other than condemn Mr. André to die. I asked anxiously if the chief were certain to approve the sentence. He replied gloomily, "As surely as there is a God in heaven."

I could only wait. A hundred schemes were in my mind, each as useless as the others. In fact, I knew not what to do.

On the 30th his Excellency signed the death-warrant, and, all hope being at an end, I determined to make an effort to see the man to whom I believe I owed my life. When I represented the matter to Mr. Hamilton and to the Marquis de Lafayette, I put my request on the ground that Mr. André had here no one who could be called a friend, excepting only myself, and that to refuse me an interview were needlessly cruel. I wrote my application with care, the marquis, who was most kind throughout, charging himself with the business of placing it favourably before our chief. The execution had been ordered for October 1, but, upon receipt of some communication from Sir Henry Clinton, it was postponed until noon on October 2.

On the 30th I rode out into the hills back of Tappan, and tried to compose myself by my usual and effective remedy of a hard ride. It was useless now. I came back to my friend's quarters and tried to read, finding a stray volume of the "Rambler" on his table. It was as vain a resort.

Never at any time in my memory have I spent two days of such unhappiness. I could

get no rest and no peace of mind. To be thus terribly in the grip of events over which you have no control is to men of my temper a maddening affliction. My heart seemed all the time to say, «Do something,» and my reason to reply, «There is nothing to do.» It was thus in the jail when my cousin was on my mind; now it was as to André, and as to the great debt I owed him, and how to pay it. People who despair easily do not fall into the clutches of this intense craving for some practical means of relief where none can be. It is the hopeful, the resolute, and such as are educated by success, who suffer thus. But why inflict on others the story of these two days, except to let those who come after me learn how one of their blood looked upon a noble debt which, alas! like many debts, must go to be settled in another world, and in other ways than ours?

Hamilton, who saw my agitation, begged me to prepare for disappointment. I, however, could see no reason to deny a man access to one doomed when no other friend was near. Nor was I wrong. About seven in the evening of the 1st, the marquis came in haste to find me. He had asked for my interview with Mr. André as a favour to himself. His Excellency had granted the request in the face of objections from two general officers, whom the marquis did not name. As I thanked him he gave me this order:

«To Major Tallmadge:

«The bearer, Hugh Wynne, Esq., Captain, Second Company, Third Regiment of Pennsylvania foot, has herewith permission to visit Major André.

«GEO^E WASHINGTON.

«October 1, 1780.»

I went at once—it was now close to eight in the evening—to the small house of one Maby, where the prisoner was kept. It was but an hundred yards from his Excellency's quarters. Six sentries marched to and fro around it, and within the room two officers remained day and night with drawn swords. My pass was taken at the door of the house, while I waited on the road without. In a few minutes an officer came to me with Major Tallmadge's compliments, and would I be pleased to enter?

I sometimes think it strange how, even in particulars, the natural and other scenery of this dark drama remains distinct in my memory, unaffected by the obliterating influence of the years which have effaced so much else I had been more glad to keep.

I can see to-day the rising moon, the yel-

lowish road, the long, gray stone farm-house of one story, with windows set in an irregular frame of brickwork. The door opens, and I find myself in a short hall, where two officers salute as I pass. My conductor says, «This way, Captain Wynne,» and I enter a long, cheerless-looking apartment, the sitting-room of a Dutch farm-house. Two lieutenants, seated within at the doorway, rose as I entered, and, saluting me, sat down again. I stood an instant looking about me. A huge log fire roared on the hearth, so lighting the room that I saw its glow catch the bayonet-tips of the sentinels outside as they went and came. There were a half-dozen wooden chairs, and on a pine table four candles burning, a bottle of Hollands, a decanter and glasses. In a high-backed chair sat a man with his face to the fire. It was André. He was tranquilly sketching, with a quill pen, a likeness of himself.¹ He did not turn or leave off drawing until Captain Tomlinson, one of the officers in charge, seeing me pause, said:

«Your pardon, major. Here is a gentleman come to visit you.»

As he spoke the prisoner turned, and I was at once struck by the extreme pallor of his face even as seen in the red light of the fire. His death-like whiteness at this time brought out the regular beauty of his features as his usual ruddiness of colour never did. I have since seen strong men near to certain death, but I recall no one who, with a serene and untroubled visage, was yet as white as was this gentleman.

The captain did not present me, and for a moment I stood with a kind of choking in the throat, which came, I suppose, of the great shock André's appearance gave me. He was thus the first to speak:

«Pardon me,» he said, as he rose; «the name escaped me.»

«Mr. Hugh Wynne,» I said, getting myself pulled together—it was much needed.

«Oh, Wynne!» he cried quite joyously; «I did not know you. How delightful to see a friend; how good of you to come! Sit down. Our accommodations are slight. Thanks to his Excellency, here are Madeira and Hollands; may I offer you a glass?»

«No, no,» I said, as we took chairs by the fire, on which he cast a log, remarking how cold it was. Then he added:

«Well, Wynne, what can I do for you?» And then, smiling, «Pshaw! what a thing is habit! What can I do for you, or, indeed, my dear Wynne, for any one? But, Lord! I am as glad as a child.»

¹ My acquaintance Captain Tomlinson has it.

It was all so sweet and natural that I was again quite overcome. «My God!» I cried, «I am so sorry, Mr. André! I came down from King's Ferry in haste when I heard of this, and have been three days getting leave to see you. I have never forgotten your great kindness at the Mischianza. If there be any service I can render you, I am come to offer it.»

He smiled and said: «How strange is fate, Mr. Wynne! Here am I in the same sad trap in which you might have been. I was thinking this very evening of your happier escape.» Then he went on to tell me that he had instantly recognised me at the ball, and also—what in my confusion at the time I did not hear—that Miss Peniston had cried out as she was about to faint, «No, no, Mr. André!» Afterward he had wondered at what seemed an appeal to him rather than to my cousin.

At last he said it would be a relief to him if he might speak to me out of ear-shot of the officers. I said as much to these gentlemen, and after a moment's hesitation they retired outside of the still open doorway of the room, leaving us freer to say what we pleased. He was quiet and, as always, courteous to a fault; but I did not fail to observe that at times, as we talked and he spoke a word of his mother, his eyes filled with tears. In general he was far more composed than I.

He said, «Mr. Wynne, I have writ a letter, which I am allowed to send to General Washington. Will you see that he has it in person? It asks that I may die a soldier's death. All else is done. My mother—but no matter. I have wound up my earthly affairs. I am assured, through the kindness of his Excellency, that my letters and effects will reach my friends and those who are still closer to me. I had hoped to see Mr. Hamilton to-night, that I might ask him to deliver to your chief the letter I now give you. But he has not yet returned, and I must trust it to you to make sure that it does not fail to be considered. That is all, I think.»

I said I would do my best, and was there no more—no errand of confidence—nothing else?

«No,» he replied thoughtfully; «no, I think not. I shall never forget your kindness.» Then he smiled and added, «My never is a brief day for me, Wynne, unless God permits us to remember in the world where I shall be to-morrow.»

I hardly recall what answer I made. I was ready to cry like a child. He went on to bid me say to the good Attorney-General Chew that he had not forgotten his pleasant hospitalities, and he sent also some amiable

message to the women of his house and to my aunt and to the Shippens, speaking with the ease and unrestraint of a man who looks to meet you at dinner next week, and merely says a brief good-by.

I promised to charge myself with his messages, and said at last that many officers desired me to express to him their sorrow at his unhappy situation, and that all men thought it hard that the life of an honest soldier was to be taken in place of that of a villain and coward who, if he had an atom of honour, would give himself up.

«May I beg of you, sir,» he returned, «to thank these gentlemen of your army? 'T is all I can do; and as to General Arnold—no, Wynne, he is not one to do that; I could not expect it.»

Before I rose to go on his errand I said,—and I was a little embarrassed,—«May I be pardoned, sir, if I put to you a quite personal question?»

«Assuredly,» he returned. «What is it, and how can a poor devil in my situation oblige you?»

I said: «I have but of late learned that the exchanges were all settled when I met my cousin Arthur Wynne at Amboy. Could it have been that the letter I bore had anything to do with this treason of General Arnold? Within a day or two this thought has come to me.»

Seeing that he hesitated, I added, «Do not answer me unless you see fit; it is a matter quite personal to myself.»

«No,» he replied; «I see no reason why I should not. Yes, it was the first of the letters sent to Sir Henry over General Arnold's signature. Your cousin suggested you as a messenger whose undoubted position and name would insure the safe carriage of what meant more to us than its mere contents seemed to imply. Other messengers had become unsafe; it was needful at once to find a certain way to reply to us. The letter you bore was such as an officer might carry, as it dealt seemingly with nothing beyond questions of exchange of prisoners. For these reasons, on a hint from Captain Wynne, you were selected as a person beyond suspicion. I was ill at the time, as I believe Mr. Wynne told you.»

«It is only too plain,» said I. «It must have been well known at our headquarters in Jersey that this exchange business was long since settled. Had I been overhauled by any shrewd or suspicious officer, the letter might well have excited doubt and have led to inquiry.»

"Probably; that was why you were chosen—as a man of known character. By the way, sir, I did not know of the selection, nor how it came about, until my recovery. I had no part in it."

I thanked him for thus telling me of his having no share in the matter.

"You were ordered," he continued, "as I recall it, to avoid your main army in the Jerseys; you can now see why. There is no need of further concealment."

It was clear enough. "I owe you," I said, "my excuses for intruding a business so personal."

"And why not? I am glad to serve you. It is rather a relief, sir, to talk of something else than my own hopeless case. Is there anything else? Pray go on; I am at your service."

"You are most kind. I have but one word to add; Arthur Wynne was—nay, must have been—deep in this business?"

"Ah, now you have asked too much," he replied; "but it is I who am to blame. I had no right to name Captain Wynne."

"You must not feel uneasy. I owe him no love, Mr. André; but I will take care that you do not suffer. His suggestion that I should be made use of put in peril not my life, but my honour. It is not to my interest that the matter should ever get noised abroad."

"I see," he said. "Your cousin must be a strange person. Do with what I have said as seems right to you. I shall be—or rather," and he smiled quite cheerfully, "I *am* content. One's grammar forgets to-morrow sometimes."

His ease and quiet seemed to me amazing. But it was getting late, and I said I must go at once.

As I was in act to leave, he took my hand and said: "There are no thanks a man about to die can give that I do not offer you, Mr. Wynne. Be assured your visit has helped me. It is much to see the face of a friend. All men have been good to me and kind, and none more so than his Excellency. If to-morrow I could see, as I go to death, one face I have known in happier hours—it is much to ask—I may count on you, I am sure. Ah, I see I can! And my letter—you will be sure to do your best?"

"Yes," I said, not trusting myself to speak further, and only adding, "Good-by," as I wrung his hand. Then I went out into the cold October starlight.

It was long after ten when I found Hamilton. I told him briefly of my interview, and asked if it would be possible for me to deliver in person to the general Mr. André's letter. I had, in fact, that on my mind which, if but a crude product of despair, I yet did wish to say where alone it might help or be considered.

Hamilton shook his head. "I have so troubled his Excellency as to this poor fellow that I fear I can do no more. Men who do not know my chief cannot imagine the distress of heart this business has caused. I do not mean, Wynne, that he has or had the least indecision concerning the sentence; but I can tell you this—the signature of approval of the court's finding is tremulous and unlike his usual writing. We will talk of this again. Will you wait at my quarters? I will do my best for you."

I said I would take a pipe and walk on the road at the foot of the slope below the house in which Washington resided. With this he left me.

(To be continued.)

S. Weir Mitchell.





DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

THE VISIT TO ANDRÉ.



THE GARDEN AND THE GREAT WHEEL.

PLAY IN LONDON.

THE GARDEN.

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

PARTLY because James Thomson happened once to sing of London as «the city of dreadful night,» its name has become a synonym for gloom. Its fogs have passed into a proverb; its people's spleen has been made a byword. And yet the sun does shine there sometimes. « . . . El Dorado plain, the golden city!» another of its poets has been known to call it on a mild October afternoon. Certainly no one labors so industriously as the Londoner to be gay. Was it not to «merry London» that the Thames brought Spenser and his «gentle birds»?

All history, too, is against the legend of this perpetual sadness. Why, in the past you cannot separate London from its gardens and pleasant playgrounds. When you look back to the old days, you see nothing but gay ladies and gallants forever walking in the Mall, as one meets them in the comedy of Congreve and in the painting of Gainsborough. From Pepys to Corinthian Tom, there was no one with the least claim to fame who did

not in his turn find «Vauxhall's garden of romance» «mighty divertising.» Was it not there that Gillray and Rowlandson went for their models? Was it not there Addison carried his Sir Roger de Coverley, Fielding his Amelia, Goldsmith his Chinaman in the good company of Beau Tibbs? Was it not there that Joe Sedley drank the rack punch, without which we should never have had the story of «Vanity Fair»?—there Pendennis passed in his pride, the blushing Fanny on his arm? Was it not there—? But if I go on with the list of its heroes I shall never be done, since during little less than two hundred years everybody about town, at one time or another, crossed the river to South London and the glories and delights of Vauxhall. And it had its rivals, Ranelagh and Marylebone, where even the great Dr. Johnson was known to unbend and take his pleasure. And later came Cremorne —Cremorne, so domestically decorous by day, so riotous by night; Cremorne, where, one evening of fireworks, rockets fell with a splen-

dor that Mr. Whistler transferred to his canvas for all time, and in so doing prepared the way for the most extraordinary episode in the history of modern art.

Everybody knows what the old garden was like,—Thackeray has seen to that,—with the hundred thousand lamps always lighted, the fiddlers who made ravishing melodies, the singers, the dancers, the Mme. Saquis on the slack rope ascending to the stars, the hermit in the illuminated hermitage, the dark walks so favorable to lovers, the pots of stout, the dinners and suppers—in a word, the sort of combination of café, music-hall, restaurant, and Fourth of July that nowhere else has been brought to such perfection; that to Sir Roger had seemed, long before Thackeray's day, "a kind of Mahometan paradise." But what everybody does not know so well is that London still has its garden, called by another name, to be sure, ignored by Murray and Baedeker, and offering another program,—Mme. Saquis and hermits gone from it apparently forevermore,—but precisely the same in principle and practice.

Vauxhall has vanished; Cremorne sends up no more rockets skyward to fill the night with beauty; the Crystal Palace is only for the suburb and the country cousin; but every summer Earl's Court has its exhibition—an exhibition only by courtesy, only out of deference to the present fashion of gathering our knowledge, or pretending to, while we play. One year it was called Italian, and there were macaroni and Chianti in the restaurants, and a nice new pasteboard Forum. Another year it was German, and the air was heavy with the fragrance of *Schnitzel* and *Wurst*. Then it was American, for a change, and cow-boys and Red Indians swaggered across the scene, and soda-water and maple-sugar figured on the menu. Now it happens to be Indian, with a fine Oriental flavor; but by the time this is published it will be something else, and it really matters very little. The exhibition, attributed to any nation, would be as gay. Nobody cares, save, perhaps, a few tradesmen and mummers, who smell the commercial battle from afar. It is an open secret that the semblance of a show is there merely to court avoidance; the years, in passing, have turned it into a big bazaar, but not even in this guise can it prove the chief attraction.

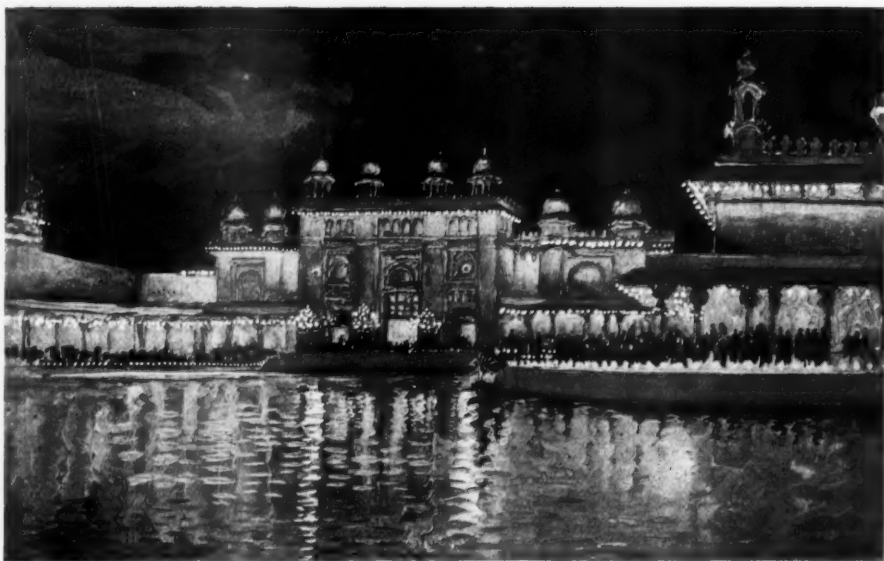
No; the great thing, the only thing that counts, is the garden, where one may walk under pleasant trees; where one may ape the Continental, and drink tea or coffee at little tables,—but mostly tea, in capacious pots,

—to the accompaniment of thick slabs of cake; where one may be still more un-English, and eat one's dinner outdoors—not like a wild beast in a cage, as in the old "box" at Vauxhall, but in company, on a low, broad veranda, where there are side-shows more diverting than Pepys ever dreamed of; where one may loaf away the summer evening, listening to music which is at least as good as the honest Briton likes it. For the truth is, the garden furnishes just that form of amusement which Mr. Henry James has lamented was not to be found in London; and so long as it is open one need not, as he thought, "give up the idea of going to sit somewhere in the open air, to eat an ice and listen to a band of music." Only the amusement must be shared with so big a crowd that one will have to scramble for a chair, engage a dinner-table full twelve hours beforehand,



A CAFÉ.

and struggle to get home by underground or bus as furiously as the mob fights to push into the pit of a popular theater. To provide the Englishman with a crowd, to give him the chance to use his elbows, is to convince him that he is enjoying himself. And the old garden's questionable features, its revelers, its jockeys and courtezans and gamblers,



THE LAKE.

where are they? Where are the snows of yester-year? All gone, with other times and other morals. The world of Earl's Court and Kensington has taken the exhibition under its protection, and there sits in stately splendor, a magnificent example of respectability, within an inclosure humorously called the Welcome Club, because admission is refused to all but the elect. Where the West End condescends to spend its afternoons and evenings, there, surely, every one may venture in safety by night as by day. Indeed, there is a strong domestic element about the exhibition: it is a place for the family, a playground for the decorous.

The best of it is, though perhaps no one has time to think so, the garden makes a very beautiful background for the spectacle of all London at play. The chance that decreed it should be Indian for an interval was kind—a pleasant excuse for shining white buildings and shadowy shops, for camels and elephants and jinrikishas, for color and costume,—for a fine, barbarous picturesqueness, as unexpected in the midst of Earl's Court propriety as a stray bit of the West End would be in the heart of the desert. Of course Chicago gave the hint for the first white court shutting in a fair sheet of water, though the East supplied the model for its palaces. The Oriental architecture, faithfully followed, has a light elegance, a fantastic grace, a strong element of romance; and, what is more, the

exhibition is Oriental throughout, is all in keeping. Even in broad daylight, when shams cannot be concealed,—when the ladies of the harem looking through the latticed windows are palpably canvas, and the great city in the distance is as plainly built by the scene-painter,—the court is not without charm; but in the tender twilight it melts into such stuff as dreams are made of, only to be transformed at the hour when lamps are lighted into an enchanted Samarkand.

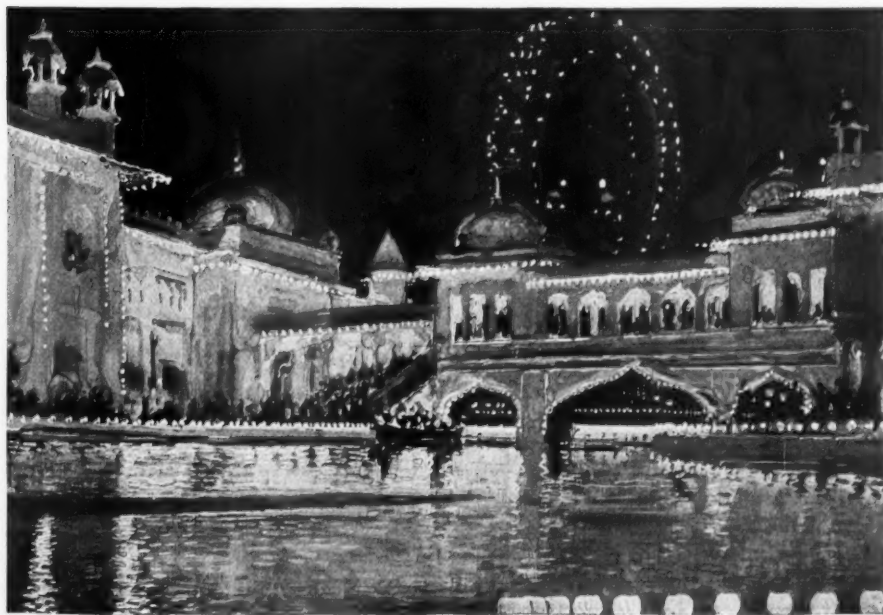
The village streets beyond have still more slender claim to novelty. Have we not had Old London, Old Antwerp, Old Hungary, and the Pleasance? Has not the game been played already a dozen times and more? But what then? If the game is pretty and well played, are we to scorn it simply because it is not new? Besides, this is not a game at all, but the thing itself. Old London was a fake; there was no help for it. The Pleasance was a jumble. But these are real Eastern streets; these are the real low white houses of the people; and the carvings and beautiful doorways that adorn them were designed and wrought many years ago under an Eastern sky. This is a real mosque, from which the muezzin calls to prayer, and which no Moslem enters without dropping his slippers at the door, as in Bombay or Benares. These are real shops, each a motive for a Decamps or a Delacroix; and within are real native weavers and potters and jewelers at work, when not

staring at the gaping crowd with that superb, impenetrable calm which the European could never hope to emulate; and these are real jinrikishas, pulled by little black, swift-footed, bare-legged coolies; real elephants and camels managed by their turbaned keepers. Who that has been in the East will not tell you how not until, in some dark, narrow bazaar, he saw the first train of camels from the desert could he realize he was actually in the land of Harun-al-Rashid? And camels, though they carry on their backs solemn British matrons, top-hatted city clerks, red-coated soldiers, and stolid English girls, still bring the East with them wherever they go. I never pass the well about which they are grouped when not lurching up and down the streets, without vague thoughts of the Bagdad and Damascus I have never seen; just as Heine could not look at the lascar sailors at the India docks without thinking of the long-necked camels and gold-covered elephants of Scheherazade's story.

It is true that in these Eastern streets, as in my thoughts, there is a delightful confusion of countries, a fine indifference to geographical limits. Short as is each one, it runs through Burma, Ceylon, and Hindustan before ever the end is reached. At one moment you hear a charming creature

in a pink turban inviting you: «Dis way to de Bombay t'eater! Snek trick! Baskit trick! Mongoose trick! Moonkey trick! Twenty-five-year-ol' moonkey performin' in de Bombay t'eater! Now commencin' in de Bombay t'eater!» The next, one of your own countrymen, with a good Yankee twang, asks you to come to hear the Chevalier and Dan Leno of Mandalay; while at his side a row of little smiling, ogling Burman dancers, with flowers in their hair, break out into discordant shrieks of «Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay!» and a Burman giant in pasteboard grins terribly, and waves uncouth hands above their heads. Here a Hindu, as yellow as a mulatto, in irreproachable dress-suit, and with all the languor and superciliousness of the English university in his voice, welcomes you to the Temple of Nirvana; and there an English manager, his eloquence failing to do justice to the row of Cingalese dancers with chocolate skins shining from under a network of beads, lifts up a two-year-old baby who babbles, smokes a cigarette, blows the smoke through her little brown nose, and gurgles her way straight into the heart of the great British public, always susceptible to the blandishments of babies, whether on the Academy walls, a Christmas supplement, or a poster.

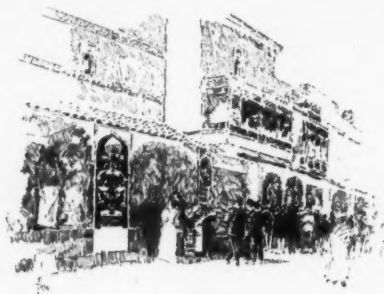
This is the patter that greets the Pepys or Pendennis of to-day as he saunters through



THE INNER COURT.



A Street.



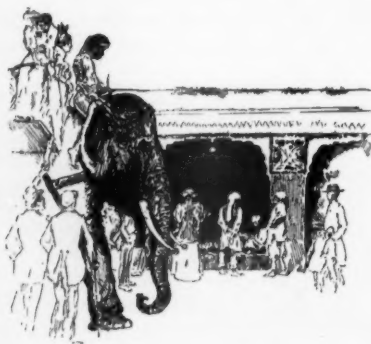
The Bazaar.



Outside a Shop.



Indian Shops.



The Passing Elephant.



By the Burmese Theater.



A Camel-ride.



Riding in a Jirrikisha.



THE BAND-STAND.

the garden. And so there is patter to listen to, so there is something to stare at. Burman dancers, flower-crowned and smiling, answer as well as any «Faustinetta, fair and showy, warbling an air from Arsinoë.» A Hindu in pink turban proves as irresistible as the «jockey in the Yellow Coat, that has a Farm-Yard in his Throat.» For no spectacle of itself alone would bring him here, though so many are provided, though the theater offers a performance as gorgeous as our old friends the Kiralfys can make it; but always, in the end as in the beginning, it is the garden that delights him—the garden turned by time into as sacred a national institution for the Englishman as his beer and his chop. And when, in the gathering dusk, the transformation scene begins, pleasure is complete; for you might as well have a circus without a clown as the garden without an illumination. Even Dr. Johnson rebelled and incited to riot when, at Marylebone, a prudent management would have put off the fireworks on a wet night! Call the garden Vauxhall, or Cremorne, or Earl's Court Exhibition, and it must still depend for its chief triumph upon the last feature in the day's program. This

it is which draws Kensington and Earl's Court, just as the first blaze of a burning house collects the idlers of a town. But indeed I do not know where an illumination is better ordered, with at once greater splendor and greater restraint. There is no tawdriness of color, no vulgarity of excess, no scattering of effects. Chance may have led to the simplicity of the scheme, but there is no doubt that harmony is the result. The simpler lights give beauty to the long lines and sweeping curves of paths that are commonplace enough by day. They transfigure every shabby bandstand into a pavilion or pagoda of glowing gold; they make that wonderful fairy-land of the first white court; and they hang in the air, a mystic circle of burning stars, where the great wheel slowly turns, a beacon of fire for all the garden to see.

It is in front of this enchanted picture that the Londoner spends his summer evenings. When one first comes to his town, and walks down the Strand or up Piccadilly in the dim gas-light, one may sigh for the brilliant boulevards of Paris; but one has only to know where to go to learn that London can be as gay in its garden.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.



WINTER CAMP AT HEADQUARTERS, CITY POINT.

General Grant and staff-officers in the foreground; Mrs. Grant and her son Jesse in front of the Grant cottage; huts of the staff-officers right and left; mess-hall behind the Grant cottage; soldiers' huts and stables in the background.

CAMPAIGNING WITH GRANT.

BY GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

WINTER CAMPAIGNS.

GRANT SUGGESTS A PLAN FOR VOTING IN THE FIELD.

THE Presidential election was now approaching, and provisions were being carried out for receiving the ballots of the soldiers who came from those States which had passed laws authorizing their soldiers in the field to cast their votes. General Grant had been consulted in regard to the propriety and practicability of permitting the soldiers to vote, and he had written a letter which contains such broad principles of statesmanship, and exhibits so much foresight as to the checks and restraints with which the matter should be guarded, and produced so profound an impression at the time, that it is given in full:

CITY POINT, VA., September 27, 1864.

THE HON. E. M. STANTON,

Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.

The exercise of the right of suffrage by the officers and soldiers of armies in the field is a novel thing. It has, I believe, generally been considered dangerous to constitutional liberty and subversive of military discipline. But our circumstances are novel and exceptional. A very large proportion of the legal voters of the United States are now either under arms in the field, or in hospitals, or otherwise engaged in the military service of the United States. Most of these men are not regular soldiers in the strict sense of that term; still less are they mercenaries who give their services to the government simply for its pay, having little understanding of political questions, or feeling little or no interest in them. On the contrary, they are American citizens, having still their homes and social and political ties binding them to the States and districts from which they come and to which they expect to return. They have left their homes temporarily, to sustain the cause of their country in the hour of its trial. In performing this sacred duty, they should not be deprived of a most precious privilege. They have as much right to demand that their votes shall be counted in the choice of their rulers as those citizens who remain at home—nay, more; for they have sacrificed more for their country.

I state these reasons in full, for the unusual thing of allowing armies in the field to vote, that I may urge, on the other hand, that nothing more than the fullest exercise of this right should be allowed; for anything not absolutely necessary to this exercise cannot but be dangerous to the liberties of the country.

VOL. LIV.—45.

The officers and soldiers have every means of understanding the questions before the country. The newspapers are freely circulated, and so, I believe, are the documents prepared by both parties to set forth the merits and claims of their candidates.

Beyond this, nothing whatever should be allowed—no political meetings, no harangues from soldiers or citizens, and no canvassing of camps or regiments for votes.

I see not why a single individual not belonging to the armies should be admitted into their lines to deliver tickets. In my opinion, the tickets should be furnished by the chief provost-marshal of each army, by them to the provost-marshal (or some other appointed officer) of each brigade or regiment, who shall, on the day of election, deliver tickets, irrespective of party, to whoever may call for them. If, however, it shall be deemed expedient to admit citizens to deliver tickets, then it should be most positively prohibited that such citizens should electioneer, harangue, or canvass the regiments in anyway. Their business should be, and only be, to distribute on a certain fixed day tickets to whoever may call for them.

In the cases of those States whose soldiers vote by proxy, proper State authority could be given to officers belonging to regiments so voting to receive and forward votes.

As it is intended that all soldiers entitled to vote shall exercise that privilege according to their own convictions of right, unmolested and unrestricted, there will be no objection to each party sending to armies easy of access a number of respectable gentlemen to see that these views are fully carried out. To the army at Atlanta, and those armies on the sea-coast from New Berne to New Orleans, not to exceed three citizens of each party should be admitted.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

LINCOLN'S SECOND ELECTION.

FOURTEEN of the loyal States authorized their troops in the field to vote. General Grant felt that he was simply a soldier, and he took no active part in the political campaign, although he never failed to let it be known that he ardently desired the triumph of the party which was in favor of vigorously prosecuting the war to a successful termination. He had been exceedingly annoyed by the fact that the Missouri State Convention had instructed its delegates to the National Convention which nominated Lincoln to "cast

their twenty-two votes for Ulysses S. Grant,» and exerted what influence he could not to have his name mentioned in any way in the convention; but as the delegates had received instructions, they felt that they could not disobey them. The Hon. John F. Hume, chairman of the Missouri delegation, therefore cast the votes of his State for General Grant; but before the result of the ballot was announced he changed them to Mr. Lincoln. General Grant did not have an opportunity to vote at the election, as his State (Illinois) had made no provision for allowing her soldiers at the front to cast their ballots.

On the 8th of November the Presidential election took place. The voting passed off very quietly in the camps. Every soldier was allowed absolute freedom in the choice of candidates, and perhaps no election had ever been conducted with greater fairness. The soldiers' vote in favor of Lincoln over McClellan was in the proportion of more than three to one. General Grant strolled through some of the neighboring camps while the voting was going on, and watched with interest how quietly and effectively the system for depositing the ballots worked. On the 10th of November enough was known at headquarters to make it plain that Lincoln was elected. That night Grant telegraphed to Halleck: «. . . Congratulate the President for me for the double victory. The election having passed off quietly, no bloodshed or riot throughout the land, is a victory worth more to the country than a battle won. . . .»

General Grant had a marked aversion to interfering in any matters which pertained to the civil administration of the government. He had contented himself with sending to points in the North such troops as were really necessary as precautionary steps, and had left it entirely to the War Department to carry out measures for arresting and punishing the Confederate emissaries in the loyal States, and breaking up the bands of conspirators who were plotting against the government.

GRANT VISITS NEW YORK.

CONSIDERING the positions of the armies of Sherman and Thomas, General Grant was still anxious that Lee should send no troops to the West; and he determined to watch him closely, but not to make any move which might have the effect of inducing him to evacuate Richmond and Petersburg.

As the apprehension throughout the North had been allayed, and as there were no operations in contemplation in Virginia, General

Grant started on the 17th of November, and made a short trip to Burlington, New Jersey, to see his children, who had been placed at school there, and his wife, who was with them. There went with the party an expert telegraph operator, familiar with the cipher used in official despatches, who was used in keeping up telegraphic communication with the front. On November 19 news was received at headquarters, through Confederate sources, that Lee had recalled Early's command from the valley of Virginia. This was instantly communicated to the general-in-chief. He telegraphed at once to Sheridan, mentioning this news, and saying that if he was satisfied that it was so, to send Wright's corps to City Point without delay, and move with his cavalry to cut the Virginia Central Railroad. There was destined to be no respite for the general-in-chief. Even while snatching a couple of days' rest in the quiet of his little family, he was still called on to direct important movements in the field.

Finding that there was no immediate need of his presence at the front, he decided to run over to New York for a couple of days. He had promised Mrs. Grant to go there on a shopping expedition, and he also felt some curiosity to take a look at the city, as he had not seen it since he was graduated from the Military Academy, twenty-one years before. He went with Mrs. Grant to the Astor House, quietly and unannounced, being particularly desirous of avoiding any public demonstrations. He did not realize, however, the sensation which his arrival in the metropolis would create. The news spread rapidly throughout the city, and the greatest eagerness was manifested on the part of the people to get a sight of the famous commander. The foremost citizens presented themselves at the hotel to pay their respects to him, and enthusiastic crowds filled the streets and stood for hours gazing at the windows of his rooms, in the hope of catching a glimpse of him. Entertainments of every kind were tendered him, and invitations poured in from every quarter. He received many prominent citizens in his rooms, and had a great many interesting talks with them; but the invitations to entertainments were declined, and all public demonstrations avoided as much as possible. The next morning after his arrival the general strolled out into the streets with a former staff-officer then living in New York, and being in plain citizen's clothes, was for some time unobserved; but finally his features, which had been made known by means of the portraits everywhere displayed,

were recognized, and finding a crowd surrounding him, he stepped into a street-car. The gentleman with him, finding no vacant seat, asked the conductor to have the people sit closer together and make room for General Grant. The conductor put on a broad grin, and quietly winked one eye, as much as to say, "You can't fool me with such a cock-and-bull story as that"; and the general quietly took hold of a strap, and rode through-out the trip standing with a number of others who had crowded into the car.

A PHILADELPHIA OVATION TO GRANT.

AFTER remaining two days in the city, seeing what little he could in that time of the vast improvements which had taken place since he was last there, he started for Washington, but on the way decided to remain over a day in Philadelphia. After he had spent a little while at the Continental Hotel, he attempted to take a walk down Chestnut street; but his features had become as familiar to the people of the Quaker City as to the New-Yorkers, and he was promptly recognized, and his name was passed from mouth to mouth in the street. Soon the people rushed out in crowds from the stores on both sides of the way, and curiosity was on tiptoe to see him. First those near by took off their hats to him; then they crowded up to shake hands; then applause was started along the sidewalks, and soon cheer after cheer arose. He was now near Independence Hall, and the crowd, in its good nature and enthusiasm, pressed upon him so vigorously that he was compelled to take refuge in the building. His presence was now announced to the mayor, who set to work hurriedly to improvise a reception. The news of the commander's presence had spread in the meantime like wild-fire, and a dense mass of people had crowded into the hall. In their eagerness to shake hands with him, they soon lost all restraint, and many were in danger of being injured in the crush. His friends now induced him to consent to an act which his enemies had never succeeded in compelling him to perform—to beat a retreat. He was conducted from the hall by a private exit, placed in a carriage, and the coachman was directed to drive rapidly back to the hotel. In this flank movement, however, the general did not meet with the success which had crowned his efforts in the field. The admiring crowd of people soon discovered his change of base, and those in front, being pressed on by those in rear, surged up against the carriage, checking its movement, break-

ing some of the windows, and nearly toppling it over. Never had there been a greater necessity for the prayer, "Save me from my friends!" Finally, however, the hotel was safely reached. The general treated the matter throughout with his accustomed good nature and his usual calmness. In the entire mass of people he was perhaps the only one unexcited and unruffled. The only feeling he exhibited was one of intense surprise that he should attract so much attention.

GRANT AND LINCOLN IN CONFERENCE.

HE then proceeded to Washington, and on November 23 called upon the President and the Secretary of War, and had extended interviews with them. One object in his going to Washington was to make a determined effort to obtain promotion for his officers who had made themselves conspicuous for their gallantry and efficiency in the field. In order to create the necessary vacancies, he recommended that the inefficient general officers be mustered out of service, and gave a list of eight major-generals and thirty-three brigadiers whose services the government could dispense with to advantage. In the matter of relieving these useless officers the general was entirely impartial, as the list contained a number of his warm personal friends. The President said to him: "Why, I find that lots of the officers on this list are very close friends of yours; do you want them all dropped?" The general replied: "That's very true, Mr. President; but my personal friends are not always good generals, and I think it but just to adhere to my recommendation."

The Secretary of War had impaired his health by his incessant labors, and by his positive and sometimes arbitrary conduct had created an opposition to himself in many quarters, and there were rumors at this time that he might retire from his position. This subject was brought up by the President in his conversation with the general-in-chief, and he was considerate enough to say that in case such a change should occur, he would not appoint another secretary without giving the general an opportunity to express his views as to the selection. General Grant took occasion to say to Mr. Lincoln at this interview: "I doubt very much whether you could select as efficient a Secretary of War as the present incumbent. He is not only a man of untiring energy and devotion to duty, but even his worst enemies never for a moment doubt his personal integrity and the purity of his mo-

tives; and it tends largely to reconcile the people to the heavy taxes they are paying when they feel an absolute certainty that the chief of the department which is giving out contracts for countless millions of dollars is a person of scrupulous honesty." The general now returned to City Point, feeling much gratified with his visit to Washington, and well satisfied with what he had accomplished while there.

General Hancock was suffering so intensely from his wounds that he was given a leave of absence for twenty days, it being hoped that at the end of that time he might be better; but he was unable to return, and General A. A. Humphreys thereafter commanded the 2d Corps. His assignment was dated November 25. He was a most accomplished officer, and by his talents and his personal gallantry had already won great distinction. His appointment was recognized as eminently fitting, and met with favor throughout the entire army.

GRANT'S WINTER QUARTERS AT CITY POINT.

THE camp at City Point had now given place to winter quarters; for in view of the character of the campaigns that were to be conducted by our armies in the West and South, it was decided to make no immediate attempt to dislodge Lee's army from Petersburg and Richmond, and preparations were made by the general-in-chief to pass the winter months at City Point. The tents, which were much worn, had become very uncomfortable as the cold weather set in; and they were removed, and log huts were erected in their stead. Each hut contained space enough for bunks for two officers, and had a small door in front, a window on each side, and an open fireplace at the rear end. General Grant's hut was as plain as the others, and was constructed with a sitting-room in front, and a small apartment used as a bedroom in rear, with a communicating door between them. An iron camp-bed, an iron wash-stand, a couple of pine tables, and a few common wooden chairs constituted the furniture. The floor was entirely bare. There were many comments in the newspapers about this time upon the preparations for winter quarters. One comic paper had a picture of the general's hut, with smoke curling out of the chimney, and under it the words: "Grant fought it out on this line, though it took him all summer, and has now sent for his stove." Papers inimical to the cause gave the establishment of winter quarters as a proof that the oldest inhabitant would not be likely to live long enough to see Grant enter Richmond. Some of the jocose

remarks referring to this subject displayed no little wit, and many of them were a source of considerable amusement to the general and those about him.

INGALLS'S SPOTTED DOG.

GENERAL INGALLS had just returned from a trip to Washington, and brought with him an English spotted coach-dog, which followed him everywhere through camp, and attracted no end of attention. A dog of any kind was rather an unusual sight in an army in the field, and an animal of the peculiar marks and aristocratic bearing of Ingalls's companion excited wide-spread remark. Every time the dog came to headquarters, General Grant was certain to comment upon the animal, and perpetrate some good-natured joke at the expense of his classmate. The dog followed the usual canine custom, and expressed his feelings by an agitation of his caudal appendage. To describe his actions astronomically, it may be said that he indicated anger by imparting to his tail a series of longitudinal vibrations, and pleasure by giving it a gentle "motion in azimuth"—familiarily known as a wag. One evening, as the general was sitting in front of his quarters, Ingalls came up to have a chat with him, and was followed by the dog, which sat down in the usual place at its master's feet. The animal squatted upon its hind quarters, licked its chops, pricked up its ears, and looked first at one officer and then at the other, as if to say: "I am General Ingalls's dog; whose pup are you?" In the course of his remarks General Grant took a look at the animal, and said: "Well, Ingalls, what are your real intentions in regard to that dog? Do you expect to take it into Richmond with you?" Ingalls, who was noted for his dry humor, replied with mock seriousness and an air of extreme patience: "I hope to; it is said to come from a long-lived breed." This retort, coupled with the comical attitude of the dog at the time, turned the laugh upon the general, who joined heartily in the merriment, and seemed to enjoy the joke as much as any of the party.

GRANT'S INTERCOURSE WITH HIS ASSOCIATES.

WHILE the general's manners were simple and unconstrained, and his conversation with his staff was of the most sociable nature, yet he always maintained a dignity of demeanor which set bounds to any undue familiarity on the part of those who held intercourse with him. However close they were to him in their relations, there was never any obtrusive intimacy. He always addressed his chief of

staff as «Rawlins,» General Sherman as «Sherman,» and usually called his cavalry leader «Sheridan»; but in addressing Meade and nearly all the other commanders he invariably employed the title «general.» Sherman always called the general-in-chief «Grant» in public and private conversation. Ingalls and other classmates used this term in talking with him alone, but when others were present they gave him his military title. All other officers in the service addressed him invariably as «general.» In conversation with his personal aides, who had served intimately with him, he would call them sometimes by their last names, and at other times by their military titles. He was scrupulously careful under all circumstances not to neglect the little courtesies which are the stamp of genuine politeness. When a general officer came to his headquarters, the general-in-chief always rose to receive him, shook hands, and invited him to sit down. If smoking at the time, he offered the visitor a cigar, and if it was near the hour for a meal, invited him to be a guest at the mess. He never made any remarks in criticism of a person who had called on him after the visitor had left, and by his manner always showed an objection to hearing others talk about people behind their backs. He never had the slightest fondness for gossip of any kind. Whenever any one attempted to whisper to him in the presence of others, while he did not openly rebuke the offender, he always managed in some way to make it evident that the practice was distasteful to him. Usually when any one came close to him and started to communicate with him in a whisper before company, he drew slightly back, and at once began to reply in a loud tone of voice, which was a sufficient indication that he regarded the whispering as an impoliteness. If there was really any reason for a confidential interview, he would proceed to his back room and hold it there. His conduct was particularly courteous in the presence of ladies, and he never neglected those little attentions to their sex which constitute true politeness. If he were reclining on a bench or sitting in a lounging attitude in a chair after a fatiguing day, when any lady approached, whether a visitor or a person of his own household, he would at once assume a more deferential position, and show her every possible courtesy.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH THOMAS.

THE general's mind was much absorbed at this time in the movements of Sherman and

Thomas. Sherman was marching rapidly into the interior of Georgia, cut off from all communication. The general, in speaking of the movement one evening, said: «Sherman's army is now somewhat in the condition of a ground-mole when he disappears under a lawn. You can here and there trace his track, but you are not quite certain where he will come out till you see his head.» Hood had abandoned Georgia to Sherman, and was moving north with his whole force against Thomas. His army now consisted of about 45,000 men. Schofield, who, under Thomas's orders, was in advance watching Hood's movements and endeavoring to delay him, had less than 25,000 troops. On November 30 Hood closed up on Schofield and attacked him. This brought on the desperate battle of Franklin, and the fighting continued until long after nightfall. The enemy was handsomely repulsed, with a loss of over 6000 men, while Schofield lost only 2326. This day was made still more eventful by reason of Sherman's capturing Millen, Georgia, at the same time that Schofield was achieving his signal victory in Tennessee. The night of the battle of Franklin, Thomas was reinforced at Nashville by two divisions from Missouri, and the next day by two divisions of his own troops that he had brought in from the front. The day after the battle of Franklin (December 1), General Thomas reported that he had retired to the fortifications around Nashville until he could get his cavalry equipped, which was then outnumbered by that of the enemy four to one, adding that if Hood attacked that position he would be seriously damaged, and if he made no attack until our cavalry could be equipped, he or Schofield would move against him at once. General Grant telegraphed Thomas on December 2: «If Hood is permitted to remain quietly about Nashville, you will lose all the road back to Chattanooga, and possibly have to abandon the line of the Tennessee. Should he attack you, it is all well; but if he does not, you should attack him before he fortifies. Arm and put in the trenches your quartermaster's employees, citizens, etc.» Nashville was a large military depot where there were nearly 10,000 employees, mainly quartermaster's men.

The same day the Secretary of War telegraphed Grant: «The President feels solicitous about the disposition of General Thomas to lay in fortifications for an indefinite period (until Wilson gets equipments.) This looks like the McClellan and Rosecrans strategy of doing nothing and let the rebels raid the country.

The President wishes you to consider the matter." That afternoon the general sent a second despatch to General Thomas, urging him to dispose of Hood as speedily as possible, and if he got him to retreating to give him no peace. General Thomas replied at some length, stating his weak condition, and recalling the fact that his command was made up of Sherman's two weakest corps and all his dismounted cavalry except one brigade; and he also called his attention to the delays made necessary by the task of reorganization and equipment. He said that his cavalry was still outnumbered four to one, but that he had just received reinforcements of infantry, and now had infantry enough, though not sufficient cavalry, to assume the offensive, but that he expected more cavalry, and in a few days more should be able to give Hood another fight. General Grant's instructions had been put in the form of suggestions thus far, as he was reluctant to give positive orders. He entertained a high regard for General Thomas personally, and the greatest respect for his military capacity. Thomas was a conspicuous representative of the loyal Virginians. At the breaking out of the war he had shown great strength of character and determination of purpose in deciding to remain loyal to the country which had educated him as a soldier, and to defend the flag which he had sworn to uphold. No one had displayed greater devotion to the cause, and few officers in the service stood higher in the affection of their associates or in the confidence of their superior officers. General Thomas, being in command of only a single army, looked naturally to the means of securing the largest measure of success in his immediate front, and it was not likely that he would regard time as of so much importance as the general-in-chief of all the armies. With Grant, the movements of Thomas's army were a part of a series of coöperative campaigns, and unnecessary delays in the movements of any one army might seriously affect contemplated operations on the part of the others. Canby was expected to send a force into the interior, but he could not do so until Thomas had assumed the offensive against Hood; and he was compelled to postpone his expedition, and to hold Vicksburg and Memphis, and patrol the Mississippi to try to prevent troops from crossing from the Trans-Mississippi Department to relieve Hood. On December 3 General Thomas described the situation further, and closed by saying that he would feel able to march against Hood in less than a week. The seat of war in the

West had been transferred from Atlanta as far north as Nashville, and General Grant now became apprehensive that Hood would cross the Cumberland River, move into Kentucky, and cut Thomas's railroad communications, and that the theater of operations in that region might be transferred even to the Ohio River, the disastrous moral effect of which would be beyond calculation. General Thomas telegraphed, December 6, that he thought he ought to have 6000 cavalry mounted before attacking Hood, and hoped to have such a mounted force in three days. General Grant's anxiety was increased by the fact that he realized that the inclement season was at hand, and feared that the winter storms might appear at any time and prove unfavorable for attack. Thomas had concentrated the forces in his department, troops had been hurried forward from Missouri, and the cavalry was being remounted by General James H. Wilson with unparalleled energy.

PLANNING THE FIRST FORT FISHER EXPEDITION.

DECISIONS of the utmost importance had to be made at this time in regard to movements on foot in other directions. The enemy was found to be making desperate efforts to collect troops to stay the progress of Sherman, whose march was creating the greatest consternation in the State of Georgia. News received from prisoners and spies, as well as from Southern newspapers, all confirmed the rumor that Sherman was destroying large quantities of supplies essential to the enemy, and striking terror at all points on his line of march. The governors of five Southern States were sending their reserves to confront Sherman, and the garrison of Fort Fisher, near Wilmington, North Carolina, was largely reduced for the same purpose. The latter news now made the general-in-chief anxious to start the expedition which he had in contemplation against Wilmington. This port had become the principal resort for vessels running the blockade, and was of incalculable importance to the enemy on account of the supplies received from foreign countries. A large fleet of naval vessels had been put under the command of Admiral Porter, and a force of 6500 men of Butler's army was held in readiness to be placed upon transports and sent to the mouth of the Cape Fear River, under the command of General Weitzel, to coöperate with the fleet in capturing Fort Fisher, the formidable earth-work which constituted the main defense of

the mouth of the Cape Fear River and the city of Wilmington. General Butler, who was always prolific in ideas, made an original suggestion in regard to this expedition, which he believed would accomplish immensely important results. His proposition was to load a vessel with powder, tow it up as near as possible to Fort Fisher, and explode it, in the hope of shaking up the fort so seriously that its parapet would be sufficiently injured greatly to weaken its defense. Admiral Porter and other naval authorities seemed to favor the project, and General Grant finally agreed to let the experiment be tried, although his own judgment was decidedly against it. He said, in speaking of it: "Whether the report will be sufficient even to wake up the garrison in the fort, if they happen to be asleep at the time of the explosion, I do not know. It is at least foolish to think that the effect of the explosion could be transmitted to such a distance with enough force to weaken the fort. However, they can use an old boat which is not of much value, and we have plenty of damaged powder which is unserviceable for any other purpose, so that the experiment will not cost much, at any rate." Mr. Lincoln, in assenting to it, said facetiously: "We might as well explode the notion with powder as with anything else."

On December 3 General Grant wrote Sherman a letter, which he sent down the coast, to be delivered as soon as the Western commander reached the sea in the vicinity of Savannah, in which he said: "Bragg has gone from Wilmington. I am trying to take advantage of his absence to get possession of that place. Owing to some preparations that Admiral Porter and General Butler are making to blow up Fort Fisher, and which, while I hope for the best, I do not believe a particle in, there is a delay in getting the expedition off. . . ."

As Thomas's army was now larger than Hood's, and splendidly officered, Grant was much disturbed at the delay in striking Hood; and his anxiety had become so great that at 4 P. M. on December 6 he telegraphed Thomas: "Attack Hood at once, and wait no longer for a remount of your cavalry. There is great danger of delay resulting in a campaign back to the Ohio River." Thomas replied at 9 o'clock that night: ". . . I will make the necessary dispositions, and attack Hood at once, agreeably to your order, though I believe it will be hazardous with the small force of cavalry now at my service." News had been received that Hood was moving a force toward Harpeth Shoals on the Cumberland.

That night Weitzel's troops embarked for the Fort Fisher expedition. Butler came over to headquarters, and announced his purpose of accompanying the expedition. This was the first intimation the general had that Butler was ambitious to go in person with the troops, as it was not the intention that he should command. Grant had selected in Weitzel an officer whom he regarded as peculiarly qualified for the management of such a delicate undertaking. However, it would have been, under the circumstances, a mortal affront to prevent the commander of the troops and of the department in which they were operating from accompanying them; and the alternative was presented to General Grant's mind of either letting Butler go on the expedition or relieving him from duty altogether. Butler set great store upon the explosion of the powder-boat, and had counted upon being present at the attack; and finally the general-in-chief, rather than wound his feelings at such a crisis, did not order him to remain behind. He felt that Weitzel would have immediate command of the attacking party.

General Grant now wrote instructions to Sherman directing him to move his army by sea to Richmond, it appearing to him, under all the circumstances at that time, that it would be the means of dealing a death-blow to the Confederacy, and prove the quickest method of bringing the war to a close.

GRANT'S AVERSION TO LIARS.

LATE that night the general, Rawlins, Ingalls, and I, with one or two others, were sitting by the camp-fire. The general was seated on a rustic bench as usual, and was wrapped in his blue overcoat. He loved the open air, and nothing but a rain-storm could drive him into his hut. Some camp rumors had just been received which bore on their face the assurance that they were manufactured out of whole cloth. The discussion which ensued led the general to relate a story which was particularly well told. He said: "There was a man at the same post with me who had such a propensity for lying that his example taught every one a lesson as to the evil and absurdity of the practice. He seemed to believe that a lie told with particularity was more convincing than a general truth; but he frequently tripped himself up on account of his bad memory, for in order to be a successful liar a man ought to have a good memory. One day there were some strangers invited to dinner, and the champion was urged to

try and keep as far within reasonable bounds in his statements as possible, so as not to mortify the company more than was necessary. This he promised, and evidently in good faith; for he asked an officer to touch his foot under the table if he told anything that might to unimaginative persons appear to be an exaggeration. Before the soup was finished, however, he began to indulge in his Munchausenisms. A person at the table mentioned the existing tendency to build hotels larger and larger every year. The champion joined in the conversation by saying: 'But it's not a new thing, after all. As long ago as when I was a mere boy, my father built a bigger hotel in our place than anybody has ever attempted since.' 'About how big was it?' asked one of the strangers. 'Why,' was the answer, 'it was two hundred and ninety-six feet high, five hundred and eighty feet long, and—' here the officer kicked his foot under the table, and he continued in a more subdued tone of voice—'and five feet and a half wide.' After the laughter which followed this story had ceased, the general arose from his seat, threw away the stump of his cigar, and said: 'Well, I think I'll turn in. Good night,' and retired to his sleeping-apartment. After he had gone, Rawlins remarked: 'The general always likes to tell an anecdote that points a moral on the subject of lying. He hates only two kinds of people, liars and cowards. He has no patience with them, and never fails to show his aversion for them.' Ingalls added: 'Such traits are so foreign to his own nature that it is not surprising that he should not tolerate them in others. As man and boy he has always been the most absolutely truthful person in the whole range of my acquaintance. I never knew him to run into the slightest exaggeration or to borrow in the least degree from his imagination in relating an occurrence.' One of the party remarked: 'I was amused one day to hear an officer say that the general was (tediously truthful.) He explained that what he meant by that was that the general, in mentioning something that had taken place, would direct his mind so earnestly to stating unimportant details with entire accuracy that he would mar the interest of the story. For instance, after returning from a walk around camp he would say: (I was told so and so about the wounded by Dr. — while we were talking this morning inside of his tent; and a half-hour afterward he would take the trouble to come back and say, as if it were a matter of the greatest importance: (I was mistaken when I told you that my conversation with

Dr. — occurred inside his tent; that was not correct: it took place while we were standing in front of his tent.)' There was much truth in this comment. No one who had served any time with the general could fail to be struck with his excellent memory, and the pains he invariably took to state occurrences with positive accuracy, even in the most unimportant particulars. When he became President, an usher brought him a card one day while he was in a private room writing a message to Congress. 'Shall I tell the gentleman you are not in?' asked the usher. 'No,' answered the President; 'you will say nothing of the kind. I don't lie myself, and I won't have any one lie for me.'

REMINISCENCES OF GRANT'S CADET LIFE.

A STAFF-OFFICER inquired of Ingalls whether General Grant, when at West Point, gave any promise of his future greatness. Ingalls replied: 'Grant was such a quiet, unassuming fellow when a cadet that nobody would have picked him out as one who was destined to occupy a conspicuous place in history; and yet he had certain qualities which attracted attention and commanded the respect of all those in the corps with him. He was always frank, generous, and manly. At cavalry drill he excelled every one in his class. He used to take great delight in mounting and breaking in the most intractable of the new horses that were purchased from time to time and put in the squad. He succeeded in this, not by punishing the animal he had taken in hand, but by patience and tact, and his skill in making the creature know what he wanted to have it do. He was a particularly daring jumper. In jumping hurdles, when Grant's turn came the soldiers in attendance would, at an indication from him, raise the top bar a foot or so higher than usual, and he would generally manage to clear it. In his studies he was lazy and careless. Instead of studying a lesson, he would merely read it over once or twice; but he was so quick in his perceptions that he usually made very fair recitations even with so little preparation. His memory was not at all good in an attempt to learn anything by heart accurately, and this made his grade low in those branches of study which required a special effort of the memory. In scientific subjects he was very bright, and if he had labored hard he would have stood very high in them. Our class had sixty members the first year, but eight failed to pass the examinations, and the number was reduced to fifty-two. The second year's

course had in it the hardest mathematics; Grant's grade in that branch was number ten. The next year he stood fifteen in natural philosophy, which stumped so many of us, and in the graduating year he was sixteen in engineering, the principal study in the first-class course. He was rather slouchy and unmilitary at infantry drills, and received about the average number of demerits. The principal reputation he gained among his fellow-cadets was for common sense, good judgment, entire unselfishness, and absolute fairness in everything he did. When we would get into an excited dispute over any subject, it was a very common thing to say, 'Well, suppose we see what Sam Grant has to say about it,' and leave it to his decision. He had been given the nickname of 'Uncle Sam' from his initials, and this was often shortened into 'Sam.' As I said, while he was not by any means conspicuous in the class, and never sought to be, he had enough marked characteristics to prevent him from being considered commonplace, and every one associated with him was sure to remember him and retain a high regard for him."

GRANT ORDERS THOMAS TO MOVE AGAINST HOOD.

THE anxiety of the authorities at Washington had now become so intense regarding Thomas's delay that Grant became more anxious than ever to have prompt action taken in Tennessee. On the morning of December 7, Stanton sent a despatch to City Point, saying: " . . . Thomas seems unwilling to attack, because it is hazardous—as if all war was anything but hazardous. . . . " The government was throwing the entire responsibility upon General Grant, and really censuring him in its criticisms of Thomas. Grant telegraphed to Washington: "There is no better man to repel an attack than Thomas, but I fear he is too cautious to take the initiative." On the 8th he sent a long despatch to General Thomas, urging him strenuously to attack, picturing the consequences which might follow longer delay, and appealing to his pride and patriotism. He wound up by saying: "Now is one of the finest opportunities ever presented of destroying one of the three armies of the enemy. If destroyed, he can never replace it. Use the means at your command, and you can do this, and cause a rejoicing that will resound from one end of the land to another." The next morning Halleck, too, telegraphed Thomas, urging him to wait no longer, and saying that if he delayed till

all the cavalry was mounted he would wait till doomsday, as the waste was equaling the supply. On the 8th Grant learned that there was still no certainty as to when an attack would be made; and he telegraphed to Halleck, though with much reluctance, saying that if Thomas had not struck yet he ought to be ordered to hand over his command to Schofield. To this Halleck replied: "If you wish General Thomas relieved, give the order. No one here will, I think, interfere. The responsibility, however, will be yours, as no one here, so far as I am informed, wishes General Thomas's removal." Grant replied to Halleck that he would not ask to have Thomas relieved until he heard further from him. While the authorities at Washington were prodding Grant, demanding of him an immediate and vigorous movement in Tennessee, and shaping a correspondence which would have thrown all the blame on him if Hood had passed around Thomas and moved north, yet when severe measures were to be taken General Grant was promptly informed that he must assume all responsibility for any seemingly harsh treatment. He was, however, the last man to be timid about shouldering responsibilities, however disagreeable, and he was not acting upon the goadings received from Washington, but upon his own military judgment. On December 9, at 1 P. M., Thomas sent a telegram to Grant, saying: "Your despatch of 8:30 P. M. of the 8th is just received. I had nearly completed my preparations to attack the enemy to-morrow morning, but a terrible storm of freezing rain has come on to-day, which will make it impossible for our men to fight to any advantage. I am therefore compelled to wait for the storm to break, and make the attack immediately after. Admiral Lee is patrolling the river above and below the city, and, I believe, will be able to prevent the enemy from crossing. There is no doubt but that Hood's forces are considerably scattered along the river, with the view of attempting a crossing; but it has been impossible for me to organize and equip the troops for an attack at an earlier time. Major-General Halleck informs me that you are very much dissatisfied with my delay in attacking. I can only say I have done all in my power to prepare, and if you should deem it necessary to relieve me I shall submit without a murmur."

Nothing could better illustrate the nobility of Thomas's character, and his unselfishness and devotion to duty, than the words of this despatch. It was dignified in tone, and entirely subordinate in spirit. While the gen-

eral fully appreciated the manly character of the despatch, it was nevertheless a grievous disappointment to him. He had felt that in war delays are always dangerous, and there is no telling what adverse circumstances may occur meanwhile. His worst apprehensions were now realized. The season was far into the winter, and a freezing storm had set in, which might prove a serious disadvantage to General Thomas's army. Rumors were abroad that Hood confidently expected reinforcements from the Trans-Mississippi Department, and these might now reach him before the coming battle. General Grant replied to General Thomas, at 7:30 P. M. that day: "I have as much confidence in your conducting a battle rightly as I have in any other officer; but it has seemed to me that you have been slow, and I have had no explanation of affairs to convince me otherwise. Receiving your despatch of 2 P. M. from General Halleck before I did the one to me, I telegraphed to suspend the order relieving you until we should hear further. I hope most sincerely that there will be no necessity of repeating the order, and that the facts will show that you have been right all the time." Notwithstanding the radical difference in judgment between the general and his distinguished subordinate, he was willing to give every reasonable consideration to his views, and even to express the hope that events might prove that he was wrong and Thomas right. That night Thomas telegraphed to both Grant and Halleck, explaining his condition, and saying that the storm continued. Still no attack was made, and General Grant curbed his impatience, and hoped to hear from hour to hour that his orders would be obeyed without further urging. He forbore from further suggestions until 4 P. M. on the 11th, when he telegraphed Thomas the following: "If you delay attack longer, the mortifying spectacle will be witnessed of a rebel army moving for the Ohio River, and you will be forced to act, accepting such weather as you find. Let there be no further delay. Hood cannot stand even a drawn battle so far from his supplies of ordnance stores. If he retreats, and you follow, he must lose his material and much of his army. I am in hopes of receiving a despatch from you to-day announcing that you have moved. Delay no longer for weather or reinforcements."

To add to General Grant's discomfort, Butler's expedition had not yet got off from Fort Monroe for Fort Fisher. This gave the general-in-chief anxiety for the reason that news was received this day, from the Rich-

mond papers of the day before, that Sherman's advance was within twenty-five miles of Savannah, and that he was approaching at the rate of about eighteen miles a day. Grant felt that if the enemy were driven from Savannah, troops would be sent back to Fort Fisher, and that garrison strengthened sufficiently to make the success of any assault upon it doubtful; besides, by this delay our expedition was losing the chance of surprise. He therefore telegraphed Butler, urging him to start immediately.

The only good news received at headquarters upon this important day was the information that a movement made by Warren had been successful. He had destroyed the Weldon Railroad from Nottoway River to Hicksford, with but little loss, and his troops were now on their return to the Army of the Potomac. Grant promptly telegraphed the situation to Sheridan, and impressed upon him the importance of destroying the roads north of Richmond, in furtherance of the plan of cutting off the supplies of that city.

The next morning a reply came from Thomas to General Grant's last despatch, saying that he would obey the orders as promptly as possible, but the country was covered with a sheet of ice and sleet, and the attack would be made under every disadvantage. About four hours afterward he telegraphed again that the condition of the country was no better, and it was impossible for cavalry, or even infantry, to move in anything like order, and he thought that an attack would result only in a useless sacrifice of life. Another day of anxiety passed, and another telegram came, saying there was no change in the weather. At 12:30 P. M. on the 14th Halleck telegraphed Thomas from Washington, reiterating that it was felt that every delay on his part seriously interfered with the general plans.

The past week had been the most anxious period of Grant's entire military career, and he suffered mental torture. On the one hand, he felt that he was submitting to delays which might seriously interfere with his general plans; that he was placed in an attitude in which he was virtually incapable of having his most positive orders carried out; and that he was occupying a position of almost insubordination to the authorities at Washington. On the other hand, he realized that nothing but the most extreme case imaginable should lead him to do even a seeming injustice to a distinguished and capable commander by relieving him when he was on the eve of a decided victory; for

his military instincts convinced him that nothing but victory could follow the moment that Thomas moved, and he wished that loyal and devoted army commander to reap all the laurels of such a triumph. However, there was yet no time named for the attack, and Grant felt himself compelled to take some further steps. General John A. Logan happened to be at this time on a visit to headquarters at City Point. Logan had served under General Grant in the West, and held a high place in his estimation as a vigorous fighter. The general talked over the situation with Logan, and finally directed him to start at once for Nashville, with a view to putting him in command of the operations there, provided, upon his arrival, it was still found that no attack had been made. He gave him the requisite order in writing, to be used if necessary; and told him to say nothing about it, but to telegraph his arrival at Nashville, and if it was found that Thomas had already moved, not to deliver it or act upon it. Logan started promptly for the West. It was now December 14; and General Grant, being still more exercised in mind over the situation, determined to carry out a design which he had had in view for several days—to proceed to Nashville and take command there in person. The only thing which had prevented him from doing this earlier was the feeling which always dominated him in similar cases, and made him shrink from having even the appearance of receiving the credit of a victory the honor of which he preferred to have fall upon a subordinate. He now thought that his taking command in person would avoid the necessity of relieving Thomas, and be much less offensive to that officer than superseding him by some one else.

THOMAS CRUSHES HOOD.

GENERAL GRANT therefore started for Washington that night, the 14th. When he arrived there the next evening, as soon as the steamboat touched the wharf a despatch of the night before was shown him from Thomas to Halleck, saying that the enemy would be attacked in the morning; and also a telegram of the 15th from Van Duzer, a superintendent of the military telegraph lines, announcing that Thomas had attacked the enemy early that morning, driving him back at all points. This was an incalculable relief to the general, and lifted a heavy load from his mind. He at once telegraphed Thomas: "I was just on my way to Nashville, but receiving a despatch from Van Du-

zer detailing your splendid success of to-day, I shall go no farther. Push the enemy now, and give him no rest until he is entirely destroyed. Your army will cheerfully suffer many privations to break up Hood's army and render it useless for future operations. Do not stop for trains or supplies, but take them from the country, as the enemy has done. Much is now expected."

The general had scarcely arrived at his hotel when a despatch came in from Thomas, saying: "I attacked the enemy's left this morning and drove it from the river, below the city, very nearly to the Franklin Pike, distance about eight miles. . . ." Before the general went to bed he sent a reply to Thomas, dated midnight, as follows: "Your despatch of this evening just received. I congratulate you and the army under your command for to-day's operations, and feel a conviction that to-morrow will add more fruits to your victory." Mr. Lincoln, on hearing the news, telegraphed Thomas: "You have made a magnificent beginning. A grand consummation is within your easy reach. Do not let it slip."

Logan had proceeded as far as Louisville when he heard the news of Thomas's first day's fight. Grant received a telegram from him there, saying: "People here jubilant over Thomas's success. Confidence seems to be restored. . . . All things going right. It would seem best that I return to join my command with Sherman." The general sent him a reply, saying: "The news from Thomas so far is in the highest degree gratifying. You need not go farther."

General Grant was now a much happier man than he had been for many weeks—happy not only over the victory, but because it had at last come in time to spare him from resorting to extreme measures regarding one of his most trusted lieutenants. He went from Washington to Burlington, spent a day with his family, where a general rejoicing took place over the good news from Tennessee, and then returned to City Point.

It was not until the 17th that the full details of Thomas's victory were received. His army from the very outset of the battle had charged the enemy so vigorously at all points that his lines were completely broken and his troops thrown into confusion, which, upon the second day, resulted in a panic. The most heroic defense the enemy could make did not enable him to stay the impetuosity of Thomas's troops. Battery after battery fell into the hands of our forces, and prisoners were captured by the thousand. All the

enemy's dead and wounded were abandoned on the field, and the line of his retreat was covered with abandoned wagons, gun-carriages, knapsacks, blankets, and small arms. In two days Thomas had captured over 4000 prisoners and 53 pieces of artillery, and left Hood's army a wreck. The pursuit of the enemy was continued for several days, and much additional damage inflicted. On the 18th General Grant telegraphed to Thomas: «The armies operating against Richmond have fired two hundred guns in honor of your great victory. . . .» One hundred guns had been the salute fired in honor of other victories.

Hood's army was pursued and driven south of the Tennessee River. In this campaign he had suffered ignominious defeat, with the loss of half his army. Thomas's captures amounted to more than 13,000 prisoners and 72 pieces of artillery; 2000 deserters had also given themselves up to the Union forces, and taken the oath of allegiance to the United States government. The remnant of Hood's demoralized and disorganized troops were no longer held together in one army. Some of them were furloughed and allowed to return to their homes, and the rest were transferred to the East, and joined the forces there for the purpose of opposing Sherman. Thomas's entire loss in this campaign was about 10,000 men in killed, wounded, and missing.

General Grant's predictions that Hood would turn north, and not follow Sherman when the latter cut loose from Atlanta, and that Thomas's army would crush Hood's as soon as it was led against it, were completely fulfilled. There has been so much discussion in regard to the actions of General Grant and General Thomas during the two weeks preceding the battle of Nashville that a synopsis of the correspondence between them has been given in order that the reader may form his own conclusions. General Grant has been charged with being inimical to Thomas, allowing himself to become unduly irritated over the delay of the latter, and ordering an ill-advised advance of the army, against Thomas's expressed judgment. The general-in-chief had had a larger experience with Confederate armies than any one else, and felt that the urgent orders he gave were necessary; and as he was held responsible by the government and by the country for the operations of all the armies, and the success of the cooperative movements which he had planned, he certainly exercised a perfectly proper authority in giving the orders he issued. When General Thomas did not

obey the instructions repeatedly sent him, the general-in-chief did not treat the case as one of insubordination or defiance, and act hastily or arbitrarily in taking steps immediately to enforce his orders, but exercised a patience which he would not have done under other circumstances or toward any other army commander. He felt while sending his urgent despatches for an advance of the army that he was doing Thomas a positive service; for he knew better than any one else could know that as soon as Thomas launched his army against Hood's forces he would win triumphantly, and demonstrate to the country what was already known to his fellow-officers—that the «Rock of Chickamauga» was worthy of being placed in the front rank of the great commanders of the war. It was because he felt entire confidence in Thomas's ability to whip Hood that he urged Thomas to strike, and not because he doubted him. When General Grant made his report of the operations, he stated, in referring to General Thomas, substantially what he had said in conversation at headquarters after the victory of Nashville: «His final defeat of Hood was so complete that it would be accepted as a vindication of that distinguished officer's judgment.» On the other hand, there were those who criticized General Thomas severely for disobedience of orders of his superior officer, and manifesting a spirit of insubordination at a critical crisis of the war. Such insinuations, when all the circumstances are taken into consideration, would attribute to General Thomas traits of character which were certainly foreign to his nature. He believed that he was right, and that he was acting for the best interests of the service, and evidently felt so thoroughly convinced of this that he was willing to run the risk of assuming all responsibility, and to submit to being displaced from his command, rather than yield his judgment. There is very little doubt that if any other two general officers in the service had been placed in the same trying circumstances there would have been an open rupture; but both being men of patience as well as firmness, their correspondence was conducted without acrimony, the services of both were utilized for the benefit of the country, and each was prompt to acknowledge the high qualifications of the other.

Their personal relations were not broken, as has been alleged, by this circumstance, as far as an observer could judge. General Thomas, when he came to Washington after the close of the war, dined with General Grant at his house, and at the table with

him at the houses of common friends, where I was present, and their intercourse never seemed to be marked by any lack of cordiality on either side.

SENATOR NESMITH VISITS GRANT.

UPON the return of Ingalls from another trip to Washington, he brought with him on a visit to City Point Senator Nesmith of Oregon, who had been an intimate acquaintance of Generals Grant and Ingalls when these two officers were stationed at Fort Vancouver, Oregon, in 1853. Nesmith was a great wag, and used to sit by the headquarters camp-fire in the evening, and tell no end of Pacific-coast stories. By the way in which he elaborated all the incidents, and led up with increasing humor to the climax of an anecdote, he stamped himself a true artist as a raconteur. One evening he told General Grant of a trip he had made on the Pacific coast with a number of politicians just after his election by the Democratic legislature of Oregon to the United States Senate. In the party was the Republican governor of California. Nesmith said: "The governor got to deviling me about my election, and rather got the laugh on me by inquiring: 'Now, Nesmith, make a clean breast of it, and tell us just how much money it costs to get run into the Senate by an Oregon legislature.' To strike back at him, I replied: 'Well, I'll give you a little account of my experience in dealing with the boys, and leave you to judge. I found, on counting noses, that I had corraled a majority of one certain on joint ballot of the two houses; but that did n't make things quite safe, and I told my friends that we ought to have still another fellow persuaded of what was due to my eminence as a statesman; that it was altogether likely that if we relied on the one man, he would be shot, or landed in jail, or get blind drunk about the time the vote was to be taken, and we were playing too big a game to take any such chances. Well, they said there was a man that had recently come into the State from California, and had managed to get himself elected to our legislature, and they thought, from what they had heard of him, that he would n't be stubborn enough to hold on blindly to the candidate of his choice if arguments sufficiently convincing in favor of some one else were laid before him; that he was a great fellow to 'coincide' if it was made an object for him to do it. You see, times were hard, and the price of everything was high. Two years before Bibles were given

away free, and now jack-rabbits were selling at two dollars and a half a pair. Most men's possessions were reduced to a hair-brush and a tooth-brush, though they never had time to use either. I said: 'Send the man to my hotel to-night; there's no time to be lost. I intend to handle this rooster myself.' When he came to my room, I shoved him into a chair, locked the door, seated myself in front of him, folded my arms, looked him square in the face, and said: 'See here! I want your vote. How much?' He glued his eyes on me, and remarked: 'Now, pard, yer talkin' business. I don't know just what the state of the market is in Oregon, but what would you propose as a kind o' starter?' I continued: 'How would a hundred and fifty dollars strike you?' He rose up out of his chair, looking as if he actually felt hurt by my evident lack of appreciation, and roared out in a tone of voice calculated to wake the dead: 'A hundred and fifty hells! I paid the governor of California twice that much last year to pardon me out of the penitentiary, or else I would n't be up here in your blank old legislature to vote for anybody!'" We were assured that after the recital of this story, which Nesmith had, of course, invented for the purpose of retaliating upon the California governor, there were no further questions from that official as to the methods pursued in Oregon elections.

"I was n't at all surprised, Nes, to see you go to the Senate," said Ingalls; "I always believed old Vancouver could furnish talent enough to supply both the civil and military branches of the government." "Well, you may not have been surprised, but I was," remarked the senator. "I said to the members of our committee one day: 'When I came here from the wilds of Oregon as senator of the United States I could n't realize it; I felt that it was a greater honor than to have been a Roman senator; I could n't help wondering how I ever got here.' 'Well,' said Preston King of New York, 'now that you have been here a couple of weeks, and have got the 'hang of the school-house,' how do you feel about it?' My answer was, 'Well, since I've had time to look round and size things up, my wonder now is, how in thunder the rest of you fellows ever got here.'"

Upon this, as upon one or two other occasions, some stories were attempted which were too broad to suit the taste of the general-in-chief, but they were effectually suppressed. He believed that stories, like diamonds, are always of greater value when they are not "off color." If reference were

made to subjects which warred against his notions of propriety, while he seldom checked them by words, he would show immediately, by the blush which mantled his cheek, and by his refusal to smile at a joke which depended for its success upon its coarseness, that such things were objectionable to him. The same evening a citizen who had come to camp with Nesmith said he would tell a story, and began by looking around significantly and saying, "I see there are no ladies present." The general interrupted him with the remark, "No; but there are gentlemen"; and the subject was at once changed, and the story was not attempted.

The senator, after seeing the lines around Petersburg, expressed a desire to pay a visit to General Butler, and Ingalls and I volunteered to take him to that officer's headquarters by boat. Butler greeted the senator warmly, and the two soon began to discuss the war, and to banter each other on the subject of politics, one being a radical Republican, and the other a war Democrat. Nesmith drew an amusing picture of Butler's propensity for confiscation and destruction of property. In the course of the conversation Butler referred to some pranks played in his boyish days, and said: "There was a cake-peddler who used to come by our school-house every day, and during recess we would 'play cakes' with him; that is, he would set his basket on the ground, and a boy, by paying twenty-five cents, could have the privilege of starting from a certain distance, and by a series of designated hops, skips, and jumps, trying to land in the basket and break as many cakes as he could. If he succeeded he had a right to take all the cakes he had damaged. The game was pretty difficult, and the cake-man generally came out ahead; but one day I strained every nerve to win, and succeeded in landing in the middle of the basket with both feet, and breaking every cake the fellow had." Nesmith's comment upon this story was: "Well, that's just like you, general; you seem to have spent all your life in trying to break other people's cakes." The joke, which had been rather in Butler's favor up to that time, was now turned against him, but he took it all in good part. In discussing General Grant's popularity, Butler remarked: "Grant first touched the popular chord when he gained his signal victory at Donelson." "No," said Nesmith, who always went round with a huge joke concealed somewhere about his person; "I think he first touched the popular cord when he hauled wood from his farm and sold it at full measure in St. Louis."

That night Nesmith told General Grant the story of the cipher correspondence he and Ingalls had carried on the year before. He said: "One day the Secretary of War sent me a message that he would like to see me at the War Department, at the earliest moment, on a matter of public importance. Well, I was rather flattered by that. I says to myself: 'Perhaps the whole Southern Confederacy is moving on Stanton, and he has sent for a war Democrat to get between him and them and sort of whirl 'em back.' I hurried up to his office, and when I got in he closed the door, looked all around the room like a stage assassin to be sure that we were alone, then thrust a telegram under my nose, and cried, 'Read that!' I suppose I ought to have appeared scared, and tried to find a trap-door in the floor to fall through, but I did n't. I ran my eye over the despatch, seeing that it was addressed to me and signed by Ingalls, and read: 'Klat-a-wa ni-ka sit-kum mo-litsh weght o-coke kon-a-mox lum.' Stanton, who was glaring at me over the top of his spectacles, looking as savage as a one-eyed dog in a meat-shop, now roared out, 'You see I have discovered everything!' I handed back the despatch, and said, 'Well, if you've discovered everything, what do you want with me?' He cried: 'I'm determined, at all hazards, to intercept every cipher despatch from officers at the front to their friends in the North, to enable them to speculate in the stock-markets upon early information as to the movements of our armies.' I said: 'Well, I can't help but admire your pluck; but it seems to me you omitted one little matter: you forgot to read the despatch.' 'How can I read your incomprehensible hieroglyphics?' he replied. 'Hieroglyphics—thunder!' I said; 'why, that's Chinook.' 'And what's Chinook?' he asked. 'What! you don't know Chinook? Oh, I see your early education as a linguist has been neglected,' I answered. 'Why, Chinook is the court language of the Northwestern Indian tribes. Ingalls and I, and all the fellows that served out in Oregon, picked up that jargon. Now I'll read it to you in English: 'Send me half barrel more that same whisky.' You see, Ingalls always trusts my judgment on whisky. He thinks I can tell the quality of the liquor by feeling the head of the barrel in the dark.' That was too much for the great War Secretary, and he broke out with a laugh such as I don't believe the War Department had ever heard since he was appointed to office; but I learned afterward that he took the precaution, nevertheless, to show the despatch to an army officer

who had served in the Northwest, to get him to verify my translation.» As General Grant knew a good deal of Chinook, he was able to appreciate the joke fully, and he enjoyed the story greatly. Nesmith had served to enliven the camp for several days with his humorous reminiscences of life in the West, and when he left every one parted with him with genuine regret.

SHERMAN REACHES THE SEA-COAST.

ON December 13 Sherman reached Ossabaw Sound, southeast of Savannah, just a month after he had left Atlanta, and communicated with the fleet which had been sent to meet him. His 65,000 men and half that number of animals had been abundantly fed, and his losses had been only 103 killed, 428 wounded, and 278 missing. The destruction of the enemy's property has been estimated as high as one hundred millions of dollars. On December 15 Sherman received General Grant's letter of the 3d. In this he said, among other things: «Not liking to rejoice before the victory is assured, I abstain from congratulating you and those under your command until bottom has been struck. I have never had a fear of the result.» The next day Sherman received General Grant's orders outlining the plan of transferring the greater part of Sherman's army by sea to join the armies in front of Petersburg, and end the war. As the enemy's troops were now nearly all in Virginia, it was thought that as the railroads in the South had been pretty well destroyed, it would bring hostilities to a close quicker to move Sherman by sea than to consume the time and subject the men to the fatigue of marching by land. General Grant said this would be the plan unless Sherman saw objections to it. A prompt and enthusiastic letter was written by Sherman, saying his army could join Grant before the middle of January if sent on transports by sea, and that he expected to take Savannah meanwhile. When General Grant visited the capital he consulted as to the means of ocean transportation, and became convinced that with all the sea-going vessels that could be procured it would take two months to move Sherman's army, with its artillery and trains, to the James River; and he therefore wrote him from Washington: «I did think the best thing to do was to bring the greater part of your army here and wipe out Lee. The turn affairs now seem to be taking has shaken me in that opinion. I doubt whether you may not accomplish more toward that result where

you are than if brought here, especially as I am informed since my arrival in the city [Washington] that it would take about two months to get you here, with all the other calls there are for ocean transportation. I want to get your views about what ought to be done. . . . My own opinion is that Lee is averse to going out of Virginia, and if the cause of the South is lost, he wants Richmond to be the last place surrendered. If he has such views, it may be well to indulge him until we get everything else in our hands. Congratulating you and the army again upon the splendid result of your campaign, the like of which is not read of in past history, I subscribe myself more than ever, if possible, your friend.»

Sherman now invested Savannah on the south side, but the enemy evacuated the city on the night of December 20. Sherman's army then entered, and on the 22d the general sent his famous despatch to the President, which reached him on Christmas eve: «I beg to present you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah, with 150 heavy guns and plenty of ammunition, and also about 25,000 bales of cotton.»

BUTLER'S EXPEDITION AGAINST FORT FISHER.

ON December 8 General Butler had come over to see General Grant at headquarters, and said that as his troops would be aboard the transports at Fort Monroe the next day, he would start in the afternoon for that place, and see that the expedition was promptly started. They had a general conversation in regard to what would be required of the expedition, which was merely a reiteration of the written orders which had been carefully prepared. It was decided that one of General Grant's staff should accompany the expedition, and Colonel Comstock was designated for that duty. Delay in taking aboard additional supplies, and severe storms, prevented the expedition from beginning operations against Fort Fisher before December 24. The navy had converted a gunboat, the *Louisiana*, into a powder-boat. She was filled with 250 tons of powder, and disguised as a blockade-runner. This vessel was run in toward the beach, anchored about five hundred yards from the fort, and exploded about 2 A.M. on the 24th. The report was not much greater than the discharge of a piece of heavy artillery; no damage was done to the enemy's earthworks, and no result accomplished. A negro on shore was afterward reported to have said when he heard the sound: «I

reckon de Yankees hab done bust one ob dah b'ilers.»

At daylight on the 24th the naval fleet of fifty vessels moved forward and began the bombardment of the fort. About noon on the 25th General Ames's division landed, and a skirmish-line was pushed to within a few yards of the fort. It was reported that the fort had not been materially damaged, and that Hoke's command had been sent south from Lee's army, and was approaching to reinforce the garrison. Butler now decided not to make an attack, and reëmbarked all of his troops, except Curtis's brigade, on the transports, and steamed back to Fort Monroe, reaching there on the 27th. Curtis's brigade also reëmbarked on the 27th, and followed the other forces. On the 28th General Butler came to headquarters, and had an interview with General Grant, in which he sought to explain the causes of the failure. General Grant expressed himself very positively on the subject. He said he considered the whole affair a gross and culpable failure, and that he proposed to make it his business to ascertain who was to blame for the want of success. The delays from storms were, of course, unavoidable. The preparation of the powder-boat had caused a loss of several weeks. It was found that the written orders which General Grant had given to General Butler to govern the movements of the expedition had not been shown to Weitzel. An important part of these instructions provided that under certain contingencies the troops were expected to intrench and hold themselves in readiness to coöperate with the navy for the reduction of the fort, instead of reëmbarking on the transports. General Grant had not positively ordered an assault, and would not have censured the commander if the failure to assault had been the only error; but he was exceedingly dissatisfied that the important part of his instructions as to gaining and holding an intrenched position had been disobeyed, and the troops withdrawn, and all further efforts abandoned.

GRANT'S CHILDREN AT CITY POINT.

MRS. GRANT, Fred, and Jesse came to City Point to spend the Christmas holidays with the general. Rawlins always called Fred the «Veteran,» for the reason that he had been with his father in the fight which took place in rear of Vicksburg the year before, when he was only thirteen years of age. One evening Rawlins said, in referring to that campaign: «Fred crossed the Mississippi

with his father on the gunboat *Price*. Early in the morning the general went ashore to direct the movement of the troops, leaving the boy coiled up on the forward deck fast asleep. When he woke up the youngster insisted on following his father, but was told by a staff-officer to stay where he was and keep out of danger; but he happened just then to see some troops chasing a rabbit, and jumped ashore and joined in the fun. Thinking the men were a pretty jolly set of fellows, he followed along with the regiment in its march to the front, thinking he would meet his father somewhere on the road. The troops soon encountered the enemy, and Fred found himself suddenly participating in the battle of Port Gibson. That night he recognized a mounted orderly belonging to headquarters, and hailed him. The orderly gave him a blanket, and he rolled himself up in it and managed to get several hours' sleep. About midnight his father came across him, and his surprise may be imagined when he discovered that the boy had left the boat and turned amateur soldier. The general had crossed the river in true light marching order, for he had no incumbrances but an overcoat and a tooth-brush. A couple of horses were soon captured. The general took one, and gave the other to Fred. They were ungainly, ragged-hipped nags, and the general was greatly amused at seeing the figure the boy cut when mounted on his raw-boned war-charger. At the battle of Black River Bridge, Fred saw Lawler's brigade making its famous charge which broke the enemy's line, and rode forward and joined in the pursuit of the foe; but he had not gone far when a musket-ball struck him on the left thigh. A staff-officer rode up to him, and asked him how badly he was hurt; and Fred, not being an expert in gunshot wounds, said he rather thought his leg was cut in two. «Can you work your toes?» asked the officer. The boy tried, and said he could. «Then,» cried the officer, «you're all right»; and taking him to a surgeon, it was found that the ball had only clipped out a little piece of flesh, so that he was not damaged enough to have to join the ranks of the disabled.

«Speaking of the charge of Lawler's brigade,» continued Rawlins, «while the general was watching the preparations for it an officer came up bearing a despatch from Halleck, written six days before, which had been forwarded through General Banks. It ordered General Grant to withdraw at once from where he was, march to Grand Gulf, and coöperate with Banks against Port Hudson,

and then return with the combined forces and besiege Vicksburg. The general read the communication, and just as he had finished it he saw Lawler charging through the enemy's broken lines and heard the men's cheers of victory. Turning to the officer who had brought the message, he said: 'I'll have to say, in this case, what the Irishman said to the chicken that was in the egg he swallowed, and which peeped as it was going down his throat: "You spake too late." Then, putting spurs to his horse, he galloped off to join the advancing lines. The enemy's forces were in full retreat, hurrying on to shut themselves up in Vicksburg, and the general, under such circumstances, had no hesitation in disobeying orders six days old, and written without any knowledge of the circumstances.'

Soon after Fred's arrival at City Point he took it into his head that he must go duck-shooting. The general was no sportsman himself, and never shot or fished; but he liked to see the youngsters enjoy the Christmas holidays, and he readily gave his consent to anything they proposed in the way of amusement. He never gave a reason for not hunting, but it was evident that he felt that certain forms of it furnished a kind of sport which was too cruel to suit his tastes. He described the only bull-fight he ever attended as presenting "a most sickening sight," and never seemed to take any pleasure in sports which caused suffering on the part of either animals or human beings. As sporting guns

are not found among army supplies, Fred had to content himself with an infantry rifled musket. The general's colored servant Bill accompanied the boy. Bill was not much of a shot himself. He usually shot as many a man votes, with his eyes shut. But he was a good hand to take the place of the armor-bearer of the ancients, and carry the weapons and ammunition. Taking a boat, they paddled down the river in search of game. They had not gone far when they were brought to by the naval pickets who had been posted on the river-bank by the commander of one of the vessels. A picket-boat was sent after them, and they were promptly arrested as rebel spies, and taken aboard a gunboat. The declaration by the white prisoner, who, it was supposed, was plotting death and destruction to the Union, that he was the son of the general-in-chief, was at first deemed too absurd to be entertained by sailors, and fit only to be told to the marines; but after a time Fred succeeded in convincing the officers as to his identity, and was allowed to return to headquarters. When he arrived he wore a rueful expression of countenance at the thought of the ingratitude of republics to their "veterans." His father was greatly amused by the account of his adventure, teased him good-naturedly, and told him how fortunate it was that he had not been hanged at the yard-arm as an enemy of the republic, and his body consigned to the waters of the Potomac.

(To be continued.)

Horace Porter.



THE HUMAN LEGACY.

AS one who, shut in long imprisonment
Behind the bars of a mysterious cell,
Finds here and there upon its wall,
In carven line or blotted scrawl,
Some brief appealing message, left to tell
The hope or the despair
Of captives dwelling there,
Who were released ere he was thither sent,

So man, upon Life's walls of time and fate,
Finds messages recorded long ago:
The sage's warning, graven clear,
The prophet's line of hope and cheer,
The poet's cry of rapture or of woe
(In his own life-blood traced),
Abiding, unefaced,
Since those who wrote passed the Eternal Gate.

Priscilla Leonard.

AFTER BIG GAME IN AFRICA AND INDIA.



AN being an omnivorous animal, an instinct for the chase is inherent in his nature, as in the Bengal tiger when he kills seven or eight bullocks out of a herd, though barely able to eat one. But it is not alone on this ground of natural instinct that I would endeavor to excuse myself for killing a comparatively scarce animal like the two-horned rhinoceros. With regard to the African lion, he is never seen, or certainly never at close quarters, except by the hunter; and in Somaliland at least I considered I was performing a virtuous act in killing, at different times, five, on foot and generally alone, and at an appreciable risk to my own skin in endeavoring to secure that of the lion; for these particular lions certainly subsisted chiefly on the flocks and herds of the wandering tribes, and were a continual source of loss of property and danger to human life. The justification of elephant-hunting is ivory, and the determination that the hunter possesses coolness of nerve and swiftness of hand and eye. One cannot test these qualities fully unless there is a clear possibility of the struggle ending in the death of the man.

The late Sir Samuel Baker said to me, shortly before his death, "You have seen the finest sight in Africa—the charge of the wounded African lion." Putting personal considerations aside, however, I prefer the sight of the half-naked brown Zulu warrior rushing by my side through the forest, with his shield and spear gleaming in the sun, in pursuit of some wounded antelope, to that of a wounded lion charging with a low, swift rush differing entirely from his ordinary gallop.

MY FIRST ELEPHANTS.¹

HEARING that elephants were frequenting a valley called Bedimbit, a short march westward of our camp at Darazo, in Somaliland, on the western shore of the Red Sea, I marched there with Dr. W. L. Smith of Worcester, Massachusetts. We took a few ponies, and some camels for the baggage; and after traveling for several hours, saw spread out

below us a wide basin with converging valleys, always of the same character in conformation and vegetation, giving an impression of hopeless aridity. Yet below, in more places than one could be seen the circular fences surrounding the camps of some of the pastoral nomads of the neighborhood.

By descending a rocky pathway we reached a camping-place near some running water. The rivulet which flowed through the gorge near us was a branch of the river which we had crossed and followed upward, at intervals, for two weeks; but instead of presenting a dry, sandy bed like most Somali watercourses when not flooded by a heavy rain-storm, there was running water here and there, popping up unexpectedly from the sand where some rock-ridge across the bed intercepted its subterranean flow, and disappearing a few yards farther on in the same mysterious way. Here elephants had come to drink, and had been feeding on the roots of rushes, breaking down trees and pulling up aloes, not more than twenty-four hours before, as we could plainly deduce from the fresh appearance of the footmarks.

We had heard elephants trumpeting near camp some days previously, just before day-break; and as the moon was at the full, we decided to watch for them at about that time. But the elephants forestalled us, and arrived about eleven o'clock, when all except the armed sentries were sleeping. When the windless calm of an African night is suddenly broken by the bugle-call of a wild elephant less than a hundred yards away, accompanied by the tearing up of aloes and the crashing of trees, the pulse no longer soberly keeps time and "beats healthful music." One thinks the animals are coming down upon the thorn-built zareba to crush it and all that it contains.

After breakfast we went down to the rivulet, and took up the trail. Each took a horse, but not to ride; the path was so rough that it seemed wonderful that elephants could climb up it, loving as they do smooth-going or soft, marshy ground. When we reached higher ground we found that the herd had kept, as usual, to the native cattle-paths, which they had beaten quite smooth, and strewn with spiked leaves of aloes partly chewed.

¹ In THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for November, 1893, I described my first encounters with African lions in the spring of that year.

Passing a Somali encampment about two miles farther on, we entered a narrow valley, and came upon two more zarebas, which seemed completely to block the way. We could distinguish no more tracks of elephants, and were considering whether we should not return. Fortunately for the chase, at this juncture a native informed our men that the elephants had swerved off at this point, and had climbed straight up the side of the mountain on the right, and that he would

below, serene and placid, gently fanning themselves with their enormous ears, quietly standing in the shade of some large thorn-trees, out of the burning glare of noon, sometimes slightly swinging their trunks, sometimes raising them to scent the telltale breeze. Strangest of all, within four hundred yards of where they stood, though out of sight, was a small Somali encampment, and some flocks of goats and fat-tailed sheep were grazing upon the hillside. How gray they looked, not



THE FIRST ELEPHANT TO FALL.

show them to us. It looked so steep that we left our ponies below in charge of the nomads; and having always been taught in India that elephants had the greatest aversion to rough and rocky ground, I thought we must indeed be in pursuit of elephantine monkeys instead of ponderous pachyderms weighing six and seven tons apiece. We both thought our guide was deceiving us, but decided to go on. This hill was a shoulder of the mountain above, and the gully beyond it joined the main valley. Posting ourselves at the exit of this gully, we sent men to beat it down toward us; but there were no elephants. The whole country was extremely rocky, and thinly covered with small thorn-bushes, so that concealment was hardly possible on our part or on that of the elephants.

Presently some of our Somalis caught sight of the herd. There they were in the valley

black at all! It was our first opportunity to admire their proportions without fear of interruption. The chocolate-colored, naked rank and file would not, or could not, understand that we had not come to fight elephants and lions like gladiators in the arena, but to overcome them by superior tactics, without more risk than was necessary, and by the judicious handling of arms of precision.

The Somali loves fighting, of which we had had occasional illustrations in the caravan. It amuses him to see the wounded African lion charge down upon the white sahib, as I had experienced in the previous year. The typical Somali is an active person. He danced like a brown monkey close to our wounded elephants, which trumpeted impotently and charged the empty air, while we, carrying our heavy rifles, would have been instantly caught and crushed if they had seen us.



ONE OF THE ELEPHANTS, WHICH FELL DEAD IN A CURIOUS ATTITUDE.

Meantime we deliberated how to deliver the assault. The Somalis wished us to march straight up in the open, and attack them without more ado. This we eventually did; but first we posted ourselves in the ravine, and the men tried to make the elephants move toward us. When we were ready I gave the signal to our beaters; but the elephants refused to move, not knowing where the danger lay, hearing the shouts, but unable to smell or see their enemy.

Let me candidly confess that in this comparatively open and very rough country I did feel some trepidation in attacking them on foot. There was only one tree convenient, and from behind the stem of it, which was not over twelve inches thick, we opened fire at a distance of about thirty-five yards, my companion using a double eight-bore and a magnum express, and I a double four-bore and a double eight-bore rifle.

This instantly set the herd in motion, and without charging us, they moved rapidly up the valley, leaving an old male elephant dead, one of his tusks broken by the fall upon the rocks, and a large female wounded, with a calf by her side, which the bushes had pre-

vented our seeing. Sweating under our heavy rifles, we followed quickly. Not far ahead the elephants were confronted by two of our yelling men mounted on ponies. This caused the elephants to turn straight up the mountain-side. About half a mile up they halted, and we overtook them; they were blowing water over themselves from the mysterious reservoir that every elephant carries concealed about its person, and were very suspicious and in charging mood.

In a short time four elephants were lying dead, shot through the head or heart, never having caught sight of us at all. The remainder of the herd decamped. I think we were glad to be rid of them, for we decided that we had got all the elephants we wanted. But if we thought we were going to get off without being charged by an elephant, we were mistaken; for up the hill came twenty or twenty-five Somalis, driving a half-grown mammoth before them, which was screaming and making mimic charges at its pursuers. They urged the angry little brute straight upon us, as though they expected us to be as nimble as themselves. He selected me as his enemy, and came on with a shriek like a

locomotive. Behind the elephant followed a long line of natives with spears and shields. I put a bullet just at the root of the trunk, which brought him down, though he rose immediately, and gave more trouble before he was quieted.

The afternoon was too far advanced to begin cutting out the ivory or detaching portions of the skin. My friend remained to contemplate the "bag," seated upon one of the dead elephants, while I went down to the large male which had been the first to fall. On reaching the narrow pathway, with rocks on each side, which led toward where we had first found the herd, as I turned a corner I met advancing from the opposite direction a very large and angry female with a young one trotting by her side; and swayed as much by prudential as by humane motives, I resolved to let her pass me without firing. My helmet was covered by a green material designed for just such an occasion as this. As I sank down beside a little thorn-bush, the great gray mass glided by within two yards of me, almost without a sound. That green helmet saved me. If I had fired without reaching the brain, I think she would have turned and killed me. My gun-bearer had vanished into the blue distance. When she had passed I noticed a spear sticking in her flank.

We sent for our four camels and the camp from Bedimbit, and camped near the water-hole at this place, named Ambassa. The whole of the following day was spent in taking out the tusks and skinning various portions of the elephants that we intended to take away as trophies, such as the ears, trunks, feet, and tails of the largest of the six, employing as many of our own men as possible, while leaving some to guard the camp, and enlisting a few of the nomads from the native encampment. We were rather short of knives, and besides using some of the enormous daggers these men wear at the waist, which were very unwieldy for the purpose, we had even to take the knives from the canteens.

The camp to which all our trophies were brought was surrounded, as usual, by a fence of thorny branches cut from neighboring thickets in order to keep away hyenas, which had now become very noisy and troublesome, as well as to prevent a sudden rush of Somali robbers if they should decide to make a night attack. About midnight I was aroused by one of the sentries, who whispered, "Shebel!" ("Leopard!") The night was starlight, but dark, with no moon; and a few yards off in the sandy ravine I could distinctly hear a rustling

noise, and now and then the crack of a twig broken by some animal. It happened that I had set a trap for panthers, and supposing from the sound that one of these animals was dragging away the bait, we opened the zareba and stole softly toward the sound, carrying a lantern and a shot-gun. The sounds now rapidly retreated before us up the narrow gorge. Suddenly through the night there broke a low, rumbling trumpet-sound. We stopped, and looked at each other. There was the crash of a falling tree. It was those elephants again.

MY FIRST RHINOCEROS.

WHEN I left a point immediately opposite the British fortress of Aden, on my fourth trip into the African interior, we had a body-guard of about thirty camel-men, whom I had armed with Snider rifles. My companion was Sir Henry Tichborne, to whose ancestral property the claim of an impostor, one Arthur Orton, several years ago caused one of the costliest and most celebrated litigations of modern times. For four weeks we traveled at a speed of about twenty miles a day, being as great a distance as a caravan of loaded camels, each camel carrying about two hundred pounds, can manage. We crossed a tract of absolutely waterless, high-level plateau about six thousand feet above the Red Sea, measuring one hundred miles in width and three thousand in length, carrying a supply of water in barrels on the necessary camels, which themselves drink only about once every eight or ten days.

After crossing this great extent of arid country, our first serious halt for the purpose of hunting the wild rhinoceros was at the edge of a natural basin, or rock reservoir, which half the year is partly filled with mud and water, there being several other pools of the same nature in the neighborhood. The name of this place is Awarè. Every day we rode out in different directions in search of tracks of the giant pachyderm. I never employed professional trackers, gun-bearers, or so-called "shikarees" (a Hindustani word imported from India into Somaliland), but my companion had several on his staff. I usually restricted myself to the services of the ordinary camel-men. For some days we scoured the country in vain, until one evening, about three hours before sundown, I came across the apparently fresh tracks of two two-horned rhinoceroses. It was apparently in a part of the mimosa forest which we had omitted to search, or else the animals had recently wandered in. The forest was

full of deep, dark, shady glades and dense thickets, and the grass was growing in rank luxuriance, refreshed by the heavy nightly dews.

The wind was favorable, blowing toward us from the direction in which the animals were moving; and it was apparent, from the three-toed impressions on the fine white, sandy earth, that the great beasts which had made them were close at hand. On such perfectly flat, soft soil an almost noiseless advance was possible; and had it not

I instantly sat down, and "drew a bead" upon her chest. The distance was about seventy yards, and although the wind was adverse to her, and we had made no noise, she must have seen us like moving shadows among the trees, and was evidently full of suspicion and distrust. If I ever took careful aim, it was at that moment, and under cover of the smoke I shifted my position as the rhinoceros came charging down upon us, giving three or four sharp whiffs like jets of steam, evidently with the intention of clearing the enemy away from



PHOTOGRAPHED BY CAPTAIN SWAYNE, ROYAL ENGINEERS.

HEAD OF BLACK RHINOCEROS, AND THE AUTHOR'S HUNTER, HASSAN MIDGAN.

been that there were dead twigs and branches lying here and there, or that now and then a hooked thorn of some acacia-tree would insert its curved point into one's clothing, even the delicate ear of the wild ass might have failed to detect our approach; for my own shoes had rubber soles, and the three men who followed like chocolate-colored shadows were carrying their sandals in their hands.

As I came round a bush I saw at the bottom of a kind of natural alley in the forest, framed in like a picture by the trees, a massive old female rhinoceros. She was facing me, and standing half in sunshine, half in shadow. From a bush protruded the hind quarters of another. Signing to the Somalis to keep back,

the rear before making her escape toward the front against the wind. Having, as she supposed, effected this maneuver,—a very usual one on the part of the rhinoceros,—she swerved off, and the two broke away across the forest, crash after crash, dying away in the distance, marking their course as they receded. On perceiving the rhinoceros go off apparently uninjured, my Somalis gave full vent to their disappointment, making extravagant gestures, and using what sounded like bad language, yet still in half-whispers, as they knew instinctively that the animals might not have gone far, after all, especially if the one I had fired at had really received a mortal wound.

The tracks we now followed were deep holes and furrows imprinted by the animals at full speed. We had not gone far before I again saw the larger of the two rhinoceroses standing broadside on, and quite motionless, under a bush which concealed the head. Giving my three Somalis to understand that they must remain quiet, I aimed once more at the animal's shoulder, taking care that no twig or branch was in the line of fire, knowing how easily a bullet may become deflected. My shot was followed by a couple of short, angry snorts, the stamp of heavy feet, and an appalling crashing, which advanced and then swept round toward the left. Another cautious advance on our part, and not far off I saw, near the center of an open space, the smaller of the two rhinoceroses, but not the larger one. A shot delivered standing, from the shoulder, was followed by two shrill squeaks, as the animal tottered a few paces and fell over on its side—a sound most disproportionate to the size and bulk of so large a creature, but which I instantly recognized, from Sir Samuel Baker's description, as the death-cry of the rhinoceros; and the hearing of it filled me with a hunter's joy. While I was reloading the Somalis had crept forward with their spears, relying upon their own agility in evading any charge delivered by the larger one, which I knew must surely be somewhere near at hand. After peering over a low bush they executed a war-dance upon the ground beyond, for there were the two rhinoceroses lying stone dead almost side by side. My Somalis gave way to shouts and exuberant mirth; they were transformed from scowling fiends, soured by the white man's folly, into radiant brown angels, and I allowed them to stroke my face and pat me on the back without a reprimand.

The man with my gray Somali pony, who had been keeping well behind so that the sound of the horse's steps might not disturb the game, now appeared upon the scene; and as the sun was on the point of setting, the Somalis, singing the usual song of victory, struck off in a bee-line for camp, with that instinctive knowledge of direction which is possessed in its fullness only by natives born and bred in flat and almost pathless forests.

As we approached the camp, all the Somalis came running out to meet us, together with my friend and his English servant. As the Somalis agree that "no man can serve two masters," we had separate camps, our retainers were separately engaged, and the members of each camp felt their master's

failures or successes as their own. However, not long after my friend killed a rhinoceros with even finer horns than mine.

Most of the next day I passed superintending as many of my men as could be spared from camp in taking and preparing the skins, feet, and skulls of the two rhinoceroses for transport. The man who has not seen a group of Africans divested of their clothing, dabbled with blood, and swarming over a gigantic pachyderm has missed one of the sights of Africa. About ten days later we both returned to some wells at Milmil, whence a rush across the waterless plateau is generally made, taking it at its narrowest part. On the way we killed a male lion. Having secured my rhinoceroses, I was anxious to get as quickly as possible to the coast, which I reached at the end of December, 1894. On the way I made an interesting discovery, for which I was not altogether unprepared, consisting of many thousands of paleolithic flint spear- and javelin-heads, knives, and scrapers, which were perhaps fashioned when primeval man with long, flint-headed spears chased the great woolly rhinoceros ages ago in the valley of the Somme in France. But their chief interest lies in the fact that they are the first prehistoric flint implements ever brought from tropical Africa.

HUNTING WITH AN INDIAN PRINCE.

I SAILED from Aden in the beginning of January, 1895, and arrived soon after at Calcutta. I had been so fortunate as to obtain, through Lord William Beresford, and in his place, an invitation to join the annual shooting-party of his highness the Maharaja of Kuch Behar. At this period of the year the temperature at Calcutta is almost perfect, and the social season is in full swing.

The Maharani is a daughter of the late Keshab Chandra Sen, the celebrated reformer and founder of a new religious sect. Both the Maharaja and the Maharani have a knowledge and command of the English language quite as great as, and possibly greater than, most Englishmen, and at Queen Victoria's Jubilee, and on other occasions when they visited England, were much lionized. Soon after my arrival at Calcutta I had to visit the Maharaja at his country-seat near Calcutta, to receive from him a formal invitation. The camp was being prepared at a spot about forty miles from the Brahmaputra River in Assam, on the great plains which lie at the foot of the Himalayas.

Toward the end of February I joined the

Maharaja's party on a river-steamer at a place called Goalpara, and we disembarked at a small landing-place named Kholabanda, where some elephants were in waiting to convey us, with one relay half-way, more than thirty miles to a village named Simlagori, where the first camp had been prepared on the bank of a branch of the Manass River. This was a good long march for elephants, although as much as thirty-nine miles has been done by an elephant at a moderate pace, without halting. Four miles an hour is considered a fast pace for them; but as it was past noon before we started from Kholabanda, the mahouts urged the elephants along at a rate nearer five than four, and we reached camp about nine in the evening, having halted two hours on the way. At different points the neighboring villagers came forward with music, flags, and flowers to welcome the Maharaja, although it was not within his own territory.

This was the season when the grass is burned down in patches all over the grazing-districts, and fires very near the path caused some of the elephants to swerve and become unmanageable, especially the young female elephant I happened to be riding.

I had already made the acquaintance of the Maharaja's other guests, some five or six in all, who were his personal friends, titled people, and well-known sportsmen. One was the deputy commissioner of the district, Mr. McCabe, who a few weeks before had had an extremely narrow escape from a wild tusker elephant, which charged, and threw him down

a ravine, thereby losing sight of him, or he would certainly have been killed. Those of us who had not been the Maharaja's guests in previous years were astonished at the extent and completeness of the camp in such an out-of-the-way place as the Assamese terai. As we approached it between the patches of cultivation round the cluster of grass huts which constituted the village of Simlagori, the fires, tents, and lights in all directions, and the dark figures of crowds of servants, made it appear like a military encampment. A native sentry kept guard over the Maharaja's tent, which was placed somewhat at one side. In the middle of the camp rose a large dining-tent, and the tents which were intended for the guests were placed in a row on each side of the camp. Each of these tents was a large, double-roofed structure of about twenty feet by eighteen, internal measurement, supported on two massive bamboo uprights and a cross-bar; a space behind, between the inner and the outer wall, formed a bath-room, which was supplied with a large tin bath and an elaborate wash-stand. The floor of my tent was covered with a thick carpet; the bedstead was of wood, with clean white pillows and sheets, colored blankets, and mosquito-net. There were convenient pockets in the gay lining of the tent, and two arm-chairs, a table, and a large lamp completed the furniture. The tents of the other guests were equally comfortable, and the name of each of us was neatly printed on a placard hung outside in order to assist us in recognizing



PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE HON. SIDNEY PARKER.

MOVING CAMP FROM SIMLAGORI.



DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

WASHING THE ELEPHANTS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE HON. SIDNEY FAIRBEE.

our respective tents, the external appearance being exactly the same. On a carpet where a portion of the roof of the dining-tent projected so as to form a kind of open shelter, were a table with tea-service and some arm-chairs. During the three weeks that the camp continued, dinner was usually at eight, as we generally returned on the elephants from the jungle at five or six, in time for afternoon tea and a comfortable warm bath. Dinner was neatly served by a crowd of the Maharaja's barefooted, white-robed attendants. In India it is considered a mark of respect for a servant, on entering an apartment, to leave his sandals at the door.

As the "shoot" on this occasion was in Assam (being, I think, the first time that the Maharaja's annual shooting has taken place outside his own territory), no ladies were of the party. On a previous year, when the viceroy and his wife were among the invited guests, the Maharani herself came also.

Close to camp, and quite invisible until one came suddenly upon it, a small stream of clear water pursued a wonderfully circuitous course between steep banks. A stream near at hand becomes a necessity when such a large number of elephants are in camp as there were in this case—about sixty, besides others employed in keeping up communication with the mail-steamers on the Brahmaputra, and bringing supplies of ice, fresh

meat, and soda-water from Calcutta. Elephants have to be bathed and washed once or twice a day. When we happened to return to camp in good time before dark, watching large numbers of the huge beasts being scrubbed with cocoanut-shells and bricks, and marking their evident enjoyment of the operation, was a source of great amusement to us all. Elephants are sometimes rather noisy during the night, trumpeting to one another; consequently they were picketed in long lines at a considerable distance from the main portion of the camp.

One of the first things the Maharaja did after our arrival was to hand to each guest a slip of paper on which was written the name of the elephant allotted to him for shooting purposes, which bore on its back the structure known as a "howdah," to carry the shooter and his guns. As these elephants were necessarily large, and the howdah is high, the oscillation was much greater than if one were seated on a plain pad upon the elephant's back, or on one of the smaller elephants, which have a smoother gait. We usually, therefore, went to the cover, or jungle, upon one of the "beating," or "pad," elephants, which afterward during the operations of the day were employed in a long line to force the rhinoceroses and other animals out of the dense thickets in which they live.

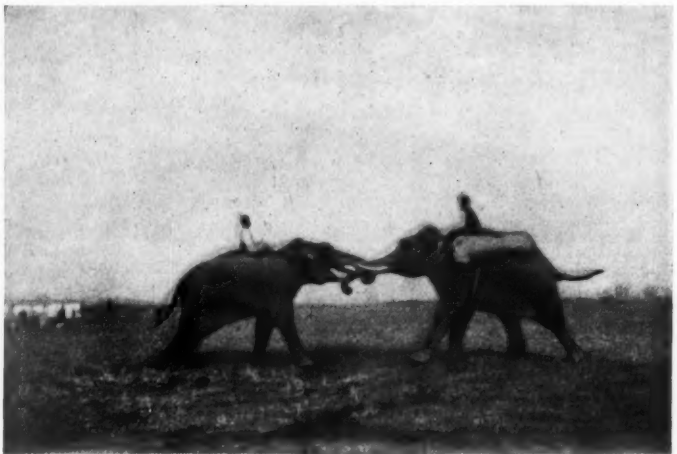
The howdah-elephant which the Maharaja

allotted to me was named "Secunder." Three years previously it was an uncaptured wild elephant ranging at liberty the jungles of Bengal. It was a fine female, between nine and ten feet in height at the shoulder, with short but perfect "tusches" projecting a few inches beyond the upper lip. There are other elephants in the Maharaja's stud which have been tamed more recently still. It was very gentle and obedient, and perfectly fearless, and therefore very valuable as a shooting-elephant: as, for example, on several occasions during the following three weeks it stood without flinching the charge of wounded buffalo, tiger, and rhinoceros, thus enabling me to take a steady shot. Almost all elephants show great fear of the Indian rhinoceros; there are few that will not turn tail when they scent their enemy, and fewer still that will stand the crash and short snorts that precede the charge.

About breakfast-time each morning the elephant told off for each guest was brought to the neighborhood of his tent, and the howdah placed upon it, resting upon a saddle composed of two cushions of strong sacking about six feet by two, which rested in turn upon a large cloth covering the whole of the elephant's back. The howdahs for shooting are lightly built of wood and cane-work, and contain two seats, and racks to hold six guns or rifles, three on each side. All this is lashed on by ropes passing under the elephant's neck, belly, and tail. The weight which an elephant is able to carry upon its back exceeds a ton; for short distances they have been known to carry as much as three thousand pounds, but for long marches half a ton is considered the limit. Many of the Maharaja's elephants had fine tusks, but most tusks are cut at regular intervals to prevent them from injuring one another. One or two of the fighting-elephants, however, had pointed tusks.

The country surrounding the camp, which was to be the scene of operations, being part of the great valley of the Brahmaputra, was uniformly level, and seamed by a network

of small watercourses, which the elephants crossed easily enough by slowly sliding down one bank and climbing up the other, but tilting the howdahs at an alarming angle. However narrow a ditch may be, elephants almost always prefer going to the bottom and up again to stepping boldly across, for fear the banks may break under their enormous weight of about five or six or even seven tons. When one happens to be on the back of a runaway elephant, a deep ditch, or nullah, is an alarming obstacle, as also are the branches of trees. To jump off behind on these occasions is to incur the risk of a



PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE HON. SIDNEY PARKER.

ELEPHANTS FIGHTING.

kick, and the best plan perhaps is to hang on by the ropes which pass under the elephant's tail. The Maharaja's mahouts, however, had the well-trained howdah-elephants under good control; and notwithstanding rhinoceroses and tigers, and rapidly advancing grass-fires, which were sometimes started in order to drive the game from cover, nothing untoward occurred.

As we left the great river behind us and approached nearer to the Himalayas, the villages became less and less frequent, and now between camp and this great wall of mountains twenty miles distant the country was almost uninhabited. These mountains were only the foot-hills of the great snow-covered peaks; but range behind range, wooded to the summits, stretched in a blue line from east to west. Here and there were great reed-covered morasses, the favorite haunt of the rhinoceros and the buffalo, through which the elephants churned and plowed their way, raising bubbles of noxious

gases at every step. Here and there were open expanses of short grass which had been purposely burned early in the winter, or small clumps of trees, gradually extending as one approached the mountains, and blending with the unbroken forest which stretched along their base and sides, and which was putting on a faint tinge of green at the advent of spring. Here and there were large patches, black and freshly burned, and producing a cloud of dark, irritating dust whenever the elephants passed over them; or areas which had been burned about a month before, and where the green blades, about a foot high, showed in delightful contrast to the old blackened stems above. Morass, forest, open patches, and grass jungle in various stages, like a vast mosaic—this was the nature of the country.

When large numbers of trained elephants can be massed together, the slow plan of tracking the rhinoceros step by step is discarded, and by mere force of numbers the elephants in the beating-line, like a well-drilled regiment, closing up and keeping shoulder to shoulder, drive the big game out. According to the width of the part which is being beaten, the denseness of the jungle, and the proximity of the game to any particular point in the line, so the elephants close in or open out to keep the animals from breaking back, and send them out toward the "guns."

The Maharaja having brought his elephants into Assam, his men were strangers to the district; but some had been sent on long before to study the nature of the jungles, and to isolate the different patches by burning, reducing them to such a size that we might be able completely to surround some, if not all.

Trackers were sent out daily into the surrounding country to locate buffalo, bison, or "rhino." The whereabouts of a tiger was usually known by its having killed one or more head of cattle belonging to a neighboring village or hamlet. Consequently we secured more tigers at the first camps, nearer the central part of the plain, where villages were more numerous, and more of the other kinds of game as we moved nearer the mountains, where inhabitants were scarce.

At first the natives were very chary of bringing in news to the Maharaja about tigers, even though a reward was offered and they might have lost one or more of their best yoke-oxen; but after a few days they gained confidence, and news came in more

rapidly. It seemed that they were afraid, if the tiger should have changed his abode meanwhile, or escaped during the beat, that the deputy commissioner or the Maharaja would punish them. This, of course, was absurd, but it shows the natural timidity and caution of the Indian native. In other parts of India, Hindu religious notions about the taking of life sometimes offer impediments to the would-be tiger-slayer; but this was not so here.

Each evening, therefore, the Maharaja was generally in possession of news of the presence of game in certain patches of jungle, and was able accordingly to make arrangements for the disposition of his forces for the next day's sport. The whole army of us would sally forth from camp after breakfast, about nine o'clock—the howdah-elephants, the beating-elephants, the elephants with the guides and trackers, and the two elephants with the lunch bringing up the rear—about sixty in all. A rendezvous would be held in the neighborhood of the patch into which the animal or animals had retreated, and the Maharaja would discuss the situation and make his plans for the disposition of the guns and beaters. The line-elephants in a body would then proceed to take up their positions preparatory to an advance when all was ready, and the shooters in their howdahs, preceded by the Maharaja, would circle round to the opposite side of the jungle as silently as possible. An elephant makes wonderfully little noise, considering his proportions. Having previously drawn lots for places, and following in single file according to the order of arrangement, each of us, at a signal from the guide, would cause our elephants to halt by leaning over and touching the mahout upon the turban, we being at a distance from each other of one or two hundred yards or less, according to circumstances, facing the jungle, and able to command any open spaces across which the game might pass. The Maharaja himself generally took a position at one end, and one or two guns were always with the line of beaters. Firing downward from such a considerable height at close range, there was little fear of a ricochet bullet; but one had to be careful, especially as the beating-line approached, in firing at longer range, and consequently more horizontally, and in knowing the exact position of the "guns" on one's right and left.

The Maharaja of Kuch Behar ever since his youth has always had a large stud of elephants, and hunted in this way; and since



PHOTOGRAPHED BY H. R. BETCHAMER.

OUR LARGEST TIGER.

big game is now comparatively scarce even in Assam, we should not have made any bag worth speaking of if we had not had the benefit of his experience. Not more than three or four beats could be accomplished in one day. Considerable distances had often to be traversed from one jungle to another, and the intervals were often long and tedious under an Indian sun; but most of us carried books and papers to read while the elephants were getting into position. When the beat had once begun, however, all one's senses were on the alert. By the men's turbans, or the white sunshade of one of the aides-de-camp bobbing up and down, one could generally distinguish over the tops of the reeds the position of the beating-line in the far distance, and hear an occasional shout and the shrill trumpet of an elephant.

In the midday stillness, broken only by the constant flapping and fanning of the elephants' huge ears, one can distinguish the approach and mark the path of most of the wild animals by the rustling in the grass and reeds. But the approach of the panther and the tiger is heralded by no such sign. By experience one's eye becomes trained to discriminate between the swaying of the reeds caused by the wind and that due to the cautious advance of an unseen beast, whether deer, boar, bear, or something bigger still. When tiger or «rhino» are known to be at home, such small fry as these are allowed to pass unharmed, for fear of turning the object of pursuit; but when the larger game are advancing at full speed, it needs no expert to distinguish their appalling crashes from the whispering of a breeze. Will he break cover in front, or will the next gun get the shot? Standing in expectation, with guns loaded and heart beating, this is the most exciting moment of the day. The howdah-elephants being thus placed at intervals, and usually out of sight of one another, one was not always able to judge by the shots fired as to what was going on; but I was unusually fortunate in the number of animals breaking cover at a point immediately opposite to me, and consequently in the chances I obtained.

I took leave of the Maharaja shortly before the breaking up of the second shooting-camp, which took place about a month later, in his own country; but the total bag included seventeen tigers, seven rhinoceroses, and nearly forty buffaloes, besides bison, bear, and panther.

The method of hunting invariably adopted was that which I have endeavored to describe, and the trophies were often secured without

much danger or excitement, but the contrary was sometimes the case. In returning to camp in the evening, all the elephants usually formed one long line, and such small game as partridges even were shot; and it was very amusing to observe the extraordinary fuss some of the elephants made when told to pick up the dead birds with the end of the trunk and pass them up to the mahouts.

Our first rhinoceros was the one that gave us the greatest trouble. In the center of the long morass where he lived the mud was deep and tenacious, and the elephants sank to their bellies. Once or twice he had broken back through the line while we were posted elsewhere; but when it was evident that he had determined not to be driven from his home, the Maharaja called almost all the guns into the beating-line. After retreating before the advancing line of elephants for some time, during which we could mark his course by the waving and crashing of the reeds, and by an occasional snort, he obstinately determined to break through once more, and, with two or three short whiffs like a locomotive, came charging down blindly, straight upon my elephant Secunder, which, unlike others, treated the enraged pachyderm with silent contempt, and neither stirred nor trumpeted. This enabled me to plant two bullets into the advancing mass, and, snatching up another loaded rifle, to fire twice more as it retreated through the reeds, without having my aim disturbed by the swaying of the howdah. Then, bursting out from the jungle into full view across an open plain, it fell amid a cloud of dust. The rhinoceros was still able to bite or gore an opponent as we closed in, and was given a finishing shot, while some of the elephants, to test their courage or to train them to approach their natural foe, were coaxed into close proximity and made to push against it with the base of the trunk. After this the body was photographed, and when we moved away the Maharaja's trained skimmers had already begun to remove the shields of hide from the flanks and shoulders and the head and feet.

With regard to tigers, the expectation of the animal's appearance, the waiting and watching during the brief period of the beat, formed the most interesting and stirring part of the performance. The transverse rush of a tiger, scolding the elephants and throwing the whole line into confusion, is one of the finest sights in India. Some fell at the first volley, fired at from two or more of the howdahs simultaneously. One only fell to a single shot, stone dead. Some escaped,



PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE HON. SIDNEY PARKER.

PREPARING TO TRANSPORT THE GAME TO CAMP.

wounded, into a neighboring patch of jungle, and most of these charged and "got home" upon some elephant, springing in every case upon the animal's forehead, and being tossed off and shot while on the ground. Although tigers have been known to climb into the howdah, the danger to human life in this method of tiger-shooting is very small. There were elephants of various ages and sizes in the beating-line, and during the uproar that ensued when a tiger came close, some of the younger ones exhibited their fear by the oddest sounds—shrill squeaks and shrieks that seemed quite disproportionate issuing from so large an animal. When a tiger succeeded in breaking through, the line had to retire, reform, and begin again.

The bears that we got also showed a disinclination to being driven from cover. News of them was brought to camp in each case from some village near, where they had been committing depredations. The only other items in the bag which require notice are the wild buffaloes. These furnished fine trophies, many of the horns measuring about ten feet round the curve, those of the males being much more massive than those of the females. Most of them, when disturbed, blundered about through the jungle, and were tough customers, requiring many well-placed shots. Some showed great ferocity, charging and slightly goring some of the elephants, but doing no serious damage. Of the Indian bison we obtained only one.

H. W. Seton-Karr.

HUNTING THE JAGUAR IN VENEZUELA.

"SEÑOR! Señor!"
 "What do you want?"
 "It is half-past three."

I rolled out of my blanket, and getting to my feet, stood shivering in the chill air of the tropical morning.

Terife Valdez, tiger-hunter, had shaken me gently by the shoulder, and my drowsy ques-

tion being asked and answered, with the instinct of an old camper I tumbled up without a moment's hesitation.

"Water, Terife," said I, stepping through the doorway of the rude hut; "cold water."

Terife caught up a gourd of cold spring-water, and overturned it above my head.

"Caramba!" said he. "Much cold, is it not?"

«Yes, it is much cold; but it is much good.»

Terife allowed the faintest sort of smile to wrinkle his brownish-yellow face, which could be taken to indicate that, while this kind of thing might be good for the white skin of the American, it was hardly proper treatment for the self-respecting person of a Guajira tiger-hunter.

By the time that the common instincts of life came back to me, Terife had coffee and cassava smoking hot beside the handful of fire in front of the hut.

It was nearly four o'clock when we took up our hunting-spears, and looked out across the wooded valley of the Rio Arauca from the crest of its northern range of hills.

It had been a tedious journey. When I sailed from New York in the American steamship *Venezuela* I did not know how far I

should journey into the wilderness, nor how long I should remain there. The sea voyage was comfortable enough, even after I left the steamship company's floating hotel at dreamy Curaçao, the island where all things are forgotten, and took the branch steamship *Maracaibo* for the Venezuelan port of Maracaibo.

At Maracaibo, city of coffee, hides, and divi-divi, the hardships of the journey began. A friend who had promised to follow me to the end of the earth, if necessary, turned back the moment that he saw iguana served at dinner in place of chicken. He declared, with what was perhaps unnecessary vehemence, that he drew the line at lizard. I reluctantly parted with him on the gang-plank of the *Maracaibo*, feeling sure, at the same time, that it was the wisest thing to do, since no man was fitted for travel in the Cordilleras who turned his back upon the great lizard of the South.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

MORNING IN THE CORDILLERAS.

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.



DRAWN BY M. TRAUTSCHOLD.

«THE TIGER DREW NEARER, A STEP AT A TIME.»

From Maracaibo I journeyed southward the entire length of the great lake of Maracaibo, and eventually took a railway-train that landed me in the fever-flushed city of San José de Cucuta, an outpost of civilization on the border-land of Colombia.

I had a letter to a Venezuelan general who was staying temporarily in Cucuta for the benefit of his health, and the incidental protection of his neck, and through him I fell in with Terife Valdez.

During the revolution which had caused the general's retirement to Cucuta, Terife had acted as chief guide to a party of troops, and had by his loyalty, his obedience, and his skill won the genuine regard of the commanding officer, which was unusual, since Terife was only a Guajira Indian, and a half-breed at that, and the general was about as proud a man, even in defeat and exile, as one would expect to find on the frontiers of savagery.

The general regretted that an unhealed wound in his left arm would not permit him to go with me, much as he desired to; but he assured me, with something of the touch of old Castile, that he gave me a better man in the person of Terife Valdez, the most skilled tiger-hunter on the Colombian border. Possibly the general's cousin, twice removed, would have died, or his brother-in-law's father would have taken the fever, if the unhealed wound had not been convenient; so I accepted Terife with thanks, and plunged into that unknown wilderness which stretches away south to the equator, and no man knows how far beyond.

After many days of perilous and toilsome wanderings over the Cordilleras, we settled down on a ridge of the Arauca valley to wait for tigers. Certain signs told Terife that tigers crossed the valley, not far away, on their journeys from the wilderness to those isolated outcroppings of civilization which now and then gave them young animal food for the taking.

We picketed the mules in a patch of grass on the hillside, and knocked together a few boughs and tropical leaves by the side of a spring, and called it a cabin. By nightfall the little camp was finished, and I turned in just as the last glow died out of the western sky.

How Terife knew that it was half-past three when he roused me next morning I am unable to say; I can only state the fact that by my watch it was just thirty-one minutes past three. Terife had no watch, and no visible means of telling the time; yet his guesses at the hour were never more than five or ten minutes out of the way. He even went so far as to suggest that while I was with him it would

be wise to stop my watch in order to save the wear and tear on the works.

"It is four; let us go," said Terife, after our glance over the valley, and straightway disappeared.

I made the best of my way after him; but it was dark, the ground was rough, and the vines and branches were wet and suggestive of reptiles. More than once during the next half-hour Terife paused, held up a warning finger, and said, "Quiet."

I was as quiet as I could be; yet I did not seem to come up to his ideas of quiet. I explained to him frankly that I was flesh and blood, and that I had not been accustomed to get up in the middle of the night to hunt tigers. Terife asserted that if we made so much noise we should frighten all the game as far as the head waters of the Rio Guaviare, which no white man had seen, and I admitted that we should. We compromised by agreeing to go more slowly.

We plodded along for half an hour or more, squirming uncomfortably among wet branches, and pushing with painful frequency against the needle-points of giant shrubs of the cactus family; but at length we came upon a narrow, winding trail which led obliquely across the valley. It was apparently a wild-beast trail over the mountains, a sort of common highway trodden out of the tropical undergrowth by wandering animals of the wilderness. The hunter went down on his face to examine it, and when he arose he knew that neither foot of man nor hoof of domestic animal had helped to make it. We found an overhanging rock a short distance away, and we climbed to the top of it to wait for the day. It was already past five o'clock, and the new day was at hand.

"See!" said Terife, under his breath, pointing to the eastward with the butt of his spear.

A faint, far-away tremulous line of ashen gray hung in the sky over the peaks of the mountains. A moment before the sky had been brilliant with swarms of stars. I had seen the tropical sun rise in a blood-red glare out of the Spanish main; I had watched its angry crimson chase the night from the weed-strewn Sargasso Sea; but I had never waited for the day in the voiceless solitudes of the wilderness of the South; so that if at that moment I cared less for tigers than for sunrise it was not without valid reason.

The tremulous line of gray broadened, and the stars grew pale. Only the Southern Cross, hanging low above the great-hills to the south, glowed in undiminished radiance.

Then, as the ashen gray spread out like the opening of a pallid flower, a tinge of pink crept in and gave it the beginnings of life. The gray swept up from mountain peak to zenith, inviting the pink to follow. Soon, over behind the pink, a deeper tinge, with something of orange in it, swung across the horizon, and then a broad belt of crimson stood out against a far-away background of blue, a radiant herald of the king. From that insistent presence the modest gray withdrew, leaving the pink to linger timidly, as one who hopes to be overlooked.

Light clouds rose from behind the massive bulk of a shadowy mountain, and drifted drowsily across the sky, intercepting shafts of crimson and orange and gold, until the whole eastern heaven was a splashed and barred mass of riotous color.

For a few moments the revelry of tints and shades and solid colors dominated the sky and the earth beneath, until it seemed as though even the awakening beasts of the forest must pause in mute wonder. The grays and pinks faded out, to shine, with the Southern Cross, in remoter longitudes; and almost as this blazonry of royal splendor reached the climax of its pride and its strength it vanished into nothingness. A round, red ball of quenchless fire had lifted itself above the distant mountain-peaks, and it was day.

I turned from it all with a sigh, for the landscape that it left revealed had only beauty of form and outline, without that outpouring of radiance or waywardness of design.

Undulating, rolling masses of mountains lay under the fervent sun, with the bright glare of day on the ridges, and the cool shadows of morning clinging to western ravines and slopes. It was a tumultuous sea of broken earth, each uplifted bulk shrouding itself in haze more and more as it receded down the valley, and the last one merging into the blue sky with the vague suggestion that away off there might be the end of the world.

Slowly I came back to the prosaic things of life and to Terife Valdez. There were strange, almost inaudible noises in the forest, and the stoical Indian was listening and watching like a beast of prey. In some way he and his spear and his brownish-yellow face seemed to be incongruous and out of tune. I turned my spear over in my hand, and wondered at it. Was that an adequate weapon with which to hunt the ravenous animals of the wilderness? Could such a thing as that withstand the angry spring of the tiger or the quick coil of the boa-constrictor? I could not pretend to tell.

Yet Terife had found it potent enough at

more than one critical moment of his eventful career, if the narratives of his friend and patron, the Venezuelan general, could be relied upon. His confidence in it was beyond question. For the purposes of tiger-hunting he would not have exchanged it for the finest gun man ever saw; for he had told me, as we journeyed over the mountains, that it was the only really reliable thing to bring to bear against the courage and marvelous agility of the tiger. A gun he had no use for. It was noisy, and dangerous to carry. Many good men came to their death, in fact, through carrying guns.

But did not many Indians, I asked, come to their death through hunting jaguars with a short spear? He admitted reluctantly that they did. But, then, it was their own fault: they did not observe the ordinary precautions through being too confident. Sometimes accidents happened. There was his own father, for instance, a most brave and worthy man; but his eyesight was not always to be relied upon. One day, just as a tiger was about to spring upon him, a bit of sand blew into his eyes.

"I got the spear," said Terife, simply; "this is it."

It was the crudest sort of offensive weapon. The shaft was four feet long, with the diameter of the handle of a Canadian canoe-paddle. The wood was tough and elastic, with something of the nature of hickory or ash about it. The grain ran straight and true, and there was not the suspicion of a flaw in its entire length. It was a perfect thing of its kind. In color it was nearly black, doubtless owing more to age and grime than to the natural color of the wood. The shaft was very old—just how old the Indian could not say. His arithmetic was sadly at fault when he counted above twelve. His lamented father, however, had said that the shaft had been handed down to him from a former generation of Guajira jaguar-hunters, by whom it was highly regarded as an unusually fine weapon.

The original spear-head had been of wood, like many of the lances of the llaneros of the present day. In shape it closely resembled the pointed arrowheads of the aborigines of the United States. That shape had been followed as closely as practicable in all the wooden spear-heads that succeeded it; but Terife had aspired to an iron spear-head, and had been compelled to content himself with the clumsy forging of a not altogether sober native blacksmith of Cucuta. Notches had been filed into the hilt of the spear-head, and corresponding

notches cut in the end of the shaft, and spear-head and shaft were bound together tightly with deer-thongs. Terife explained the reason for this method of binding by saying that it was more secure than an iron band, since it would not break. Iron might rust, and break at a critical moment. The point of the spear Terife kept as sharp as a dagger by means of a smooth stone. The spear with which I was armed for the hunt was of more recent construction and of less intrinsic value, but was, on the whole, a serviceable weapon. In construction it closely resembled the weapon of Terife.

In justice to Terife and his people, it should be said that not all the Indians of the jaguar districts of South America hunt with the short spear. Only the proudest and bravest of them, and notably the savage inhabitants of the Guajira peninsula, use the short spear. It would seem that they deliberately choose the most perilous way of hunting, as though to show their tribal superiority. Other Indians who hunt the jaguar with a spear use a weapon from six to seven, and sometimes eight, feet in length.

In hunting with the long spear the hunter plants the butt of the spear-shaft in the ground, holds the point toward the jaguar at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and crouches directly behind it. The jaguar springs for the hunter, but lands squarely upon the point of the spear, while the hunter dodges to one side and rolls over out of harm's way. The shaft of the spear is nearly two inches in diameter, and is made of hard and heavy wood. The point is a barb of iron.

This is the favorite method of hunting the jaguar on the Amazon in Brazil, but it has never become popular in Venezuela or Colombia. The Venezuelan Indians think it a rather poor way, since less depends upon the skill and judgment of the hunter than with the short spear. Anybody, they say, can hold a spear so that a tiger will jump on it, but only a Guajira can use the short spear.

The civilized natives of South America are less bold, for they hunt the jaguar with guns, when they hunt him at all. It is not a popular sport, for reasons that are not difficult to imagine. There is no recognized way of hunting tigers with guns. Sometimes the hunters go out on horseback, particularly in the cattle districts of the Orinoco llanos and the valley of the Amazon, with dogs and Indian servants to drive up the game. Oftener the hunter lies in wait for the tiger to approach a tethered calf.

When several hunters with guns go out to-

gether there is serious peril, as an incident I have in mind will show. A Venezuelan man of affairs, whom I know well, went to visit a friend on a coffee-plantation, and incidentally to try a new rifle. The host called in two neighbors, and arranged a hunt. When the hunting-party left in the morning the host's two young sons remained at home with three servants. Late in the afternoon, when the party returned, neither boys nor servants were to be seen. As the hunters roamed about the plantation, looking for the boys, they heard a crying in the top of a slender tree. The boys were in the tree, white with terror.

"What is the matter?" called the father.

"Why are you in the tree?"

"The tiger! the tiger!" shrieked the boys.

"A big female tiger is at the bottom of the tree." The tiger had been unable to climb so slender a tree.

The father pushed his way quickly through the bushes to shoot the tiger before it should escape. His friends followed slowly. In a few moments a shot was heard, and then a wild scream. The hunters rushed forward. Their friend and a big tiger were rolling on the ground together. They fired twelve times, as rapidly as they could work their magazine-rifles, and then tiger and man lay still.

Four bullets had entered the tiger, and eight had pierced the body of the man.

With this sad tragedy vividly in mind, I was disposed to admit, as I sat on the overhanging rock turning the slender spear over and over in my hand, that Terife's argument was not wholly without foundation, after all, especially among a people who have yet to acquire the Northern habit of skill with the rifle and quick readiness with the revolver.

While my mind was yet occupied with these things, Terife slid down the face of the rock, and disappeared along the narrow trail. As I shifted my position, in the hope of keeping him in view, my foot sent a piece of bone rolling toward the edge of the rock. Looking more carefully about, I noted, with a sort of puzzled surprise, that bits of bone and tufts of hair were strewn on the top of the overhanging rock for a distance of several yards.

I did not need Terife to explain the significance of this, for it came upon me, with a chilly kind of shudder, that we had taken possession of a lookout used by tigers when lying in wait for their prey. Clearly the cunning tiger crouched on the top of this convenient rock, and sprang upon the passing deer in the path beneath, afterward dragging the body to the feasting-place above.

Having no desire to dispute possession with any casual jaguar that might claim priority of right, I swung down from the rock, and concealed myself between two limbs of a tree that leaned across the trail. The stillness, the loneliness, of the forest had something of the foreboding of evil in it, nor could the rising sun, touching peaks and topmost boughs in lavish brilliance, do more than merely lessen the savage melancholy. Even in the sunlight the solitude was all but voiceless. Only a few small birds, calling timidly from tree to tree, disturbed the gruesome quiet.

On the slope to the right the queer behavior of a redbird soon attracted my attention. I was hunter enough to know that its circlings, its dartings about in well-nigh insane frenzy, and its shrill cries of anger meant that something had alarmed it to an uncommon degree. It might be a huge snake that menaced the bird's younglings, or perhaps a wildcat had stolen in upon the domestic quiet. In a moment or two a second bird took up the crazy dance, and then a third and a fourth. This was interesting, especially as the birds seemed to be circling nearer. Other birds joined the frantic swarm, and in another moment I thought it well to look to the fastenings of my spear-head. Some creature that aroused the fury of the winged inhabitants of the forest was apparently making its way slowly along the mountain-slope. As I watched the birds circling nearer, there came a quick rush of pattering feet, and three wildly affrighted peccaries raced along the trail, and plunged headlong into the undergrowth.

If I thought regretfully of the hunting-rifle and the heavy revolver left behind in the mountain-side camp, and if the breath came a little more quickly just then, there was some reasonable excuse; for civilized man has been taught to rely upon a more potent weapon than a four-foot spear bound together with deer-thongs, and there is no more painfully anxious moment in life than when the hunter waits the coming of an unknown beast of prey. The reality at its worst is never half so trying as are uncertainty and suspense.

When I had looked again at the primitive weapon of savage man, and had turned its slender shaft over in doubt and misgiving, and had once more measured the distance from me of the circling birds, I saw Terife standing in the path, looking up at the overhanging rock.

"Here, Terife," said I, in a whisper of relief.

The Indian allowed a smile to flicker on his stolid face a moment, as the motive for my

change of position made itself clear to him. With a positive air of triumph he pointed to the agitated birds.

"What is it?" I asked.

"The tiger," he replied, at the same time raising a warning hand—"big tiger."

In some unexplainable way I felt relieved that it was no worse, although what could be worse in these tropical solitudes than a tiger, and a big tiger at that, I was not prepared to say. Most likely I felt relieved that the uncertainty was over.

Terife watched the birds thoughtfully, tested the point of his spear with what must have been purely a mechanical motion, adjusted a large cotton handkerchief loosely about his neck, and waited. About it all there was a touch of an ancient gladiator waiting stoically in the arena for the coming of the hungry beast which a cruel emperor had set him to fight; only in this case the cruel emperor was a curious American who had risked his own life, and the life of an honest Indian, merely that he might write the story afterward for the entertainment, not of the lords and ladies of the blood-stained Colosseum, but of kindly men and women in Christian America. Should the gladiator's spear break at the critical moment, or should native cunning fail before the monarch of the forest, it would be all the more thrilling—provided, of course, that he who was to tell the story escaped. If he did not escape—ah, well, there would be a hunting-rifle and revolver at the little camp for some roving Indian to wonder at, perhaps years afterward, and faint traces of a campfire, and that is all.

Yet, taking it at its worst, it would not be all loss; for the exquisite thrill of the nerves and the quickened action of the heart, as the tiger slowly advanced, were worth as much as one whole prosaic and uneventful life. A man of flesh and blood—a man as nature made him, without the dross and incrustations of civilization—would say that life had not been in vain.

The birds came nearer and nearer. The hunter placed himself in the middle of the path, with his spear poised above his right shoulder. The circle of birds was just beyond the last turn of the trail. The outer edge touched the tree in which I lay concealed. The critical moment was at hand. I watched the vanishing-point of the trail with painful intensity.

Ah! A flash of brown and yellow appeared for an instant through the shrubs; there was a crash and a commotion of bushes below the trail, and then silence. The Indian threw down

his spear in an ecstasy of disappointment. The tiger had escaped.

Terife examined the trail long and carefully, unable to explain the tiger's sudden panic. There were only two reasonable explanations: either the great beast had been frightened by some creature that we did not see, while his mind was intently occupied with the birds, or, having prowled about civilization until shot at, he had learned to fear man at sight. To bear out the first theory, there were fresh traces of a boa-constrictor near the place where the tiger had left the trail.

We renewed the hunt the next morning, with even less success. Although the tiger came along the mountain-side, he left the trail farther down before we had a glimpse of him.

On the third morning Terife went out alone, possibly thinking that the white man had an evil influence over the beasts of the forest. He waited beside the rock in the trail while the crimson of dawn came into the eastern sky. Then, out of the silence of the forest, there arose a sudden stir of small things, as though a giant had drawn a deep breath. Birds circled and screamed, and peccaries fled affrightedly, as before. It was the homage of the humble that is never omitted when the king walks abroad.

With regal deliberation the commotion moved along the mountain-side in the direction of the hunter. As it drew near, Terife faced about with uplifted spear, ready for what might befall.

In a moment a great brown-and-yellow beast, spotted and ringed with black, strode leisurely into view, looking upward at the screaming birds. It was the fierce and cruel jaguar, the South American tiger, king of all beasts south of the Isthmus of Darien, and matched in ferocity and courage only by the wounded grizzly bear of North America.

The monstrous creature suddenly paused, with a massive foot lifted from the ground. He had seen the hunter.

Terife was as one turned to stone, a sort of bronze image that might have stood neglected in the wilderness since the days of the Chibchas whom Quesada conquered to found the viceregal state of New Granada.

The tiger's long tail swung slowly from left to right, and from right to left again, while over his yellow face crept a look of mild surprise and inquiry, as though he had asked the meaning of this strange thing which had the figure of flesh and blood and the inscrutable stillness of inanimate rock.

It was splendid courage that this dumb brute did not turn tail and bound away. I

know of no other animal that would have stood his ground. Even the grizzly bear, more terrible to meet than the lion of Africa or the monarch of the Bengal jungle, would have growled savagely and retired.

Matchless in his calm courage, the great jaguar put down his uplifted paw and advanced a few steps, half crouching, with lowered head and neck, as a cat creeps upon its prey. Then he paused, swinging his long tail slowly from side to side. Terife stood like a stone, superior in courage even to this remarkable ruler of the forest.

Slowly, cautiously, the tiger came on again, hanging his head and neck low between his shoulders, and never for an instant taking his green-and-yellow eyes from the strange thing in the path. He was a beautiful creature—wonderfully beautiful in his sinewy strength and graceful curves.

As the tiger drew near, a step at a time, his tail swung more rapidly, with a vicious jerk at the end of each swing. Apparently he was giving way to the idea that the strange thing in the path was flesh and blood. Still, he was not quite certain, and he meant to investigate. The Indian had seemingly petrified where he stood. Not even the loose folds of his cotton shirt stirred in the breeze. The birds circled and wheeled for a few moments, and then flew away, caring little for the impending death-grapple, now that their own domestic arrangements were no longer imperiled. Puzzled, undecided, watchful, the tiger walked slowly to the hunter, his green eyes searching craftily for some undetected sign of life. When he had come to the end of his uncertain path the yellow monster bent his head and sniffed suspiciously at the Indian's feet.

Like a steel spring the great beast recoiled. The strange, still thing was flesh and blood.

A step at a time—alert, wary, fierce—he withdrew his massive paws, measuring the distance with the savage instinct of the forest. The Indian made no sign.

Then the tiger crouched in the path; his giant muscles quivered in tense knots, his red tongue curled stiffly between his keen fangs, his tail thrashed viciously, and his spotted skin moved in bristling waves of anger, as a quick squall races across standing grain.

In an instant all would be over: a lonely tragedy far away in the South American wilderness—a tragedy for beast, or a tragedy for man.

The tiger gathered himself for the spring, his sinewy length all a-tremble; but just as his bunched muscles were quivering with the first

impulse of upward motion, the hunter came back to life. Terife snatched the loose handkerchief from his neck, and cast it full in the tiger's face. In an ecstasy of surprise the beast threw up his head and shoulders, and pawed insanely at the cloth. In the catching of a breath Terife aimed the upraised spear at the rounded yellow throat, and drove it home.

Tiger and spear rolled in the dust together, the blood spurting over the spear-shaft and

staining the narrow trail. The king of the Cordilleras was conquered. He died as he had lived, fierce, cruel, savage, with no abatement of his splendid courage.

Going forth in the first flush of the new day, I found Terife there, beside the vanquished jaguar; and as the shadows lifted slowly from the slopes of the ravines he told me the story with graphic detail and circumstance. When he had finished I leaned across the stiffening body of the tiger, and grasped his hand.

William Willard Howard.

SPORTS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

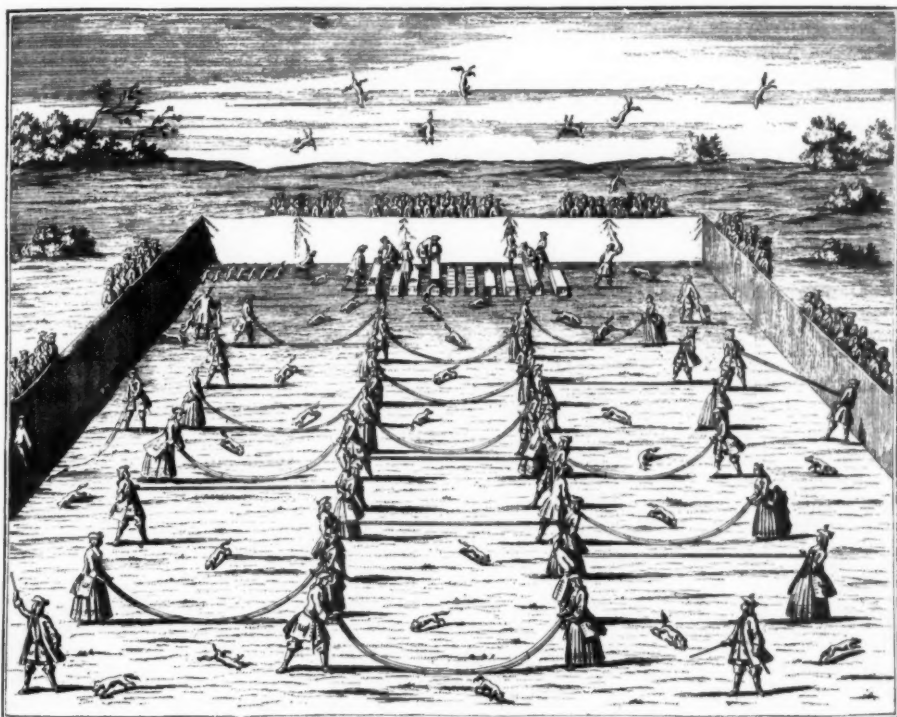


HE belief of the middle ages that none but those devoted to the chase could become great, or reach a green old age, was the verdict of an age in which throughout Europe warfare was the only occupation, and the chase the only pastime, of the ruling classes. Frederick the Great, that iconoclast among royalty of the last century, was the first who dared to raise his voice against this doctrine, by showing in his «Anti-Machiavel» that such famous warriors as Turenne, Marlborough, Prince Eugene, and Gustavus Adolphus not having been Nimrods, the old belief was one unworthy of the enlightened eighteenth century. That century showed in other ways that the noble art of venery had seen its best days, and that the well-being of downtrodden subjects rather than that of the antlered denizens of the forest was becoming the question of the hour.

Those wishing to gain an insight into matters appertaining to the chase at the height of its vogue must, therefore, turn to the preceding century. In England the kings and nobles were far less ardent worshippers of Diana than those of the two other countries of which we propose chiefly to speak—namely, France and Germany. The art of capturing wild animals by means of dogs, without employing arms or other devices to arrest their flight, which was the original meaning of «venery», was of French parentage, and was unknown to the ancient races, with the exception of the Gauls. Already in the days of the Merovingian kings the stag, the boar, and the buffalo were hunted *à trait de limier* (with hounds in leash), and the sport was introduced into Britain with William the Conqueror. The French terms of the chase were

used in that country for the next two centuries, as we know from William de Twici's «The Art of Venery», which work he wrote when master of the hunt under Edward II. It was not, however, kept up with the same vigor as it was in the country of its birth; for among the numerous foreigners of distinction who visited England in the following two or three centuries a consensus of opinion appears to have prevailed that stag-hunting was a much-neglected art in Britain, and that the English chiefly excelled in hunting the hare, in falconry, and in the breeding of dogs. When De Vieilleville, the French ambassador at the court of Edward VI, returned to France, he told Henry II that the English knew more about navigating vessels than about hunting the stag. «They took me», he reported, «to a great park full of fallow-deer and roe-deer, where I mounted a Sardinian horse, richly caparisoned; and in company of forty or fifty lords and gentlemen we hunted and killed fifteen or twenty beasts. It amused me to see the English ride at full tilt in this hunt, the hanger in their hand; and they could not have shouted louder had they been following an enemy after a hard-won victory.» This was altogether different from the French *chasse à courre*, a sport in which the French nobles had attained a mastership no other nationality could rival. It meant hunting the fleet red deer, not the lazy fallow-deer, in its wild state, following it often for two or three days consecutively before the quarry was at last brought to bay.

English hunting literature of the late middle ages is very scanty—much more so than that of France and Germany. The few works that did appear in England were not always



PRINT.

THE SPORT OF «FOX-TOSSING» A FAVORITE AMUSEMENT AT THE GERMAN COURT 200 YEARS AGO, PRINCESSES AND THEIR LADIES PARTICIPATING IN IT.

original: thus «The Maystre of Game,» attributed to the Duke of York, is only a reprint of the famous French work on sport by Gaston Phœbus; and «The Noble Art of Venerie,» by George Turberville (London, 1575), is a translation of Jacques du Fouilloux's «La Venerie,» even the woodcuts illustrating the original work being used in the English adaptation, whether or not they suited the English *mise en scène*.

With the beginning of the seventeenth century stag-hunting in the French fashion suddenly became popular at the court of James I. Physically unfit as that monarch was for feats of endurance or for hard riding, this sport appealed to the love of pomp and to the vanity of a sovereign who was fully persuaded of a king's divine rights, among which was not least the royal prerogative of hunting where he listeth in the forests of his subjects. James constituted himself a patron of venerie, and one of his first acts after his accession to the throne was to beg his ally, Henry IV of France, to send him the most skilful of his huntsmen,

in order that «he might henceforth hunt in the forests of his realm rather than in inclosures and parks, such as was hitherto the fashion, where one hunted the stag only as long as he was in sight.» The Marquis de Vitry, one of the French king's most renowned *veneurs*, was immediately despatched to England; and soon afterward De Beaumont and De Moustier, two of Henry's officers of the hunt, with several *valets de chiens*, or kennel-men, and presently, also, the Sieur de Saint-Ravy, followed the marquis across the Channel. Saint-Ravy became permanently attached to the English court in the character of grand veneur, or master of the hunt, to James's Danish queen. Other sportsmen of renown followed suit: thus Ligniville, the author of a well-known work on venerie, was sent from Lorraine to the English court to coöperate with the others in the introduction of the French *chasse à courre* on English soil. And there is no doubt that in consequence of the pronounced favor shown by James for French hunting institutions, a considerable number of French nobles came

over to England to sun themselves in the favor of the vain monarch. To such extremes did James drive his predilection that he imported red deer from France; and we are told that Saint-Ravy annually visited France for this purpose, collecting on a single occasion as many as forty and fifty in the forests of Fontainebleau. These stags, according to Maricourt, only the king hunted.

The sport does not seem to have long retained its French features in their entirety, for Ligniville already complains that the English were introducing the custom of killing the stag with a harquebus when the hounds had at last succeeded in bringing him to bay, while the French continued much longer to consider it a point of honor to despatch the stag with the hanger, a proceeding to which, of course, considerable danger to the unskilful or careless was attached.

Neither Cromwell's wars nor the rapid deforestation of England, which we know began about the middle of the seventeenth century, assisted in the development of English hunting institutions, which throughout that century retained a much more modest, and also less typical, aspect than those of the two other countries.

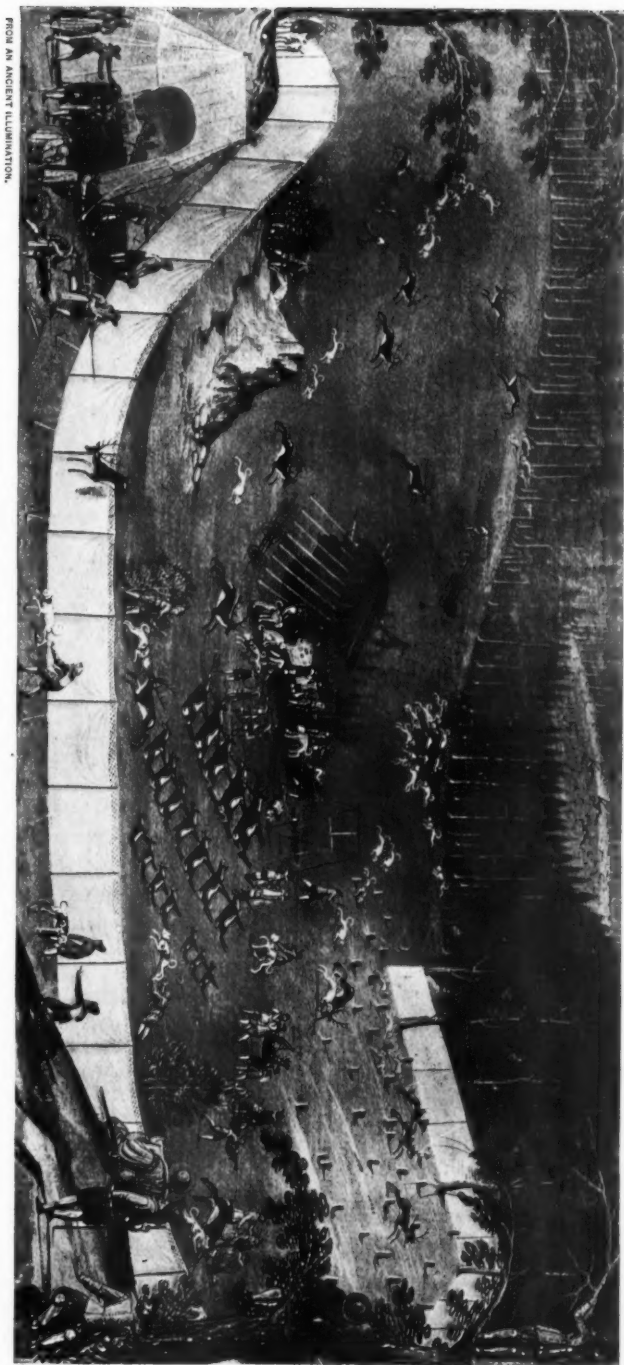
In France, on the other hand, under luxurious Louis XIV stag-hunting was carried on with an unparalleled extravagance and pomp, the chase of the wild boar and of the wolf being next in the king's estimation. Each species of quarry necessitated a separate pack of hounds, and as relays of the latter were used, as well as relays of horses, they were both counted by the hundred. An immense staff of retainers clad in gorgeous uniforms, and hundreds of officials of the chase strutting about in fantastic hunting-dress, made the *chasse royale* the most brilliant pageantry of the kind ever seen. Many of the great court ladies followed the example set in the previous century by Catharine de' Medici, and joined the hunt, riding on men's saddles, the field often consisting of five hundred cavaliers and courtiers.

Wonderfully elaborate open-air fêtes, often the scene of some mummery or *coup de théâtre* celebrating scenes in connection with venery, were frequent occurrences. Thus Louis XIV more than once held stag-hunts at night; and for that purpose the great forest of Chantilly was illuminated with torches, and the hunted stag was forced to pass through avenues lined by several thousand men holding brightly flaring flambeaux in their hands. Several of the princesses of his court were daring riders, and from the letters of one of these royal

ladies, a duchess of Orléans, we learn that in four years she was present at the death of over a thousand stags. Her descriptions of the sport are most enthusiastic. «I have had twenty-six falls, but have hurt myself only once,» she says in one of her letters.

If we turn to Germany, a very different picture offers itself to our gaze. Stag-hunting in the French fashion was quite unknown there until the last decades of the seventeenth century, though game was not the less keenly pursued. Indeed, in the quantity killed the German magnates and potentates of that period were quite without rivals. The game was shot either by stalking it or by «driving,» on which latter occasions thousands of peasants had to turn out to act as beaters, and the most elaborate arrangements were made in the shape of temporary inclosures consisting of stout canvas stretched ten or twelve feet high, by which great tracts of forest were surrounded. A study of the records of the chase in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which have accumulated in the principal archives and libraries of the Continent, brings to light a mass of interesting material illustrating not only the sport of those days, but, alas! also the decline wrought during the last hundred years in the quantity and size of the big game of Europe.

One of the most interesting records of this kind is a manuscript folio volume of 370 pages, gorgeously bound in green velvet, with solid gold clasps, which is the list of game hunted and shot by John George I, Elector of Saxony, the foremost sportsman of his century. It is supposed to be mostly in his own handwriting, and forms one of the treasures of the royal library at Dresden. From this punctiliously kept shooting-diary we learn that between July 11, 1611, and the day of his death, January 12, 1656, this Nimrod and his suite bagged 110,960 head of game, made up of the unprecedented total of 47,239 red deer, 31,745 wild boars, 102 bears, 818 wolves, etc., the 29 beaver enumerated among the smaller animals making up the balance being, perhaps, the most interesting, as showing the prevalence of an animal at present almost extinct in Europe. The great weight of some of the stags, boars, and bears brought to book by the elector is as surprising as the enormous totals we have given. To-day red-deer stags of 300 pounds avoirdupois are, with the exception, perhaps, of Hungarian red deer, considered unusually fine animals; indeed, Scotch deer of that weight (clean) are to-day next to unknown. How much, therefore, must the race have



A «DEER DRIVE» OF THE DUKE OF COBURG.

degenerated when we read of stags killed by the above sportsman scaling over 850 pounds avoirdupois, and hear that he shot 4139 stags which weighed over 450 pounds! The antlers of these animals were in proportion to their bulk. Every sportsman knows that to-day red-deer antlers bearing more than fourteen tines are exceedingly rare. How one wishes one's self back in the elector's days, when one hears of great heads with thirty tines, and peruses his summary, according to which he bagged 39 stags of twenty points and upward, and 1735 deer of fourteen and upward!

The wild boars were also gigantic animals compared with their descendants of to-day, when a tusker weighing 250 pounds is considered a very big fellow. Of the 31,745 head bagged by the elector, 1583 scaled over 300 pounds, and the heaviest of all weighed close upon 650 pounds. The bears were also, for the European species, enormous, reminding one of the grizzly. The largest was «baited,» with two other bears, on the great square at Dresden in 1630, on the occasion of a royal marriage. He weighed 850 pounds. Of the 818 wolves, 41 must have been tremendous beasts, for they scaled over 120 pounds.

What these «baitings» were like is shown by the finely illuminated frontispiece of the volume of which we are speaking. It describes a very celebrated occasion of this kind, namely, the *Jagen* held on August 7, 1617, on the Dresden square, in honor of the Emperor Matthias's visit to that town. On that occasion—one of the great days of Dresden, a town which was then a little Paris as regards pleasure and art—there were baited and hunted, within the high palisades erected in the largest square, fifteen deer, ten wild boars, eight bears, and numerous smaller animals, like badgers, foxes, etc. Twenty-two years before, a similar «baiting» was held in the same town, and on that occasion two lions, two tigers, one panther, four bears, two wolves, four stags, and six wild boars tore one another to pieces, or were similarly served by packs of fierce hounds, amid the fanfares of three separate choruses of hunting-bugles and horns, and the cries of a vast multitude.

As an instance of the quantity of game killed in the «drives,» may be mentioned one held in the year 1613, where alone 672 stags were shot. At this drive over three thousand peasants were employed for three weeks, and they had to furnish four hundred vehicles—all, of course, without receiving any recompense, and to the serious injury of their farms, particularly then, when they had to

render this most detested «service of the chase» during harvest-time. The lot of the peasantry must have been a very hard one in those feudal hunting-days. Their crops were entirely at the mercy of the deer and boar, and they were not allowed to fence their fields or to employ other means of keeping the game away. During the rutting-time of the deer, when stags will often attack persons, they did not even dare to defend themselves, lest the animal might receive injury. A burgomaster of a Hessian town was once attacked by a vicious stag in the outskirts of the town. The infuriated animal had already knocked down the worthy mayor, and would have promptly gored him to death had not an onlooker with a stout cudgel come to his assistance. The stag, however, was not to be intimidated, and with one thrust of his great antlers killed the man. At this juncture a town councilor took courage, and seeing the impending fate of the mayor, approached the stag, and killed him with a firelock. Unfortunately for him, the animal carried a fine head; so when the landgrave heard of it, the councilor was cast into prison and was, besides, sentenced to a heavy fine. Poaching in those days was a capital offense, and often the most cruel punishments were inflicted even for a first offense, such as branding on the cheek, loss of one eye, or of the right hand. Not all the temporal lords were, however, as cruel as certain ecclesiasts of high degree. Thus it is known that one archbishop of Salzburg caused a peasant who had killed a stag that was in the habit of visiting his corn-field to be sewn up in the skin of the hart, and torn to pieces by the pack rendered savage by being left foodless for twenty-four hours. There is also reason to fear that more than one wretched poacher shared Mazeppa's fate by being chained to a live stag which was then hunted by the hounds.

The stag was altogether the most highly prized animal of the chase; and his antlers, if they were of great size or showed any abnormality in their growth, were the most treasured trophies of the hunt. When potentates made one another presents, these usually consisted of some famous deer-head; for these Nimrods not only vied with one another in the quantity of game they laid low, but also regarding their collections of antlers, upon which enormous sums were spent. For the famous sixty-six-tined head killed in 1696 by the Elector of Brandenburg, and which is still preserved at the castle of Moritzburg, near Dresden, it is said that the Elector of Saxony gave a company of the tallest grena-

diers in his army. For an abnormal thirty-six-point head one of the dukes of Würtemberg gave a whole village, with its inhabitants, land, houses, and church, including even the parson's prebend, as the chronicler does not forget to mention. A duke of Pomerania offered for a celebrated thirty-two-tined head which he was anxious to have for his collection a sum which would correspond to \$25,000 of our present money, and, what is more, his bid was refused. Upon the spots

The great banquetting-hall of the castle of Moritzburg is one of the sights with which no doubt many a traveled reader has been charmed. It is a chamber of noble proportions—sixty-six feet long by thirty-four feet wide and thirty-eight feet high. On its otherwise unadorned white walls hang seventy-one pairs of magnificent antlers, which one may describe as the most famous of their kind in the world. Not a single one carries less than twenty-four tines, or is less than two hundred



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BANQUETING-HALL IN CASTLE MORITZBURG, CONTAINING THE FINEST COLLECTION OF STAG ANTLERS EXTANT.

where great stags were killed monuments were erected; and in more than one instance monasteries and cloisters were founded in such localities, as well as in those where some great Nimrod had escaped mortal danger.

Of the famous collections of antlers formed in the seventeenth century only two or three have escaped the general fate of conflagrations, sieges, and pillage. One of them is in Moritzburg, the King of Saxony's historical hunting-castle, near Dresden; while in the celebrated gun-gallery in Dresden itself are to be seen, in an unrivaled show, the wonderfully inlaid arms used by the elector of whose doings the interesting shooting-list from which we have largely quoted gives such accurate account.

years old, while some are probably double that age.

Like the ladies of the French court, many of the German ladies of high degree were passionately addicted to sport, the only difference being that instead of following the deer on horseback, they used the firelock, a cumbersome, unwieldy weapon. Several of the great heads looking down from the lofty walls of Moritzburg were brought down by fair hands. Thus one magnificent head is of a stag shot by Duchess Magdalen of Saxony in 1656, during the rutting-time. The animal weighed close upon six hundredweight; while a yet larger stag of twenty-six points, scaling 850 pounds, was killed by Princess Frederika of Saxe-Eisenach in 1693. This was, so far

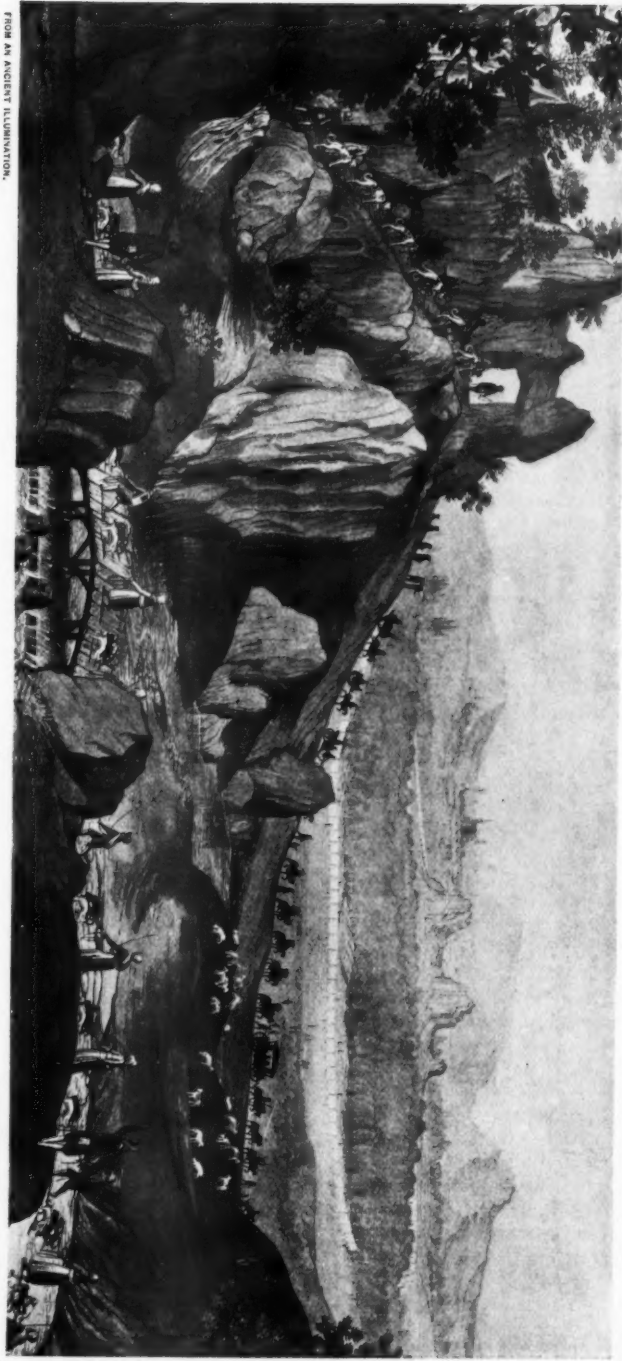
as the writer's researches show, by far the heaviest stag ever brought to grass by lady's hand.

Maria of the Netherlands was a royal lady who not only could track her stag and follow him with the hound in leash in the most scientific manner, but, after shooting him, could gralloch her victim, a somewhat unusual performance for a lady's hand. After cutting open the deer and removing the intestines and stomach, the carcass had to be prepared for the ceremony of the *curée*. This was an ancient custom by which the assembled sportsmen, officials, keepers, and underlings of all degree, standing in a great circle about the slain one, paid homage to the dead monarch of the forest. Amid loud fanfares of the hunting-horns, and the ancient hunting-cries, some of which date back to heathen times, the master of the hunt approached his royal master or mistress, as the case might be, and bending on one knee, presented the right fore leg of the stag, cut off at the knee-joint. This ceremony was usually performed only over the body of the largest deer shot that day, or over the quarry bagged by an important guest. A custom which was invariably observed, and is still followed on all formal occasions at the courts of German princes, is the *Strecke*, or the parading of the game, as it might be translated. In this display of the day's bag the various animals were laid in a long line, strictly according to the rank of the sportsmen who killed them, those obtained by the highest in rank of course coming first. After the hunt was over, the assembled company, headed by the host, passed along the line, inspecting it, some minor ceremonies, to which we have no space to refer, being observed.

Wild boars, it may be mentioned, were still generally killed with the spear, a proceeding which was full of danger, and required great presence of mind and great physical strength. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries this was a favorite sport, and strong and burly must have been the race that indulged in it. Of the «last knight», as Emperor Maximilian I is often called, it is told that in the days of his lusty youth, armed only with his hanger, he used to creep on his hands and knees into the lair of the fiercest boar, and slay the animal. Of Duke Ulrich of Würtemberg it is told that once, single-handed, he killed a monster wild boar which measured seven feet three inches in length, and was five feet two inches high at the shoulder!

The hounds employed to track and bay

wild boar were of the largest size; they were called English *dogges*, and had presumably a good deal of the mastiff about them, and high prices were paid for them. These hounds were furnished with regular armor made of the stoutest leather, thickly wadded, and underlaid with whalebone; but not even this always afforded protection against the formidable tusks of a great boar. Armored hounds were still used in the beginning of this century: thus at a court chasse in Würtemberg in 1812, out of a pack numbering 250 hounds, twenty, which were used only when large boars had to be bayed, were furnished with the old-fashioned armor. At the period when «closed hunts»—that is, when great masses of game were collected in inclosures—were all the fashion, it became necessary to catch these beasts in the forest, and then to transport them in covered cars to the inclosure. This often occupied hundreds of men for weeks, and the catching was accomplished by driving the boars into pits filled with water, and catching them about the neck with long tongs-shaped instruments as they tried to land. To drive the animals on such occasions only ordinary hounds were used. The quantity of game collected for a great court chasse was often enormous. At one held by Duke Charles of Würtemberg, in the last century, there were collected 6000 head of red and roe deer and 2600 wild boars. The damage done by wild boars to crops was exceedingly great, and the complaints of the peasantry of the last-mentioned country, and of the duchy of Hesse, where this species of game stood for centuries in the special regard of the rulers, betray a hardly credible condition of things. When Duke Charles Alexander, of the former duchy, died, in the first decade of the last century, the outcry about these damages was so serious, and open rebellion so imminent, that the new duke ordered that the game should be reduced. The reduction consisted in shooting 19,567 head of red deer and wild boars; but the complaints were not stopped by it, as there is ample proof in contemporary documents, where indignant surprise is expressed at the audacity of «those wretched knaves of peasants» for daring to interfere with the «good pleasure of our august sovereign»! Another hardship which pressed cruelly on the peasantry of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was the «service of the chase», to which brief reference has already been made. It is easy to fancy to one's self with what intense hatred all the lower classes looked upon game and upon the degenerated



FROM AN ANCIENT ILLUMINATION.

RETURNING FROM THE CHASE.

aspect of what these splendor-loving potentates chose to call « noble sport.»

The dusty shelves of musty old archives, where the writer, after doing battle with the accumulated cobwebs of several generations, has spent many a busy day, have revealed dozens of quaint instances of devotion to the chase shown by grizzly Nimrods of olden days—instances which might be termed a regular worship of the cult of which Diana was the prescribed goddess. Thus of one hard-drinking landgrave, of whom it was said that the Evil One had stood godfather to him, and who would never let a «black coat» or priest, approach him, we read that whenever he passed certain great heads killed by himself and hung in the corridors of his castle, he would doff his hat, and insist that all the gentlemen of his suite should pay similar homage to «God's noblest creation.» Another, Duke William the Red of Würtemberg, would order great triumphal arches, which were adorned with figures representing Diana and her attendant nymphs, to be erected in his forest, and by means of his extraordinarily efficient *équipage de chasse* the deer would be forced to run under these arches, where rosaries made of large wooden beads, and of the orthodox number, were thrown over their antlers. «Thus prepared for death,» as the account from which this is quoted says, «the stags would rush to meet it at the hand of the royal hunter.»

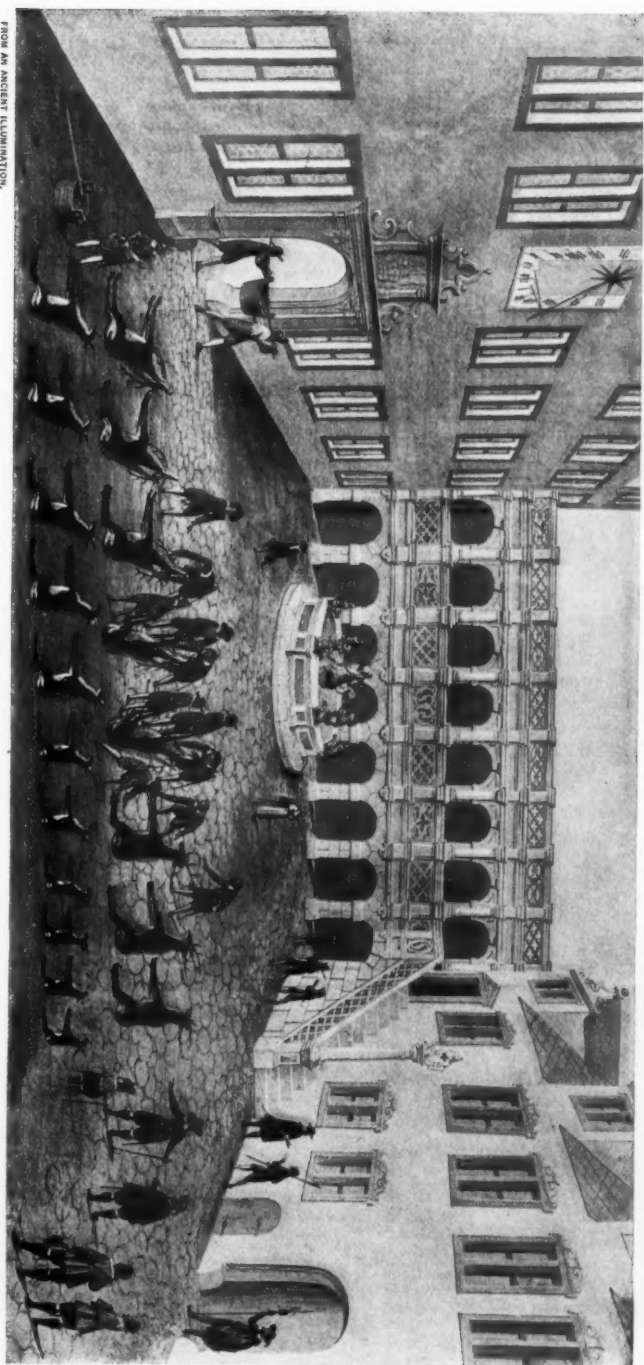
With men of this stamp the chase took precedence of everything else, and the most urgent affairs of state were neglected, or had to bide the time the lord could spare later. So when the deputation of great Bohemian nobles came to offer the crown of their country to Elector John George I of Saxony, the mighty Nimrod of whose prowess the enormous bags we mentioned spoke so eloquently, he sent word that if the deputation wished to see him they would have to come to his shooting-lodge; for during «the rutting-time of stags he could not well be expected to absent himself from that locality.» His answer to their offer of a king's crown was equally that of a sportsman in whose eyes the chase was the only consideration in life. He refused the offer, so one is told, because the Bohemian stags were not as large or as plentiful as his Saxon deer.

Bears were no longer very frequent in Germany in the seventeenth century. The 102 representatives which figure in the shooting-list of the Elector John George I in forty-five years were, we may well suppose, obtained only by dint of the greatest exertion and con-

stant watchfulness on the part of an army of huntsmen. Bears' paws, we find from numerous records, were frequently sent as presents from one court to another, as they were considered the greatest delicacy. The usual manner in which bruin was hunted was to track him with hounds and have the forest surrounded by beaters. When the hounds had bayed the beast, men like Maximilian, or other fearless sportsmen, would approach their quarry in the same way that they would a wild boar—namely, with the spear; but this was not every royal hunter's business, and in most cases we may take it for granted that the firelock ended bruin's days. The old custom according to which the head of the bear and the right fore paw belonged to the duke, while the left paw was the perquisite of the priest who accompanied the hunting-party to administer the last sacrament to those injured in the fray, betokens that it was considered a fairly riskful sport. Of accidents there are, of course, numerous records; for firearms were not only clumsy, but much less effective than modern arms of precision. One of the worst accidents in bear-hunts of which record has come down to us occurred in a hunt of Henry IV of France, when a wounded bear killed seven beaters who could not get out of his way.

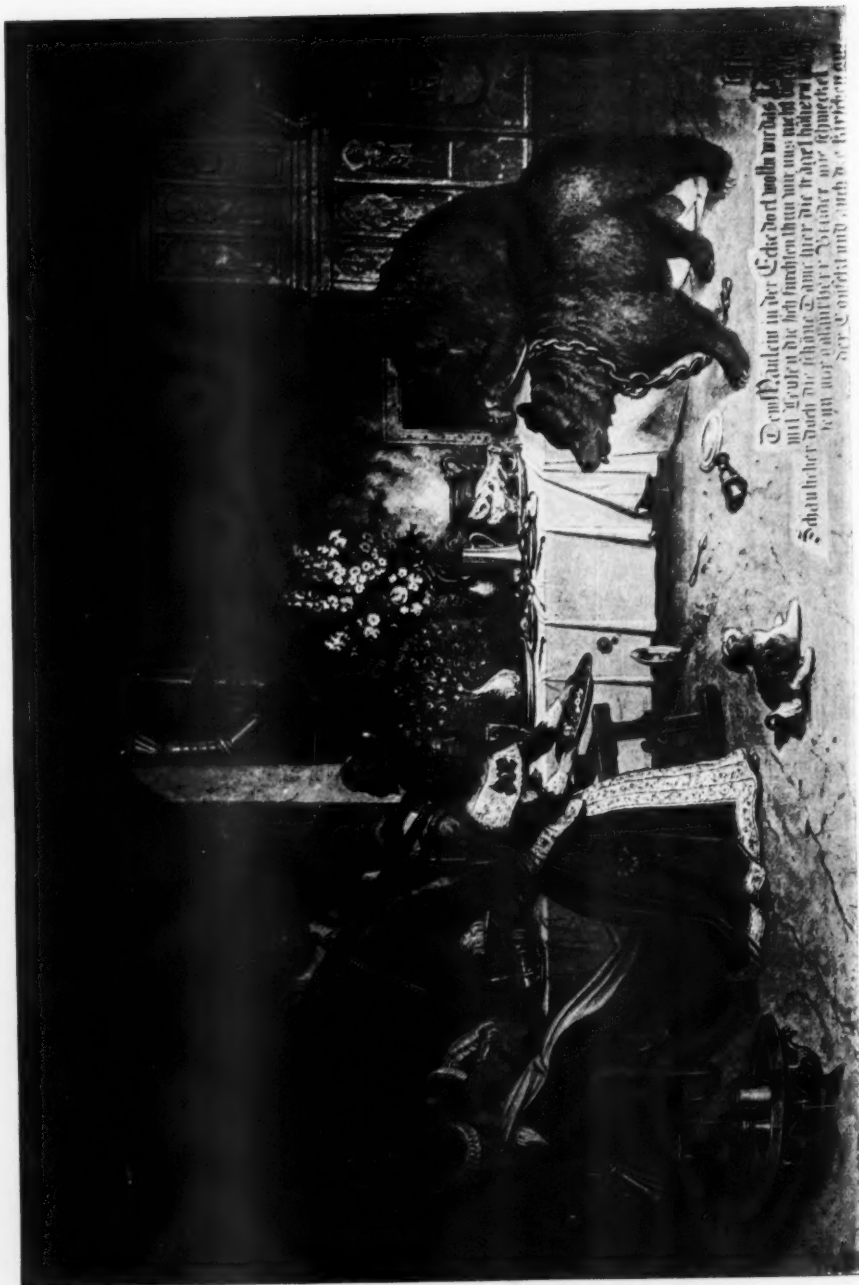
Bear-baiting, as has already been shown, was a very favorite amusement; the bears were often matched against other beasts, among them the lion, the rare aurochs, and wolves. When fights with the latter were arranged, a large, heavy tub filled with water was put in the middle of the arena, and into this receptacle the worried bear promptly got, and from it he defended himself by a free use of his powerful paws, affording thereby much amusement to the audience. It was not always easy to induce the bear, if he remained victor, to return to his cage. One of the means employed to bring this about was to dress up a man in the guise of a dragon, with the flames of torches issuing from mouth and eyes, and thus frighten the bear, and so induce him to retreat in the desired direction.

All great lords had bears in walled-in spaces in their castles, and in more than one this custom is kept up to this day. For instance, at the *Festung* at Coburg a family of bears occupy the four-hundred-year-old *Zwinger*, or bear-garden, with its ancient grilles and trap-doors. Predecessors of the present occupants were two hundred years ago the heroes of an amusing incident which illustrated woman's courage in unexpected



FROM AN ANCIENT ILLUMINATION.

THE PARADE OF GAME.



PAINTING BY SCHNEIDER.

THE COURAGEOUS DUCHESS OF COBURG PACIFYING THE BEARS.

Dem Menschen in der Ecke dort wollen wir das
mit Gewalt die hoch hinstellen thut nur uns nicht
Schauder doch die schone Dame hier die trauer habere
hau nur aufhört zu weinen wie schreiet
der Tod und auch die Kirschen

emergencies. The bears had somehow got loose, and made their appearance in the banqueting-hall, where the ducal family and court were at dinner. The only person who preserved her presence of mind was the duchess, who, taking a large platter of sweetmeats, of which she knew the bears were very fond, went toward them, and thus pacified them. A large fresco in the castle hall represents the scene shown on the opposite page.

One of the most singular innovations was the sport of fox-tossing, in which the court ladies took a prominent part. This fox-tossing consisted, as our illustration shows and the name indicates, in tossing animals into the air by means of canvas or cord tossing-slings, which were narrow bands some twenty-five feet long, held at both ends by the two tossers. This game was usually played in the large courtyards of royal castles, about which a high canvas screen was stretched so as to prevent the animals escaping. As the terrified foxes or other game were running wildly about the inclosure, leaping over the slings, the center of which rested on the ground, it behooved the tossers to jerk the animals into the air as forcibly as their strength permitted. Skilled male tossers could toss a fox twenty-four feet high. To prolong the sport the ground was covered with a thick layer of sand or sawdust, so as not to kill the wretched animal at the first toss. A great number of couples—generally a lady and gentleman were partners—could participate at the same time, and the quantity of game thus slaughtered on great occasions was something almost beyond belief, the rivalry between the separate couples giving additional zest to the cruel amusement. At the Saxon court, which was then the most pleasure-loving one in Germany, Elector Frederick Augustus, who subsequently became King of Poland, and who is perhaps better known as Augustus the Strong, was the first to introduce this amusement. This monarch, while mentally one of the most vacillating of rulers, was physically one of the strongest men of any age. Considering that he could hold standing on the palm of his outstretched hand a fully equipped cavalryman, it can hardly surprise one to hear that when he engaged in fox-tossing he would hold his end of the tossing-sling with one finger, and notwithstanding that the two men who held the other end were the strongest to be found,

they were no match for him. It was he, also, who introduced heavier animals, such as two-year-old wild boars and even wolves. At a famous fox-tossing in Dresden there were tossed 687 foxes, 533 hares, 34 badgers, 21 wildcats, and at the end 34 young wild boars and 3 wolves were turned into the inclosure, «to the great delectation of the cavaliers, but to the terror of the noble ladies, among whose hoop-skirts the wild boars committed great havoc, to the endless mirth of the assembled illustrious company.» That injuries on such occasions were not infrequent need hardly be mentioned, and more than one tosser was marked for life by the claws of a wildcat or the tusks of a young boar. The former animals, as one writer remarks, «do not give a pleasing kind of sport, for if they cannot bury their claws and teeth in the faces or legs of the tossers, they cling to the tossing-slings for dear life, and it is next to impossible to give one of these animals a skilful toss.»

At some of the minor German courts fox-tossing remained long in favor. Landgravine Emily of Hesse, an ancestress of the present grand-ducal house of Hesse-Cassel, was a great patroness of the sport; but it was left to Duke Louis of Brunswick to add a further element of grotesque absurdity to this amusement by inventing masked fox-tossings. Not only did the players put on bizarre costumes, dressing themselves up as Dianas, sprites of the wood, nymphs, hobgoblins, centaurs, sphinxes, and other creatures of mythology, but these master-buffoons did the same thing to the animals they tossed. By means of cardboard, bits of gaudy cloth, and tinsel, the wretched foxes and hares—these latter being the favorites for this purpose—were dressed up in the most fantastic manner imaginable, unpopular personages or political foes being represented in as lifelike a manner as possible. At the end of this farcical buffoonery, when the layer of sand in the great courtyard was sodden with the blood of the wretched hares and foxes, the whole company of courtiers, cavaliers, and noble ladies finished off the day's «sport» by a torchlight masquerade through the rambling park of the château; or they took part in some bombastic stage-play, where they represented themselves as gods and goddesses, or personified the great warriors of history or heroes of mythology. It was indeed a period meriting the name *baroque* in sport, as well as in art, manners, and customs.

W. A. Baillie-Grohman.

AN ARGONAUT.



HUGH HOWELL lay in a hospital ward, drawing the first long breath of consciousness after the horror of a railroad accident. He remembered, just as they were surging around a curve, he had heard the sudden grinding of the brakes, then the car-wheels pounding along on the ties, followed by a numbing crash, through which he had a vague sense of quietly sinking into bottomless depths of gloom, with the sound of escaping steam gradually growing fainter in his ears. Now he was surrounded by white curtains, which the breeze from an open window fanned to and fro. He became aware, too, of a sense of woodenness as to his right side. Other than that he was comfortable, peaceful. A calm-faced nun passed quietly but swiftly along the corridor at the foot of his cot, carrying a steaming bowl. Two young men at a table near him were talking quietly. Hugh could hear them distinctly.

"We thought," one of them said, "that he was getting along nicely, but suddenly yesterday afternoon he took a turn for the worse, and died. It was a most interesting case. The upper part of the stomach must have been completely paralyzed by the shock."

Here Hugh tried to lift his own arm, but found it stiff and insensible to his will.

"Paralyzed," he repeated apprehensively to himself.

"Must have been paralyzed from the first," the young doctor went on, "while the lower part went on performing its functions. The line of demarcation could have been drawn to a hair just where the boiler fell on him. There was a well-defined discoloration eighteen inches wide at least. It was a beautiful case!"

Hugh made a slight noise, and when one of the physicians looked toward him he beckoned him with his eyes.

"Paralyzed?" he repeated. "That my fix?"

"Oh, you're all right," the doctor said, with his customary professional air of reassurance. "You'll be out of this all right yet. You're smashed up a bit, though. You've been out of your head for a week."

Hugh passed his hand over his brow in a troubled sort of way. He noticed then for

the first time that he had the use of his left hand, and he looked at it curiously.

"Right side out of kilter?" he asked, unconsciously dropping into the physician's semi-professional tone.

"Yes," the physician answered cheerfully. "How long have I been here?" Hugh queried.

"Week," the doctor said, moving away. "Want some chicken-broth?"

"How long have I got to stay here, and where am I?" Hugh queried anxiously.

"Oh," said the doctor, as he drew out his watch and absently consulted it, "this is Newberg, California, and you'll be out in a month unless there's some new complication in your case. Only you must keep quiet."

"Well, as there's nothing else to do, I guess I ought to manage that," Hugh commented grimly.

All his present existence seemed to him made up of the regular round of the hospital, the quiet and the restless patients, occasional groans of pain, an occasional tune hummed by a convalescent, and the movements of the kindly sisters who kept the place clean and cheerful with innately motherly touches.

Outside, the bright sunlight, the quiet square of green, and the trees, seen through the window, seemed mockery, and smote his senses with a feeling almost of physical pain.

He was thirty years old. For ten years he had been in a wholesale cloth-importing house. During this period he had married a pretty accountant who had been in the establishment before him. They had kept house in an unpretentious flat. Life had been sweet, bitter, and commonplace to them in turn, as is the experience of most. They had lost their only child, and later Hugh had lost his position through the failure of the firm for which he worked. These experiences, the most momentous of their lives, had left them with a sincere affection for each other, but with little sentiment between them. They had settled some time since into the sober approval and forbearance with each other which is often the basis of a peaceful domestic life.

Hugh had plenty of time now to dwell on these things, as he lay there with the sole immediate object of keeping still. In earlier

years he would have been vastly impatient at such a prospect, and would have telegraphed immediately for his wife to bear him company. Now he found himself wondering why he should trouble her. Besides, it would take all their little savings to bring her to him, and why should he demand such a sacrifice?

Since he had lost his position they had lived in a country place left by Bessie's parents, and she had supported them by keeping a few boarders. This had been very trying to Hugh Howell, for he was not the sort of man to live contentedly upon his wife's earnings. He had really moved all his powers toward securing another position, but luck had been against him, and now the failure had driven him westward as a last resort.

From the first of his consciousness he had known that in all probability Bessie thought him dead. A newspaper account had by some mistake printed his name among the black-lettered list of the killed. He was shocked inexpressibly at the first instant of finding it there, and his first impulse had been to send at once a message to his wife. He thought of her horror and grief at reading the account; then it occurred to him that it had all happened days before. "She must have read it long before now," he thought. "She thinks I'm dead. Well, better so for Bess," he said bitterly as he thought of himself wounded and maimed, perhaps for life. In the course of the day, when the doctor came on his regular round, Hugh looked up at him eagerly.

"Doctor," he said, "I'm likely not to get out of this whole, eh?"

"Well, old chap," the doctor said, "I can't promise you much use of that right side. The arm seems done for. Still, of course there's always hope in a paralytic case."

"All right," Hugh said, as he leaned back heavily. The doctor thought him apathetic.

After that Hugh lay desperately planning out his future. He would send no message to Bess beyond a copy of the newspaper to make sure she should read that account of the disaster.

"If I never get over this,"—looking at his limp, useless arm,— "she's better off as it is. If I do, I'll make it up to her."

When he received his discharge from the hospital he went out with a crutch and a cane, without hope of prosperity and without interest in life, except to repeat to himself, "If I ever do get straight I'll make it up to Bess."

He found himself in a mining country. He had always had great interest in mineralogy;

that had, in part, lured him to the West. In the days of his clerkship he had read the science during his leisure hours and evenings as a diversion.

In the mountains about Newberg he prospected, hobbling about among the newly staked claims, overturning stones with his cane, peering about the roots of the pines, and looking at the ore from the great lodes and deposits of promising-looking mineral discovered about him every day.

He kept glittering bits of good ore about him to compare with the mineral he found. Finally a lone prospector like himself offered him a partnership in a "grub-stake" out of his respect for the technical knowledge of ores that Hugh possessed. They spent the summer together, the "grub-stake" guaranteed by a supply-store where the prospector worked in winter-time. One of their claims seemed particularly promising. They worked about it what little they could, but a very slight depth brought them to rock that it was necessary to blast and drill. That required money, and they had none. There was no degree of certainty about the quality of the mineral, but they believed in it. When a chance to sell their claim offered, Hugh was particularly loath to part with the bit of hole, but his partner urged the sale. That would give them a little ready money, and they had no doubt of further success if they could only blast and drill. They sold out for eight hundred dollars, with lively hope of turning this at once into thousands. Then Hugh would go home for Bess, and she should come out in a palace-car, with a new gown for every day in the week, and no more work as long as she chose to fold her little hands. That should make up to her that her husband was crippled, and should atone for all the hardship of the past.

Six weeks after they had sold their claim the new owners had sunk a hundred feet, and they held the mine at eighty thousand dollars; they actually refused half that sum for it.

But alas! for the varying fortunes of a mining-camp: at the end of the season the prospects had proved disappointing. Winter found the tents gone, and only the log cabins with their mud chimneys overlooked the myriad deep, round holes about the hillside, caverns of a thousand hopes.

The next season Hugh drifted back to the deserted camp. He worked among the mines, sometimes finding a little suggestion of pay-ore, sometimes a tiny "pocket" of the pure metal.

Every spring-time after that found him there among the ruins.

It was twenty years before he went East to look for Bess. He was not a bonanza king then—only a miner; but a modestly productive "pocket" made the journey possible. At forty-five he had outlived the paralysis, and had meant every summer since then to go East and see his wife. He longed to know if she was well and comfortable, but he hesitated to go without the reward he had planned for her, and fortune had lurked outside his grasp. Still he was not wholly poor; life would be comfortable, he thought, if Bess were only there to make his miner's home cheery. He never doubted her faithfulness to his memory. He had never been disloyal to his dream of returning for her. He found that she still lived in the little country place. She had always lived there, working hard, but keeping the place orderly, peaceful, and comfortable.

He wrote to her of his hurt, his journeying, and his long, weary toil hoping to bring home a fortune to her. He exchanged his miner's denim for a new suit of cloth, awkward and ready-made, with deep-set creases. He felt entirely strange in it; it marked the beginning of his long homeward journey.

He found Bess so round and matronly that his fancy, his memory, refused to realize that it was she. He went unannounced to the cottage, and found her with sleeves rolled up and a churning in progress in the middle of the freshly washed kitchen floor. She meant that Hugh, coming back as if from the dead, should find things decent, a fresh churning done, a baking finished. She worked intensely getting things in shape. She gave her narrow domestic mind to these things, to the exclusion of sighs or takings on, though she brushed away a tear now and then as she worked, thinking of his pathetic life. Beyond this, if she had given herself time from her work, she would have been bewildered, her life had so shaped itself to its narrow groove.

As she turned with a water-bucket in her hand, Hugh stood in the doorway. His hair was iron-gray, his face weather-beaten; she hardly knew him, but stepped back, grasping the bucket with both hands.

"Is it you, Hugh?" she gasped.

"Guess it is, Bess," he said simply; and taking the water-bucket, he solemnly shook her by the hand. Then he said, "I'll bring the water."

"No," she said; "sit down, Hugh; I'm used to it"; and regaining the bucket, she brushed him aside.

Half bewildered, he watched her as she swept quickly down the willow-bordered path.

"Just as spry as ever," he said absently, half admiring, half wondering. A pet calf called to her from its inclosure. Chickens hurried along as though sure of her interest in them. She paused for a second, with nervous care, to tuck up a wandering spray of a blackberry-bush.

Hugh watched her intently as she bustled about putting a savory dinner on the table. At her suggestion he had drawn a chair beyond the line of her activity.

"You'll rest quiet there," she said in a half-motherly fashion. It seemed to her as though this pilgrim had been wandering ceaselessly all the years of his absence, and she urged pityingly that he must be weary.

After dinner was cleared away she was out bareheaded in the yard, calling to the pet calf, feeding the fowls, and keeping some greedy turkeys at bay while the small chicks ate.

Then she returned to the house and made herself especially neat. She wore a tidy wrapper, and tied about her ample waist her finest muslin apron with elaborately knitted lace. It served only on great occasions, but she was doing honor to Hugh's return.

She felt very strange. Her nervous care was evident, but she strove to seem composed and natural as she finally settled herself by an open window opposite the wanderer.

"Well, Hugh," she said, as if waiting for him to pronounce away the strangeness of it all. He told her then of all the weary years: of his illness, his fleeting glimpse of fortune, and his final settling down in California.

"And now," he concluded simply, "you'd better pick up and go back with me. The claim won't get on very long without me."

"Why, Hugh," she said, dropping her knitting to her lap, "I can't. Why, I could n't think of it. Who would see to things here?"

He urged her to sell her home, her fowls, her pets. She shook her head sadly. She was native to the soil, and it was impossible for her to think of any such transplanting.

"No, Hugh," she said; "here's where I belong, and here's where I must stay. Why, I've picked out the place, on the rise yonder, where I want to be buried."

"Well, Bess," he said at last, slowly, "I'd considered a lot about having you slick up things out yonder,"—his gaze wandered admiringly but unconsciously about the decent

kitchen,—«but I reckon I'll have to make shift without you if you will have it so.»

They were bound only by the ties of old association. Their native loyalty still held them to those ties, but beyond that they were strangers.

Hugh Howell left again for the distant gold-fields. It was beyond his imagination that he could give up his plans of life and remain an encumbrance in Bessie's home; and so again he started out, an old and weary

pilgrim, to seek the chary gifts of fortune. He shook her hand almost tenderly at parting.

«Good-by, Bess,» he said. «When I strike it rich I'll come back and—» he waved his hand about, vaguely intimating a desire to lift her out of her life of petty care.

Her hand shaded moist eyes as she watched his figure down the dusty road, for she saw that his shoulders were rounded and stooped, and that he leaned on his staff of manzanita.

Marie Frances Upton.

INHERITANCE.

WE wondered why he always turned aside
 When mirth and gladness filled the brimming days.
 Who else so fit as he for pleasure's ways?
 Men thought him frozen by a selfish pride;
 But that his voice was music none denied,
 Or that his smile was like the sun's warm rays.
 One day upon the sands he spoke in praise
 Of swimmers who were buffeting the tide:
 «The swelling waves of life they dare to meet.
 I may not plunge where others safely go.
 Unbidden longings in my pulses beat.»
 O blind and thoughtless world! you little know
 That ever round this hero's steadfast feet
 Surges and tugs the dreaded undertow.

Mary Thacher Higginson.

«SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF.»

NOW all the cloudy shapes that float and lie
 Within this magic globe we call the brain
 Fold quite away, condense, withdraw, refrain,
 And show it tenantless—an empty sky.
 Return, O parting visions, pass not by;
 Nor leave me vacant still, with strivings vain,
 Longing to grasp at your dim garment's train,
 And be drawn on to sleep's immunity.
 I lie and pray for fancies hovering near;
 Oblivion's kindly troop, illusions blest;
 Dim, trailing phantoms in a world too clear;
 Soft, downy, shadowy forms, my spirit's nest;
 The warp and woof of sleep; till, freed from fear,
 I drift in sweet enchantment back to rest.

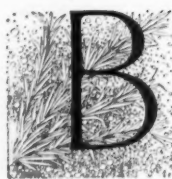
Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE DAYS OF JEANNE D'ARC.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD,
Author of "The Romance of Dollard," "The White Islander," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY BOUTET DE MONVEL.

VII.



BERTRAND DE POULENGY grasped the handle of a chain which hung beside the closed gates of the Augustine convent to ring for admission, when one gate-leaf opened, and Pierre d'Arc came out.

Made resplendent by the dauphin as one of the household of the pucelle, in hose and tunic of new cloth, burnished cuirass, with hat and plume, with leather shoes so light that his feet seemed winged, with hatchet in girdle and sword hung at his side, Pierre's handsome figure was conspicuous on the street. The narrow Rue des Halles had received its fullness of morning light, and every round small stone of the paving shone warm and dry. There was a bright grayness about Tours even in cloudy weather, but when the sun shone out it was a dazzling city full of joyful stir.

"Eh! I was about to demand you of the friars," said Bertrand; "everything is so forward that the troops will move to-morrow instead of next day. The pucelle is about to ride out and review them. The horses are at the door, and officers are waiting to escort her. Make haste, sluggard! You fare too soft with the churchmen."

"I have some excuse in this half-healed cut that I still carry; but I stopped also to confession this morning," said Pierre. "Since Brother Pasquerel has been appointed my sister's confessor—and glad I am it is that good man one can love instead of some others I have seen in this convent—he has fixed his eyes on me in a way I cannot bear. It does go against me to be righteous, Bertrand. I cannot stand up to it. How do you stand it yourself?"

"I ought to be a friar," responded Bertrand, with irony; "a monastic life would bring out virtues that are now hid in me."

Pierre rested his arm on his friend's shoulder as they walked. "You are not the

man you were, lad; your cheek has thinned and your eye has grown deep. Sometimes I have qualms myself in this strange country. If it were not for the fighting ahead, I could wish we were all children again, watching the cattle hid in the island."

"It is the new squire that saps my cheek. By St. Martin! I am tired of these multitudes of men. At Chinon we must have a page—one of these fellows with a quill behind his ear, but quick with his sword and his cursed tongue—you have seen the varlet; and now we have the equipage of a noble added—two heralds, two servants, a steward, a confessor, and another squire. The heralds, the servants, the steward, and the confessor I am, by prayer and fasting, able to embrace," said Bertrand, speaking with bitter deliberation; "but damn the other squire!"

Pierre turned his laughing gray eyes affectionately on his friend's bunch of light hair. Bertrand's hair jutted heavily forward, breaking into a curled mass at the front. From crown to nape he was shorter than from forehead to chin. It was the habit of his hat to creep backward, uplifting its edge like a halo.

"Lad, I do love thee, and I invoke the saints that my sister may not reform thee as well as the troops. Concerning the following they give her, she has no desire for it. The dauphin does it to show her honor, Brother Pasquerel tells me. It is the customary suite of a person of dignity in arms. Soldiers and mercenaries might hold her in slight regard if she had less."

"From a good knight like De Metz of Novelopont I can take commands," pursued Bertrand; "but this squire, who is put over me because he is older, he is my chief trouble; I have no other."

Pierre tightened his arm on Bertrand. They were not the only pair moving linked in a half-embrace. Tours was alive with roaring fellows, even at that morning hour inviting everybody to go where drinking was good, for pure joy that the troops were to march so soon. They walked in the center of the paved street, giving way to companies of

horsemen, who forced them often to the doors of overhanging house-fronts. Shouts and the clink of armor and the rattle of bits filled the town. From the direction of the river-wall came that tinkle of hammers on metal which told that all the armorers of Tours were working all hours of the day until late spring twilight, and the credit of Charles of France among their craft was unlimited. The miraculous maid was now security enough for her sovereign. She had all the strength of heaven behind her. Men ran out of their shops, and women leaned out of their windows, to see her ride by in steel armor so burnished that it was as white as light, her spirited horse, which had been given her by one of the nobles that now flocked to court, controlled by a skilled hand. Every day she practised arms and tilted at quintain, a figure so balanced that it must be struck fairly or overthrow the rider. And there was also money to pay now for the equipment of an army. Troops were gathering at Blois, the next important town between Tours and Orléans. Yolande of Sicily had found the open hand of Jacques Cœur of Bourges more generous than ever on account of the maid's fame.

At the western end of the street stood St. Martin's great church, flanked on one corner by a square gray pile called the tower of Charlemagne. Its flying buttresses framed segments of a gauzy sky. Bertrand and Pierre threaded their way around its side and beyond the western portal. Within sight was the town house of Jehan Dupuy, the seignior of Roche-Saint-Quentin,¹ whose wife had guardianship of the maid in Tours. The seignior of Roche-Saint-Quentin was Queen Yolande's man of affairs. His wife had been the playmate and friend of Marie of Anjou. The dauphin thought of no better place for his approved agent while the troops were gathering than the house of this faithful vassal.

Horses and varlets waited about the large portal. Before ascending the stairs to the upper room where Jeanne received people who came to see her, Pierre had formed what he wished to say to his friend. He had a large unconsciousness of self. Two or three days had accustomed him to military dress. His good will extended to all the human race, and the curious stare of the waiting servants passed over him without his feeling it. He bent his head closer to the other's ear; his dark-lashed eyes were serious.

"Bertrand, if you had not been with Jehannette when she left Vaucouleurs, nothing could have kept me from following her

directly. I did not know the other men; but I knew you, and it made my mind quite easy. Let the dauphin put an army of squires, pages, and servants about her; who can ever be trusted as you are?"

The shorter man looked up at Pierre, his face flushing almost to tears, and whitening instantly until the skin looked drawn on his features.

"My spirit is breaking, Pierre. It grows worse and worse with me. I'm glad you've come to put some manhood into me again. When we were in Poitiers, and people yet doubted her, and she had to sit and answer all kinds of puzzling questions put by learned men, and there was a chance of her being turned back from the dauphin's service, I thought my heart would break if they refused her; but now that she has been accepted, and everybody is crowding after the pucelle, I cannot endure that. Take me to some convenient place, and knock me on the head with your ax, Pierre. I am a poor creature."

"You are the best fellow I ever knew," declared Pierre; "and when we have something to do besides waiting in lodgings for the march upon Orléans, it will be better with you."

They entered with the freedom of attendants the large upper chamber where Jeanne was busy with officers, and the lady of Roche-Saint-Quentin sat by with her embroidery. Pierre's figure fell into the attitude of waiting. He folded his arms, and watched his sister's back and the short hair flying above her tunic. He had noticed that her language was softened, but there was change in her which life among the courtly and learned could not make in a few weeks. She was now the strangely commissioned virgin of war, whose business was larger than he could yet comprehend. Yet when he had come into Tours, sick and sore, beside Brother Pasquerel, and met her riding with the young Duc d'Alençon on a prancing horse which that nobleman had given her, shining in her burnished armor through the midst of a company like a pageant, she cried to her brother, "Oh, Pierre!" and spurred up close to throw her mailed arms around his neck. She was his same dear maid, but with every motion of this new spirit showing in her face. Pierre had no traffic with heaven himself, except in the heartiest and most animal way, and he felt astounded by the solid results of visions. For he had expected, at the best, little more than permission to march on foot with his sister to Orléans, and indulgence to break the head of any man who insulted a maid-at-

¹ M. Henri Destrégail, Tours.

arms; but he found her the autocrat of an army, dictating with the power of the church to old soldiers.

One of the two with whom she conferred was a courtier, a tall, thin-nosed man, who said little, but examined her with constant scrutiny. He leaned against the wall, holding his plumed cap at his side, and crossing his feet, with one long shoe resting on its point. It was his friend who talked—a short and bristling man, whose person seemed compressed lengthwise to enormous strength. This was Étienne de Vignolles, who always spoke of himself as La Hire, and never claimed his particular body and soul with the pronoun I. The two men were inseparable. In all their experience of war, it was the first time they had been moved by the thrill of a young voice declaring in their ears:

"We must clear the camps of sin. If we are to be terrible to the enemy, it must be through religion. Can God go before an army that continually blasphemes his name? When I rode among the troops yesterday, and forbade their cursing, they said, 'If Messire La Hire will stop it, we will stop it also.'"

"The varlets felt safe in promising that," remarked La Hire, winking aside at his tall friend. "La Hire hath the best name in France for a plump oath that fills the mouth from jowl to jowl and tongue to roof; and it doth taste as sweet as meat, pucelle."

"La Hire would burst if he could not swear," said the tall knight.

"Yes; Poton knows La Hire well. Reform Poton de Xantrailles. He is a mannerly man, and would repay the labor it cost to make him a Christian."

"I often curse the bad habits I learn of La Hire," said the tall knight.

"But he is a bride to me," declared La Hire. "La Hire would be glad to curse for Poton and himself both, and save Poton the sin."

"You must not swear," Jeanne's voice was silver, but it went through hearers like iron.

"Oh, pucelle, do let La Hire swear! It is impossible—" the stout warrior threw his hands from side to side. "La Hire was born swearing, as other babes were born squalling, and he must swear."

"You can say (*En nom Dé*)," suggested Jeanne, "which is the same as a prayer in my country."

"Oh, if La Hire began with the name of God, he would never stop while there was a saint left in the calendar. Let him swear, pucelle. He can jarnedieu an Englishman speechless, though with their poor rough language the English do swear as well as they can."

"No; you shall not have leave even to jarnedieu in the army of God. If swear you must, swear by this rod I hold in my hand. No harm can come of swearing by a baton carried by a maid."

"Swear by nothing but a stick when heaven is full of good, mouth-filling stuff! Oh, pucelle!" groaned the culprit. "La Hire would not lay a stick in thy way, but thou hast put one in his. Oh, by my baton!"

He turned like a bull in distress toward the two young men, grinning in wrinkles of sun-hardened flesh; and Jeanne turned also, laughing, but with a rainbow laugh made partly of tears. The entreathy swimming in her eyes, and the swelling of her innocent throat, brought La Hire to the baton as no fanatic command could have done. In his heart he did revere her as a saintly child. She moved before the troops, a mysterious presence lent for a purpose. There was at that time such brutal license in the camps of Europe as gentler races are now incapable of. "Men-at-arms," says a chronicler, "resembled mercenaries badly paid by the king. Rape, incendiarism, assassination, cost them little; blasphemy cost them nothing." Yet such men had their adorations. The habits of the pucelle's life were talked of among them. She would not receive or have speech with anybody after sunset, and a woman always slept in the same chamber with her. The lady of Roche-Saint-Quentin remained beside her, except when she rode out to practise horsemanship in the sight of the troops.

Jeanne's armor lay piled ready upon a table, where the sun struck it, making bosses of fire, and turning the many diminishing plates of the fingers into gauntlets of sparkles. She put herself directly in the hands of her squire to be armed, but Bertrand had not taken up a piece when she remembered to summon the men after her through a door at the end of the room. It led into one of the carved cabinets of that period, a narrow place, with one entire side of leaded glass, containing a long bench or table. On this was stretched a banner of the white linen then so uncommon in France that garments of it were considered treasures of royalty. On the surface lying uppermost was painted a figure like our Lord's, seated on a rainbow, with clouds underfoot, holding the globe in his hands. The name "Jhesus" was emblazoned in letters of gold. Jeanne lifted the banner in both hands and displayed the other side, where two kneeling angels each offered the Virgin a lily. Golden fleurs-de-lis sprinkled the white ground, and the name "Maria" shone

there. It was to be supported half its length by a rod along the top fitted into a spear.

"Here is my standard," said Jeanne; "it has been painted exactly as it was commanded. And the daughter of Messire Paure,¹ the painter, has helped me with the needlework."

De Xantrailles examined the work with his mocking courtier's smile, and said to her:

"It is a pity to lose hands from the tapestry that can set stitches like these."

"There are enough women left in France to sew and spin," answered Jeanne, seriously. "Though I thank God my mother taught me to handle needle and distaff as well as any maid in our valley."

La Hire took between finger and thumb the sacred fringe edging the banner, which Bertrand looked at without touching; but Pierre's eyes went past it to a maid sitting at the end of the room stitching a white pennon. She was the demoiselle he had seen in the cave house at Loches.

Pierre was not bold enough to claim her notice, and she sat without lifting a glance from her needlework, small hairs above her ears stirring in the air which came through an open pane. Hid like something precious in this inner room, she held herself aloof from all the men alike; but when Jeanne approached her, the pair talked eagerly together in familiar tenderness that warmed Pierre's imagination. He was able to picture to himself their hours of stitching and talking in this nest of carved wood and glass overlooking an old garden, while the lady of Roche-Saint-Quentin sat guarding them in the outer room. How a painter who had accepted from the dauphin twenty-five livres tournois for painting this standard could be the father of a demoiselle puzzled Jeanne's brother less than it would have puzzled a courtier. For Pierre neither poverty nor rank existed. Enough to eat and to wear, hills, valleys, and cattle for a possession, and vineyards as well, had been the rule of his life. There was no superior to bow to except the curé, and one bowed to the curé for religion's sake only. The divine right of kings was then part of every man's creed, and if the dauphin had crossed his path, he would have dropped to his knees before that earthly deity; but Pierre knew his sovereign only by hearsay.

"This is Pierrelo," said Jeanne, showing him to her friend; "he is almost cured of the wound he got in Loches."

¹ Her standard was executed after her instructions by a Scotch painter, James Power, resident in Tours.
—MARIUS SEPT.

It seemed to Pierre like a story of fairy work that he should meet this demoiselle in Tours, and it gave him a sense of greater things to come; for towns even in the same kingdom were then as remote from one another as continents now are. He thought about her all that day, and the few words she spoke to him as if she had forgotten feeding him bread and watered wine at Loches. The Scots were a cold people; but when he took opportunity to ask his sister more about her, riding through the camp, he found that the Scot's daughter was also French.

The Loire, the longest river in France, was then Charles's northern boundary, and Tours is on the south bank. The troops were to march along the north shore and join the main army at Blois. They had camped in the vineyard country, a good league on their way. Provisions and cattle, which Touraine was sending for the revictualing of Orléans, streamed all day along the road leading to camp; for the convoy was to move next daybreak.

Pierre loved the Loire better than any other sight in Tours. It was a stream of promise coming down from Orléans, the city of battle. The full volume of spring rolled in its bed. Scarcely a shallow was left in the wide expanse, though no river inclined more to shy around rocks, or pay its transparent silver pieces over shelves of gravel. There were meadows within its ancient barriers. An embankment along its northern shore from Blois past Tours to Angers had existed since Carolingian times, and the mighty river was further girdled in by a range of tower-like cliffs, where house doors, seen from the city, showed as dark rabbit-holes; for in this calcareous rock people had burrowed when the Romans entered Gaul.

Pierre galloped back from the camp toward Tours about sunset, having been left by the pucelle to bring her a last word from the troops before the gates closed. The Loire was then a pink-and-yellow glory at its western disappearance. Shifting islands in the channel, gigantic compared with the channel of the Meuse, looked warm in the dispersing glow. Women in the cave houses yet appeared at their open doors, and the heads of peasants in the fields on the cliff-top sometimes showed against the sky. Nearly all the convoy had reached its destination for the night, though a few belated carts were yet to be seen, and the last straggling men were hastening on foot from Tours. As cliffs darkened and river dimmed, the cave houses closed, and became by means of their air-holes a long constellation of little stars.

Ahead of him, Pierre saw two men seizing a woman—a small creature carrying a basket on her arm, and wearing a peasant's cloak and petticoat and shoes, and *couvre-chef* over her head. She screamed when the men made their onset, but struggled against them without a word, a solitary creature between inhabited bluffs and lonesome river. Pierre spurred at them in such rage that he felt he should split them to the breast-bone. Something about the timid figure reminded him of Mengette. But they dropped her cloak and took to their heels in dismay, for men of the camp already began to know him.

«It is the brother of the pucelle!»

He wheeled to chase them, but thought better of it, and reined in his horse and leaped off. The woman had picked up her cloak. She threw it over her tumbled bright hair and head-cover, shuddering away from Pierre's side, while he had not a word to say, for the fading sky showed him that she was the *demoiselle* Power. At that moment she was the safest woman in Touraine.

The *demoiselle* tried to laugh, her under lip still quivering. Pierre saw how young she was. The hennin and feminine hardy-coat had given her dignity which she lacked in peasant clothes. These garments brought her close to him, as if there had been old acquaintance. His passion for this half-foreigner began then, with the Loire and the twinkling cliffs and evening sky as its witnesses.

«I am much beholden to the brother of the pucelle,» she said when she could command her breath.

«Let me lift you to the saddle,» Pierre urged; «there be other varlets on the road drunker than the last.»

«No; they will note me more on the saddle than on the ground.»

«But I will walk beside the horse's head, *demoiselle*.»

«In that case they would pelt me with words worse than stones.»

«En nom *Dé*, *demoiselle*, what shall I do?»

«The road was never so bad before, and I was never so late. If you can come with me to St. Martin's well, and then let me walk near the horse while you ride back to Tours, I shall be safe.»

«Let you walk while I ride? I cannot.»

«Then I shall have to beg some woman in one of these cave houses to take me in until morning, as I had already thought of doing, for the gates of Tours will be closed; but tomorrow I may meet other varlets on the road, and you will be gone with the troops.»

Pierre felt the fact shock through him—he would be gone with the troops.

«I will do your bidding, *demoiselle*.»

«Then let us make haste to St. Martin's fountain.»

The necessity of human company kept her not far before him as they turned their backs on fields and banks of sand which made the ancient beach of the Loire. Down a lane burrowing along the cliff-side, with trees and rocks betwixt it and the highway, Pierre and his horse followed the *demoiselle*. She came to an oblong of darkness in the mountain base, which could be entered by descending many rude steps. Pierre tied his horse, and descended the steps with her. She took out a key and unlocked a gate at the bottom. There was a cold pavement of rock under their feet.

When she had unlocked the gate, some perception of her own unusual conduct made her turn upon him.

«Do not enter here with me.»

«I thought you wished me to enter with you, *demoiselle*.»

Bareheaded, Pierre ascended the steps to wait; but she called him, a child's fear of the dark in her voice.

«I cannot go in there with you, and it is so dreadful to go into the dark alone.»

«Let me go in for you, while you remain outside.»

«No; you do not know the place, and you would walk headlong into the well. It is sheer rock, and though the pebbled bottom be white as milk and the water like crystal, it would close in darkness over your head.»

«Then it is no safe place for a young maid to venture after nightfall.»

«This is the first time I have so ventured. I have been all the afternoon hiding from noisy villains along the road from Tours. The woman who keeps the key of this gate, and opens to pilgrims, had gone up to labor in the fields over the houses, and I was obliged to follow her.»

«Why did she not come with you?»

«I do not pay her. She is kind to let me have the key, and risk its lying under a stone after I have again locked the gate.»

The *demoiselle* took her basket from her arm and gave it to Pierre to hold. He had not meddled with it before, and he hardly allowed himself to see what it contained. She took out four wine-flasks, all fastened by their necks to a long loop of cord, and bade him set the pannier on a step. Above them in the zenith was yellow twilight, deepening its shadows to the dusk rocks about them. Her eyes, he saw, being near them,

were black; her skin had a white pallor as she faced him.

"I do not know how to govern myself; my mother is dead. On one side is my mother's noble family, who are not dear to me; on the other side is my father, who loves me. When we were in Scotland we lived simply like peasants, but when we come back to France everything I did there seems wrong. It is very puzzling. Did you ever try to obey two laws of conduct?"

Pierre shook his head. "One law of conduct hath been more than I could master, demoiselle."

"Yet I think," she reflected, "that my father and my grandmother and aunt De Beuil would agree in this matter, that the pucelle's brother might lay hold on my hand to keep me from falling into the holy well of St. Martin."

"They would certainly be agreed," affirmed Pierre.

She relaxed, and drew a long breath of relief.

"We must therefore enter the cavern together. Please hold my hand."

In that primal blank of darkness safety became the first human instinct. She slid her feet obliquely forward, holding his fingers with her left hand. Pierre had taken off his mailed glove. He felt with joy her reliant clutch as the small nails set themselves into his flesh. The demoiselle paused.

"I am glad you came in here with me," she breathed, and her low voice woke sounds in the blackness. "Pilgrims have walked on this cold stone barefoot to holy St. Martin's well; but even at midday, when the place is only a chamber of gloom, I dread it. The peasants say there are seven martyrs, who all perished in one day, lying far back in this cave. They call that portion the Grotto of Seven Sleepers. But I am afraid of hearing bones rattle."

She recoiled, and Pierre steadied her with both hands.

"I was standing on the brink."

"Let me draw the water," he urged; "I see the fountain."

He was answered by the splash of the bottles, which she had already lowered. The jerking gurgle of their drinking necks could be heard until they sank, and all the time the cavern was dawning to sight, from its sky of rock to the mouth of the fountain beside the left wall. Beyond there was nothing but black negation, a huge place choked as with thick substance of night.

"They are full," said the demoiselle, bringing her dripping bottles to hand. "Will you taste of St. Martin's well?"

"I will drink after you."

She touched a bottle to her lips, and gave it to him. "Make haste! It is almost night, and the gates of Tours will be closed; but you will be blessed for making this pilgrimage and drinking in the cave."

"I am blessed already," said Pierre. "In my whole life I shall never again drink such water. If we came here every day it might make a good Christian of me."

She stopped the bottles, and put them in her pannier, and locked the gate, hiding the key under a stone by the top step. Pierre was for carrying the pannier, but she commanded him:

"Mount, and leave the pannier to me. It is my safeguard. Ride a few steps behind me. I shall be safe if you ride near me through the city gates. They will be closed, and I may have trouble there."

"It is a long walk."

"The journey is nothing to me. I come twice a week, because my father is not able to make the pilgrimage, and he requires the water for a malady of the stomach."

"Does he send you thus?"

"He does not send me at all. He thinks I pay one of these peasants to carry it to him; but we are too poor, and it is too hard for my father to get money for me to give it foolishly to peasants when I can come here myself. I have been here four or five times, and there was never danger for a woman in these clothes until the troops began to gather. My old nurse in Loches gave my father these shoes and petticoat, and I often put them on when he wished to make pictures of peasants, and so thought of wearing them to this fountain. I never had anything to wear in my life," confided the demoiselle, "except what belonged to my mother; and grandeur is not as fit for me as these things of Marguerite's."

In the wide dusk and among broken rocks her small figure looked very small, and her miniature face too fine for lowly carriage along the flinty road. Pierre felt that he could not mount, but she set off briskly. He noticed her sabots did not squeak as they would have done under the tread of a heavy peasant. The right one flew off, and skated along the indistinct track. He ran, and brought it to her. The demoiselle stood on one foot like a bird. She stepped into it as he placed it before her, wriggling a small inmate in a large house. "The wool is out of the toe, but do not search for it. I am so late already my father will be terrified."

"Do not speak to me," she added, looking

back from the highway; "if I need you I will call."

Pierre's horse was one of mettle, such as Charles had provided for all the pucelle's train. He had sold the cart-horse in Tours, and had the pieces of money sewed up in a fragment of cloth in a pouch which hung from his belt, for there might be a chance of returning it to his father. The horse strained eagerly to dash forward. He held it curvetting, while the small figure ahead of him, hiding terror under darkness, flew along the level way, or dipped into hollows, or turned spurs of the hill. In all his shepherd life he had never driven to the fold so sweet a lamb. His face burned with the shame of sitting a saddle while she waded the night on a peasant's footing. The Loire, gathering all the light that remained, lay, a steel-smooth sheet, where the sun would have shown its million variations of surface. In the distance across its channel twinkled Tours, St. Martin's great basilica and towers standing up against the void.

He did not know she was running back until his heart gave a great plunge with the horse. She called him by the name she had heard his sister call him:

"Pierrelo!"

Afterward, in hand-to-hand fights, in ditches, while scaling walls, Pierre remembered her voice calling to him through the night, and it stirred him to the utmost. He was on the ground and answering her before she reached him.

"There is something in the road that struggles and groans. Perhaps a man has been wounded, and left to die."

"Stay here until I go forward and see what it is."

She lingered close at his elbow. He could hear the terrified beating of a maid's pulses. "Oh, if I were home with my father! I am ashamed," she breathed.

Pierre jerked down the rearing horse. Any man who lay dying in the road deserved to die for shocking her with the fact that she was out of her place. But the object of which the horse was so afraid was nothing but a fallen ox.

"Poor fellow!" said Pierre; "he is doubtless only left until his master brings help."

After that they met two or three horsemen, and so entered the long bridge which spanned the Loire to the walls of Tours. It was covered, like many of the bridges of that period, and threatened them, an endless tunnel of darkness starred by a few torches burning in sockets at long intervals. Pierre

put his arm through the bridle, and walked close behind the demoiselle. When night was heaviest upon them she felt his grasp helping her with the basket, this visible protection being removed whenever they reached the dazzle of one of the smoky torches. Such places were the favorite haunts of cutthroats. But the bridge was fortunately cleared by the many passers who had stirred its dust that day, and sentinels at the city gates let in a belated peasant and the brother of the pucelle without question.

Candles shone through leaded panes, and a moving lantern or two could be seen, but the city had lost its day brightness.

"Good-by," said the demoiselle, in the open space to which the street here expanded; "I have but a step to go beyond St. Julien's church." Pierre, leading his horse, still walked behind her.

Her swift sabots drew him in silence past the sunken portal of St. Julien, and through a street which turned to the left beyond it. Here houses seemed to huddle against them as they passed, and windows were barred. It was dark and winding. They came to a house-front overhanging the street, and Pierre could see against blacker walls the head and shoulders of a man thrust past an open sash, listening to the noise they made upon the stones below.

"Madeleine?" the man spoke, his voice betraying all he had suffered; and the demoiselle answered joyfully, "Yes, father."

"Now he has found who carries the water from St. Martin's well," she said with regret. They stood under the overhanging front, and she felt in her basket for a key. Pierre took from his pouch the money the plow-horse had brought, and as she sought the lock he hid it in her pannier.

"Your father will never let you go to that fountain again," said Pierre, with a breath of relief.

"No; he will sit with his hands in his hair, as he did when my grandmother's people were obliged to journey back with me from Loches. But those who will not countenance him shall not have me."

"You love your father."

"As I love none other, except the pucelle. She chose him to paint her standard. The cruel people of the cathedral would not accept his picture; but she chose him when she might have had another painter. For that I love her."

The door opened from within, and, dark as the place was, Pierre could see the womanish, nervous hands which seized a belated

daughter. He turned with the horse, and drew away from touching more closely the sacred family life existing there. He mounted and spurred out of the street, knowing that he was forgotten because her father's kiss was on her cheek.

VIII.

THE last days of April were chilly in the Vosges. Old ridges of snow yet lay along the bleak hilltops, though a driving rain washed the white roads and carried yellow rivulets from the village manure-heaps. When Durand Laxart came home from the fields he no longer took pleasure in his house. His wife was in her fourth day of mourning for their dead child, and her face was relaxed and sodden with the tears which had flowed over it. His mother and the neighbors and the priest had been able to quiet her first clamors; but she did not eat, and wept in silence through the nights. Durand himself missed the baby, and felt shorn of a future by its death, having little heart to work among his sheep or sow his grain, though the country had never been so free from fear of Burgundians. But fathers seldom miss very young children as mothers miss them. With male impatience at the pain he could not relieve, he thought of beating it out of her with a stick; but, being a tender soul too easily pulled about by women, still postponed the task.

April rain stung the sashes and swept northward up the Meuse. The man, hearing it, was thankful for shelter; but the woman, dropping her face in her hands, mourned:

"It doth beat on our little Catherine's grave."

"In God's name," said Durand, "is not the child in paradise? I have been thinking in the fields that they are the happiest who have no children in days like these. See the widow Davide at Domremy; her Haumette hath become a scandal."

"See my aunt Isabel Romée at Domremy," retorted Aveline, "robbed of both her children. Nothing has gone well with us since you took it on yourself to carry Jehannette to Vaucouleurs."

Durand looked at her without defense, for the result of his deed was yet hidden from him. No word had come to Domremy or Bury-la-Côte since the envoys from Poitiers departed. That remote march, separated from France by so much hostile country, would be the last to feel the movements of armies. Durand was sore with his responsibility.

"And if Jehannette raises sieges," taunted Aveline, "what profit will it be to thee?"

"We be all profited, should the English be driven out."

"But who pays for the horse she rode to Chinon?"

"Jacques hath paid for that."

"France is nothing to me," wailed the bereaved woman, twisting her hands, and wandering around the earthen floor. "I want the body of my child, that I may feel it in my arms; and I will have it this night," she cried, "to hold on my breast till morning. My mind is made up. Get your shovel," commanded Aveline, having no longer the terror of man or priest or death before her eyes. "You must come and take Catherine out of the ground."

Durand sat still with his mouth open. It was Aveline who went and brought the shovel from another chamber. Her dumpy figure startled him to his feet with a momentum which appalled him.

"But a man is not permitted to break open a grave in consecrated ground."

"A woman is permitted, even by heathen people, to have her own child."

"Let me bring my mother in," coaxed Durand; "she will give thee a posset, Aveline."

His wife, weeping distractedly, put a covering over her head, and challenged him to slight her appeal. "I will with my own hands tear the child out of the ground. Is it so far to the churchyard? It was farther to Vaucouleurs. Oh, it is easier for a man to rob a mother than to give her back her child."

Yielding again to the unheard-of demands made on him by the women of his family, Durand followed her out of the door. Southward, above the village, where the road turned toward the backbone of the hill, there was a cross where passers might kneel; and he vowed never to pass it again without a prayer if his patron saint would help him in this strait. He hoped the curé, going to see some sick person, would meet them, and inquire their errand, and forbid it. Yet his wife's passionate motherhood so stirred him that he rubbed moisture from his eyes with his hard knuckles.

The pair had only to cross the street in pouring rain, for the cover of great horse-chestnut-trees sheltered them quite into the churchyard. Houses in Bury-la-Côte were built in any place which suited the convenience of dwellers. Blank house-sides walled the corners of this inclosure, and here weeds of the previous summer, bent by many winds, lay half prostrate. It was not a dark night, for a moon drove somewhere overhead. When

Durand turned to look behind, he could see the thatch and the brown ridged tile of roofs showing sleek in the rain. The square-towered, low-built church stood in the center of its allotted ground. Aveline hurried along a stony walk, past wooden crosses, and the moss-grown stone cross of the crusader with carved swords overlapped on its arms. Durand followed like a thief. He now turned his mind to hoping she would be satisfied by looking at the little bed, without robbing herself of the comfort of praying there. It was close to the west wall of the church, outlined with river pebbles set by the mother's hand, and marked by a small cross of unhewn branches.

The dead then menaced a peasant's mind. They walked about him in darkness, near and familiar friends becoming silent and terrible visitors; and he dreaded them as he dreaded spells cast by witchcraft. Besides, Durand did not know what punishment he might bring upon himself by meddling with consecrated ground.

"Dig," commanded Aveline, raking the pebbles away. She felt the brine of her own tears, but not the rushing wetness of the night.

"Attend!" cautioned Durand, listening, with his foot on the shovel. The woman listened, and beat her hands together in a spasm of haste.

"It is my child crying under the ground!" She pierced and scooped the earth with her fingers in such fierce animal frenzy as set Durand to shoveling with all his might.

"Attend!" he spoke again, his senses returning. "The cry is in the church."

Aveline, her hands weighted with loam, unwillingly harkened also, the tone of authority in her husband's voice startling her into obedience. The cry did come from the church. She sat down, relaxing her body on the wet ground, and rolled up her eyes at Durand. Stone walls and the roar of falling rain muffled a very young child's wail. Aveline scrambled on her feet, and ran to the sunken walk at the front. The church of Bury-la-Côte faced southward. Shivering with superstitious dread, and considering what she would make him do if the door were locked, — for *couvre-feu* had rung, — Durand followed her a few steps. The huge latch clanked and the hinges creaked. He held his breath. Again the latch clanked, and Aveline passed him, running from the church. He ran also, leaving the shovel behind, and paused only at his own hearth, abashed and puzzled by such a sight as has puzzled many a man. His

wife sat with an infant on her knees, picking daintily at its wrappings with her mud-stained fingers, plainly appeased, and ready to turn from the earthen bed which held the body of her own child to accept some other woman's cast-off burden. All her sagging muscles lifted with satisfaction, and she bade him look at the creature's black eyes.

"We have our maid Catherine back," Aveline said, wagging her head aggressively. "Her good saint hath taken pity on me this night, for I was beside myself—that thou knowest." She lifted the child in her arms, and kissed its broad features with devouring passion.

"It hath the look of Haumette Davide," pronounced Durand, with disgust.

Aveline faced him down. "Never name Haumette Davide to me again. In my lifetime she hath not set foot in the church of Bury-la-Côte. The child looks like our Catherine."

"But it is too young; our Catherine was three months old; and this, though lusty, is but a new-born babe."

"What does a man know of the age of young children? They are all lumps of wax alike to him. I found it close by the holy-water font. A miracle hath been wrought. Oh, you can believe that blessed St. Catherine would show herself to Jehannette, but you laugh at her taking pity and restoring a child to a poor, broken-hearted mother. Jehannette herself would not laugh."

"You do not believe that this is Catherine, or that any miracle hath been done, Aveline?"

She wavered, and cried out, "Will you take this comfort from me?" And Durand put his arm around her neck, and swore to the self-deception also, before returning to mend Catherine's disturbed grave. "You shall keep it and bring it up; and if any man says it was not laid in the church by saints, he shall feel the smack of my fist; though, on my soul, its bands and wrappings do have a look of Domremy, and the tongues of the women I cannot control."

There was, however, only one Durand Laxart in the whole Meuse valley. Bury-la-Côte, being informed by Goussaincourt, timed the appearance of the child with the disappearance of Haumette Davide from the country. The infant's adoption might not have reached Domremy until midsummer if the story had not been winged by the miracle; but Goussaincourt promptly passed it on to Greux, and Greux could tell it to Domremy without stirring from the door-steps.

"Aveline is like a hen," said Isabel Romée. "Give her anything to hover, and she is sat-

ified. They will never make me believe the blessed St. Catherine, or any other saint, would stoop to handle Haumette Davide's bastard. Durand himself must be running daft; it is no wonder, in times like these, when miracles or mysterious voices or witches are in every town. It might be better for my children if more than one of them lay under a cross in this consecrated earth."

Isabel stood with her hand over her eyes between Jeanne's little window and the churchyard; and far southwestward that same hour of the morning Jeanne waited on the south bank of the Loire, looking across at Orléans. The army of a few thousand men had marched from Tours in less than three days, crossing the bridge at Blois, where gathered forces and provisions were united. It was a religious procession, led by chanting priests. Jeanne knew nothing of the country, but her plan had been to enter Orléans by the west gate, past the English fortifications. She saw that the captains who directed the march, and who knew the approaches to Orléans, had purposely brought the army to the wrong side of the river. Making a detour to avoid posts near the bridge, which the English occupied on the south side, they halted opposite a channel betwixt two islands in the Loire. She would have attacked the bridge, but the captains would not. Besides, arches next the Orléans shore had been broken down by the besieged themselves.

The city had drawn a wide belt of ruin around itself outside the walls. Its faubourgs, or suburbs, which would certainly have been used by the enemy, had been torn down and burned by the people, who took refuge within the gates. West of this desolate strip some of the English works could be seen; but on the east side of Orléans, directly opposite the halting army, was one large bastille threatening the convoy. Trooping out against this came the citizens themselves. Their desperate attack held it on the defensive for hours, while boats carried the provisions, the promised maid, and two hundred men across the river. It was not so easy to transport the main body of the troops. Concerted action under the leadership of one mind was not yet possible to a fragmentary army with many captains. They turned and marched back to Blois, to cross the bridge there, and return to Orléans on the right bank of the Loire.

"En nom Dé!" said Jeanne to the Bastard of Orléans, who ruled the city for his kinsman, long a prisoner in England, as that young noble met her in the boats; "my counsel is safer and wiser than the counsel

of men afraid to pass the English. I was told to go in boldly, and I bring you the best succor that ever knight, town, or city had—the help of the King of heaven."

"However you may enter, you are most welcome," he answered; "the provisions would be nothing without the maid"; and he brought her the colors of Orléans to put on over her armor—a huque, or blouse, of dark green, and above this a long-sleeved levite of crimson Brussels cloth lined with white satin, embroidered with the livery of Orléans, the nettle.

At eight o'clock in the evening, the convoy being safely received within the walls, Jeanne entered the Burgundy gate on the east side of the city. The Bastard of Orléans rode at her left hand. He was young, with a face not unlike his kinsman the dauphin, but warlike and full of action. The English made no attempt to cut off her entrance, a cautious policy of saving themselves from sorties having controlled the eight months' siege.

To Bertrand de Poulengy the pageant was like a dream of trampling among clouds. Wan from having slept in her armor in the fields, her bare head showing sweet and maid-like above the rich levite which hung over the plates of her leg-armor and covered her to the throat, Jeanne rode through seas of people. All the bells of Orléans rang, and thousands of faces wept and laughed for joy; thousands of voices shouted. The delivering maid, the mysterious, God-sent maid, had come. Women and children pressed close enough to touch her stirrup or her mailed fingers. Her eyes and voice caressed them. "Be of good cheer," she said; "God hath sent you succor."

Trumpeters went before her, and her little pennon, on which was displayed a dove; for her banner had been sent back in charge of Brother Pasquerel with the army to Blois. Torches streamed in the night wind. La Hire and De Xantrailles rode behind her; her brother and her squires, her household and the two hundred lances, followed. From far-off streets, where crowds were hemmed in, came an impetus of sound like the wind through the oak woods; and all this mad enthusiasm rose at sight of a mere pucelle in armor, who had yet done nothing to prove that she was a deliverer, except make a religious march with troops her name had helped to collect. Bertrand could see her profile as she turned from side to side. It mothered her dear French, and said without speech, "These are my children." The fact lifted him in his saddle, that Jeanne had

the kind of dominion which is greater than royalty. She was king of men's minds, and the accident of sex affected this power only by adding to it the maternal instinct. He felt strangely grown from his old provincial life, and joined to all his race, marching with the great of the world, as he rode in the third rank behind her. But to have no personal rights in her became infinitely more a loss. In the cathedral of St. Croix, where the cavalcade, and as many of the people as could crowd in, returned thanks, Bertrand knelt with his face in his hands; and forever afterward the odor of incense was to him the veritable breath of sacrifice.

Jeanne was taken across the city to lodge in the treasurer's house near the west gate.

Late in the night Bertrand woke to the crash of thunder. A wild storm raged over the town. The treasurer of the Duke of Orléans had received all of Jeanne's retinue into his house, her superior followers being laid in one room along the width of a huge bed extending fifteen feet beside the wall. Pierre slept deeply, as did also the new squire; but Louis de Coutes, her page, rose up after Bertrand, and stood beside him looking out of a window. Jeanne was lodged in a secluded room on a high ground floor within the court, but this general guest-chamber overlooked the street. Sidewalks almost too narrow for the footing of one person, and tiny paving-stones, showed their minutest lines in the passing glare; and faces carved on protruding timber-ends and oak crosspieces in the cemented house-fronts opposite smote the watchers' eyes, leaving an effect of sudden blindness. Bertrand could see the bold young features beside him with vividness surpassing daylight, for lightning surprises that which hides itself from the sun.

"I cannot sleep," said Louis de Coutes; "my conscience troubles me."

"No wonder it broke your rest," responded the squire; "such a thing hath not happened before in your lifetime."

"God wot it hath not. Messire de Poulengy, I have been insolent to you."

"And do you get up in the night to repent it? Truly the pucelle hath reformed the troops. Have no regard for my humors, Messire Louis. I have been quarrelsome two years. There will always be people who feel themselves badly used."

"But I did use you badly, for I wished myself to be squire instead of page."

"We are never satisfied," said Bertrand, openly; "I am one of the pucelle's squires, but I wish to be all France to her."

The lightning flung out its blinding scroll, showing Louis de Coutes's eyes full of tears. The stirring of their fellows on the gigantic bed, and the crash of the storm, drove them to speak nearer each other's faces. Bertrand put his hand on the page's shoulder, but Louis shook it off with a shrug. "Messire, pages do not fight. I am of good family, and the King and La Trémouille both favor me; yet I am nothing but a page. The pucelle looks on me as a boy. You can fight, on the contrary, under her very eye."

"His conscience will yet drive him to prayer," remarked Bertrand, gently.

"I said pages could not fight," retorted Louis de Coutes, laughing; "but there is one page who intends to fight with the pucelle or for her."

"You will not fight me. I never had a word of love from her in my life. See Him draw His sword," said Bertrand, as the lightning blazed wide through Orléans, "who fills the mind of the pucelle."

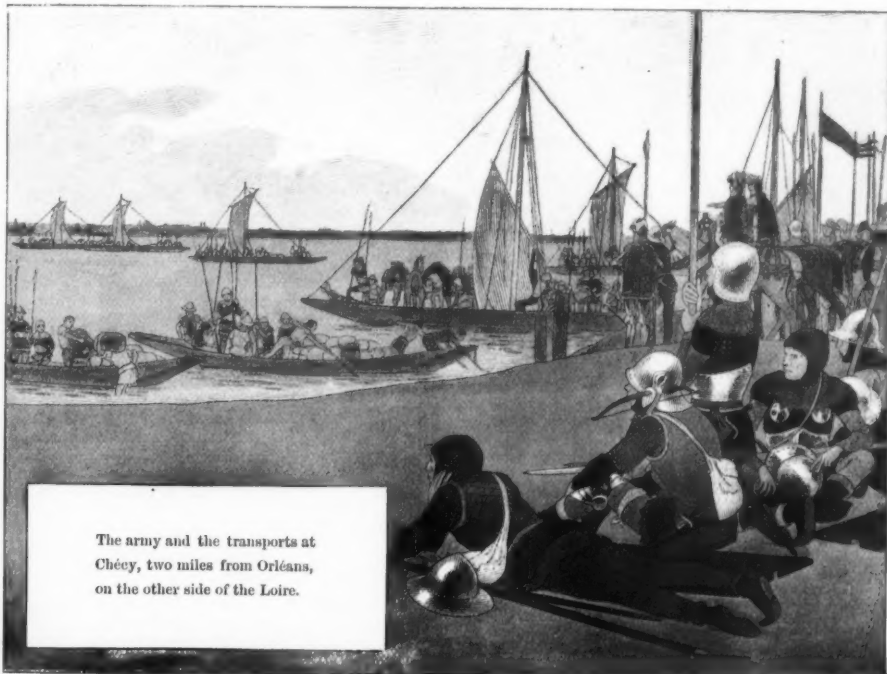
But outside the city that vivid glory was considered anything but the sword of God. In barracks built of saplings and covered with thatch its search-light passed over hundreds of blanched faces and fixed eyes. The soldier, in all ages a simple creature easily touched in his superstitions, was in that year of grace 1429 the result of much religious hysteria. He would joyfully scale a wall with his ladder, and take boiling oil or lead in the face; but the apprehension of unseen powers threw him at once into physical frenzy. "That cursed witch," was whispered in the English camp from ear to ear, "hath stirred up this storm. The French have brought hell to their aid."

When morning dawned clean and fair, they saw this creature of their terrors, little more than a bow-shot away, ride boldly out of Porte Renart, the western gate, with a rabble of citizens at her heels—those very Orléanais who had been afraid to show a head from this part of the city, where the wall was lowest. The English watched without drawing bow or training bombard upon them. She rode entirely around Orléans, as if to draw a line of invisible defense, with a few mounted followers and the trudging common people. Necks were craned over the English breastworks, and starting eyes received the impression of her vigorous young presence. She was like an apparition mounted on a white horse, her armor shining as mirrors reflect the sun. Her course being northward, a crimson scabbard was displayed at her left side; and every man in every boulevard knew it

contained the awful sword of Fierbois, the sword of Martel, which once drove back the heathen, the sword which had leaped out of a church wall for the new salvation of France. "It is a sword of the devil," muttered the English; "she put it in the church wall by magic."

And, having never seen a woman in mail, they tried to discern her curious armor, with its swell of bust and hip, and that inward

around old cities. The walls of Orléans were from seven to nine feet thick, and from twenty-two to thirty feet high, set with thirty-nine towers. No parapet guarded the top, but a temporary barrier of wood had been carried around. The towers were from two to three hundred feet apart, except at the gates, which were flanked by them. They were built three stories high, garnished with dormer openings and machicolations, a kind of



The army and the transports at Chécy, two miles from Orléans, on the other side of the Loire.

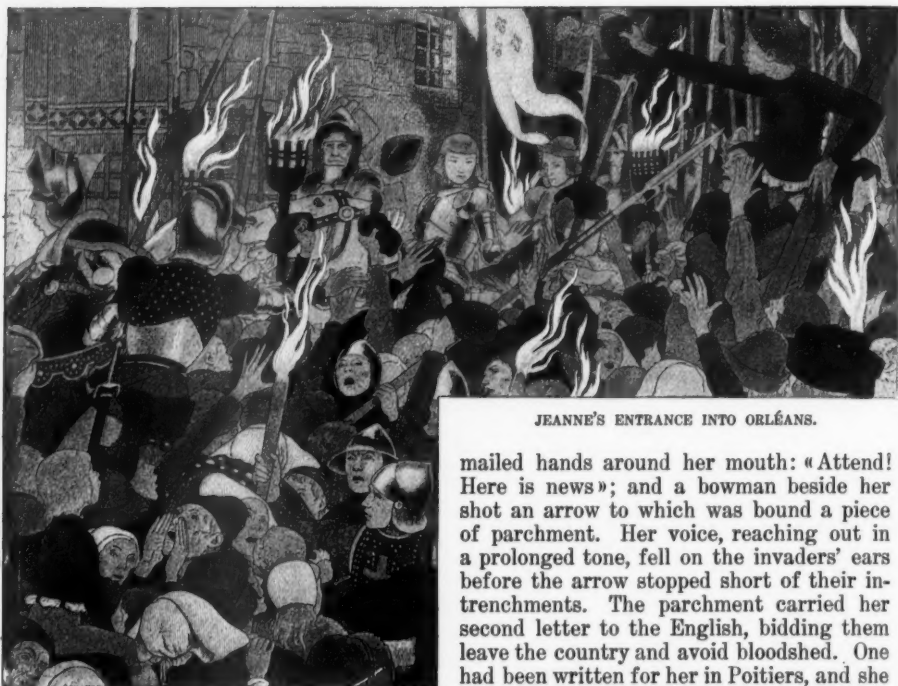
tapering between, where her girdle was clasped for the support of weapons. Instead of a vizored helmet she wore on her head a blue hat turned up with gold lacings, and the soft woman hair, cut short, flew about her ears, framing her face, for she looked at the English.

Orléans at that time was almost a parallelogram, though the northwest corner formed an acute angle, and the west wall rounded into an outward curve. There were five gates: two on the north, Bernière and Parisis; one, Burgundy, or St. Aignan, on the east; St. Catherine at the entry of the bridge on the south; and, on the west side, Porte Renart.

Jeanne had never seen any fortifications except those permanent defenses drawn

jutting galleried top with open spaces below for shooting missiles or pouring down boiling lead on assailants. The walls of Orléans were in good condition. What Jeanne tried to comprehend with prehensile reach and grasp of mind was the blockade the English had drawn around them. And so swift were her military impressions that she has been called a tactician of the first order.

The English had one bastille and four great boulevards extending from the faubourg opposite the northwest gate to the Loire. In midstream, on a little island, was another boulevard, and on the south shore another. The Tournelles, a fort with a drawbridge, guarded the south end of the bridge, and on the bank fronting that was a boulevard which was itself protected by a bastille. One



JEANNE'S ENTRANCE INTO ORLÉANS.

more bastille was planted eastward on the south shore; and on the north shore, east of the city, built around the ruin of a church, was that large bastille, called St. Loup, which the citizens had held at bay when the maid entered Orléans. This commanded the road to Jargeau, from which the English drew many of their supplies, and was one of their strongest forts. The five works on the west side were connected by covered trenches. Jeanne learned that a bastille was a fortress of wood or stone with double ditches or moats, while boulevards were earthworks consisting of single moats drawn around an inclosure.¹ Isolated, or placed before a gate or around a bastille, the boulevards bristled over the crest with a ruff of iron-tipped spikes called chevaux-de-frise. Both kinds of English fortifications were rectangular, with a belt of moats at the four corners. The principal English camp was west of the city.

When Jeanne had made the entire circuit outside the walls, and returned to the Renart gate, she called to the English, with her

mailed hands around her mouth: «Attend! Here is news»; and a bowman beside her shot an arrow to which was bound a piece of parchment. Her voice, reaching out in a prolonged tone, fell on the invaders' ears before the arrow stopped short of their intrenchments. The parchment carried her second letter to the English, bidding them leave the country and avoid bloodshed. One had been written for her in Poitiers, and she had despatched it from Tours. A soldier in hose and tunic and long, pointed footwear ran out and picked up the weighted arrow. He shouted insulting words at the maid, and his mates howled in chorus. They would hoot the devil to his face.

«Now God help them,» said Jeanne, as she turned in at the gate. «If they will not be gone, I will make them such a ha-hu as will never be forgotten.»

In these days of enormous populations the armies that fought battles of far-reaching consequences in the past seem incredibly small.² Existing rolls of the English soldiery prove that less than six thousand men were camped around Orléans; and the army gathered to Jeanne's standard, including the garrison, amounted to about the same number. There were, however, many pages, bow- and arrow-makers, and laborers, as well as camp-followers and parasites, which always infest troops, on both sides. And Orléans lacked even this small army until four days after the maid's entrance. The Bastard set out secretly in the night, and went to Blois to hasten the

¹ Barthélemy de Beauregard.

² «Abundance of precious metals, the facilities of transportation, the accumulated works of generations, knowledge of how to utilize the resources of nature, and increase of populations, have given to great states

to-day an assemblage of forces out of all proportion with former times.»—«L'Armée Anglaise vaincu par Jeanne d'Arc.» MM. De Molandon et Baron de Beaucorps.

return of the troops by the north shore of the Loire. He found all the captains quarreling, and about to disband. La Trémouille, the dauphin's favorite, had come to Blois, and openly ridiculed a campaign under a woman. The Bastard of Orléans, desperate with the needs of his city, rallied the men, and led them himself on the road.

When they were distantly seen from the walls of Orléans, and Jeanne rode out to meet them with five hundred of the garrison mounted to attend her, the strangest thing happened that has ever been recorded against the courage of a great nation. It seems that the English might have made a sortie, and taken her as she passed betwixt their silent boulevards; but not a soldier stirred. As they saw her near at hand they cowered below the earthworks—great-limbed Britons, whose name has been a terror in the earth for a thousand years, whose stubborn valor has passed into a proverb of our time. Some of the maid's followers eyed this silent and motionless panic with distrust; but Bertrand de Poulengy remembered the dumb terror that held numb and unable to move the men who wanted to throw her into the river at Bar-sur-Aube.

The English commander Talbot had borne part in many campaigns. He had pushed the line of fortifications around Orléans. No more sagacious soldier had been sent across the Channel; and the Duke of Bedford, Regent of England and general of this invasion of France, had then his headquarters not far away at Chartres. Neither martial skill nor awe of regal power moved the soldiers from their trenches. A reinforcement was expected under Sir John Fastolf; but what could increase of numbers do for men who felt themselves unable to move while the maid led her troops into Orléans?

Artillery as it is now understood was then a power unknown. Orléans had mounted upon its walls, or on wheeled platforms which could be pushed outside the gates, seventy-one mouths of fire, all made of copper, as a chronicler has told us, some of the cannon being lent by a neighboring town. The English fortifications were armed with better artillery. Gunpowder, though a factor of war since the battle of Crécy, was not used at all as an explosive. This siege was not made a subterranean war, yet the English had miners with them, and large

vases of water were kept filled within the walls, and men watched for the wrinkles which would betray any displacement of earth underneath. The western part of the city, on account of its low wall, was most exposed to bombardment; but nobody fled from it, and the pucelle had been lodged there.

Knowledge of many things was crushed into Jeanne's mind at once. These days were one colossal dream, in which she grasped to herself, swift minute after swift minute, the facts and utensils of war. She had heard of ballistæ and catapults, ponderous machinery for throwing stones, great beams of which yet cumbered the walls; but gunpowder artillery delighted her. There were bombards on wheels, and stationary cannon, both loaded with balls of stone through the mouth, and smaller culverins discharging bullets of lead. Fusees and fire-lances were also projected to set in a blaze the enemy's works. Some of the stone cannon-balls weighed a hundred and fifty pounds. The noise of this powder warfare was great, but it had not the force to breach walls, though, like all the fighting of the middle ages, it was destructive to human life.

In the warm May afternoon of the day the troops entered, Bertrand stood in the courtyard polishing Jeanne's armor.

"They shall call it white as long as I am her squire," he said to Pierre, who sat on a bench watching him; "this new D'Aulon hopes to be knighted sooner than I do. I will say this for Messire d'Aulon—he can buckle the parts together with speed, and he will make a fair knight, but never lead retinue like De Metz of Novelopont."

"I wish we had more knights among us like De Metz," said Pierre, letting his eyes move to the stables on the opposite side of the court. Pierre was yet armed, and Bertrand had removed only his gauntlets to handle the steel plates. "A council has just been held without my sister, and my lord the Bastard had much trouble to pacify one knight, who was for giving up his standard and withdrawing. 'I will fight with your maid,' saith he; 'but I will never fight under her. What doth a peasant wench know of war? Let her go home and milk her cows.'"

The little curtains of chain-mail which hung below Jeanne's body-armor swept with a clank against the bench as Bertrand shifted the leg on which he rested it. His blue eyes spoke for him to Pierre.

(To be continued.)

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.



ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

OWNED BY W. T. EVANS.

SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

«ROMOLA.» PAINTED BY SARAH C. SEARS.

THE CHURCHES OF POITIERS AND CAEN.¹

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

POITIERS, like Angoulême, is a city set on a low and rugged hill, but its hill is fashioned in a different way. Some one has compared it to a tea-cup inverted in a saucer, for a valley encircles it, threaded by two joining streams, and the opposite slopes rise steeply, with broad faces or tall pinnacles of rock. The top of the hill is less level than at Angoulême, and its sides are less precipitous, and are largely clothed with buildings. Thus everywhere the streets of Poitiers climb and twist; they are mostly narrow streets of antiquated aspect, and they lead to several irregular little squares, to four or five Romanesque churches remarkable for their local character and yet for their diversity among themselves, to a well-preserved Gothic château, and to many quaint old dwellings. In its temper the city of to-day seems busier, brisker, livelier than either Périgueux or Angoulême, but in its body it has a more truly medieval air than they. Seen from without or seen from within, Poitiers is not very boldly picturesque; nevertheless, few towns in France more constantly gratify the eye of the artist, and very few so variously stimulate the mind of the lover of ancient names and tales.

I.

UNTIL the year 1857, when they were sold for the building of a market, you might have seen in Poitiers the remains of a Roman amphitheater larger than the one at Nîmes, almost as large as the one at Arles. The fragments of a Roman bath may still be seen there, and on the heights across the valley a curious place of tombs, partly pagan in its origin, and partly early Christian. History also testifies that the stronghold which the Romans called Limonum was of considerable account, and that even before their day it had been the capital of a Gallic tribe whose name is embalmed in its modern title, and who worshiped around the druidical dolmen now called the Pierre-Levée. This is a stone which can boast not merely of prehistoric origin, but of legen-

¹ See "The Churches of Périgueux and Angoulême," THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, April, 1896.

dary and literary fame. All the world once believed that St. Radegonde, the patron saint and great benefactress of Poitiers, miraculously carried it hither on her head, bearing its supports meanwhile in her muslin apron; that one of these supports unmiraculously dropped through the apron; and that this was why the great oblong block reposed upon three rude legs instead of four. And then Rabelais unfolded a very different explanation. He declared that Pantagruel had set up the stone as a rallying-point for the students of Poitiers in their idle hours—as a picnic-table upon which they might banquet with "*force flaceons, jambons et pastés.*"

St. Hilary the Great, famed as the champion of Catholicism against its Arian enemies, was born in Poitiers, and filled its episcopal chair during a part of the fourth century. From Poitiers, early in the sixth century, Alaric II, king of the Visigoths, went forth to be slain by Clovis in the battle which established the supremacy of the Franks; and not far away, on the road to Tours, in the year 732 was fought the still more famous battle in which another Frankish leader, Charles Martel, won his title of "the Hammer," saving Europe from Mohammedan dominion. In later times Poitiers, with its province of Poitou, was included in the duchy of Aquitaine. Eleanor of Aquitaine (or of Guienne, as the English said) brought it under the English crown when she married Henry II; King John lost it, and Philippe Auguste united it to the crown of France. In 1356, during the Hundred Years' War, was fought the third great battle of Poitiers, when even the potent ghosts of Clovis and Charles Martel could not prevent the overthrow of their descendants, and "the shame of Crécy" was doubled, not wiped away. But sixteen years later Duguesclin won back the city for the French; and after the time of Charles VII, in the following century, it was a permanent part of the royal domain.

Many were the scenes of high or strange historic interest that Poitiers beheld during these belligerent centuries; and many were the notable folk who nobly, wickedly, or strangely played their parts therein. We

know little about St. Hilary's godly deeds in the fourth century; but Gregory of Tours says much about St. Radegonde's in the sixth, telling how she fled from her husband, Clotaire I, the son of Clovis and king of all the Franks, and from his semi-pagan court and his other and less holy wives, to found a convent for women in Poitiers, and churches more than one; and a hundred records recite the countless miracles performed at the tombs of these two famous saints in the sanctuaries which still retain their names. Three queens of England variously distinguished themselves at Poitiers: Emma the Norman, wife of Ethelred and then of Canute, and mother of Edward the Confessor, rebuilt the choir of the church of St. Hilary when urged by Canute to gain ecclesiastical favor abroad as well as at home; Eleanor the Aquitanian often revisited the land of her birth, and she and her husband Henry founded the present cathedral of Poitiers; and Isabeau of Angoulême, first the wife of King John of England, and then of Hugues de Lusignan, brought much trouble upon her second spouse by setting fire to her lodging just to show how heartily she despised it and the insignificant Countess of Poitiers who had thought it good enough for a lady once a queen. Early in the fourteenth century Pope Clement V, not yet established at Avignon, tarried long in the capital of Poitou; and here he was forced by Philip the Fair to summon the Knights Templars as though for ecclesiastical business, and then to despatch their leaders to their murdering in Paris. Here Charles VII was proclaimed king of France while most of France was in the hands of the English. Hither he transferred his parliament from Paris; and to be questioned by this parliament he sent Jeanne d'Arc, newly announcing her mission—to be questioned and tested, and asked for a miracle, and splendidly to answer that she would attempt no miracle but the deliverance of Orléans. Here Calvin preached the Reform in the sixteenth century, gathering his proselytes in a suburban grotto which still keeps his name; and here, as at Angoulême, Protestants and Catholics repeatedly besieged and resisted, Coligny once bombarding the town for seven weeks in vain while Guise and Turenne defended it. And these are only a few of the topmost peaks of interest in the long chain of stirring events which happened at Poitiers, now possessing a world-wide importance and again a significant local savor.

The student of medieval architecture may go back in Poitiers to its embryonic stage. Here stands one of the most ancient of post-

classical structures. Perhaps, indeed, it is the very oldest that exists in France, yet none is in better preservation. It is a simple little rectangular building with an apse of later date, and is called the Temple of St. John. This hybrid popular name alone might prove its great antiquity, recording the belief that before it was a Christian baptistery it had been a pagan tomb; and its station speaks with a similar voice—the street levels about it have gradually risen, so that now it stands in a deep hollow like many of the monuments of Athens and of Rome. It is not a piece of true classic work, but neither is it Romanesque. It is transitional between the two. Whether built for pagan or for Christian use, it represents the early-Christian stage of art. The arcade, which became so characteristic of Romanesque art, is but rudely conceived, and its supports are Corinthian pilasters. The cornice is Roman, and the sharply pointed pediment shows, on a small scale, the finish of Roman basilican fronts; while, on the other hand, the round windows, like the one in the more pronouncedly classical porch at Avignon,¹ are innovations upon classic practice.

The Temple of St. John was undoubtedly built in the fourth century. St. Hilary may have used it; Gregory of Tours must have known it well; but by the time that the porch at Avignon was built, in the eleventh century, a new and more vital form of art had developed in this western province.

II.

FORTUNATELY, one of the most individual and delightful of the minor churches of France still remains in excellent preservation to show us the form which, by the end of the eleventh century, the Poitevin branch of Romanesque art had assumed. Its name—Notre Dame la Grande—sounds very self-assertive, but merely means that a still smaller church, likewise dedicated to the Virgin, once stood not far away. Notre Dame la Grande is itself but a little church,—its façade is only fifty feet in breadth,—and now it is isolated in the middle of a marketplace. But the market-place is also small, and the buildings about it are appropriate in scale. Rarely shall we see a happier concord between a medieval church and an environment that has been opened out in modern times; and never shall we see them enlivened by more entertaining figures than

¹ See "The Churches of Provence," THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, November, 1894.

swarm here during market-hours. A great mushroom-field of blue umbrellas and white-and-red awnings then spreads around Notre Dame, most thickly planted under the protection of its walls. The women wear the traditional great white caps of the district, and, as everywhere in provincial France, soft-toned blue cotton predominates in the other garments of men and women both. Awkward little rustic carts are tipped up in rows, while donkeys placidly wait for their reharnessing. And the Poitevin housewife must be very strongly bent upon buying her viands alive, for I am sure that so populous and clamorous a menagerie cannot figure as a market in any other town. The turkeys, the ducks, and the geese, the chickens and the rabbits, are past counting in their baskets and boxes and coops, and past imagining for the noise they make—all but the rabbits, of course, and these look sad of face because they cannot blow the trumpet of their toothsome-ness. Yet the inarticulate hubbub is almost drowned by human chatter, and the August sun itself does not shine more brightly than the smiles on the faces of seller and buyer. If ever you have to live by commerce in "garden sass," take out your license in Poitiers—you would dwell among such cheerful folk, in the midst of such a pretty picture, and under the shadow of such a sumptuous and ornate, yet such a friendly-looking, little church.

A gay and pleasant church indeed is Notre Dame la Grande,—I had almost written a very jolly little church,—much decayed in some of its parts, and restored in others, but not yet ruined and not yet rebuilt, harmonious still, exceptionally pictorial, endlessly attractive. Doubtless, as the years are going by it is being renovated more and more. I am glad that I saw it while its tower and large portions of its walls still showed a cheese-like crumbliness of texture, and a wonderful blending of strong yellow and brown and blackish tones.

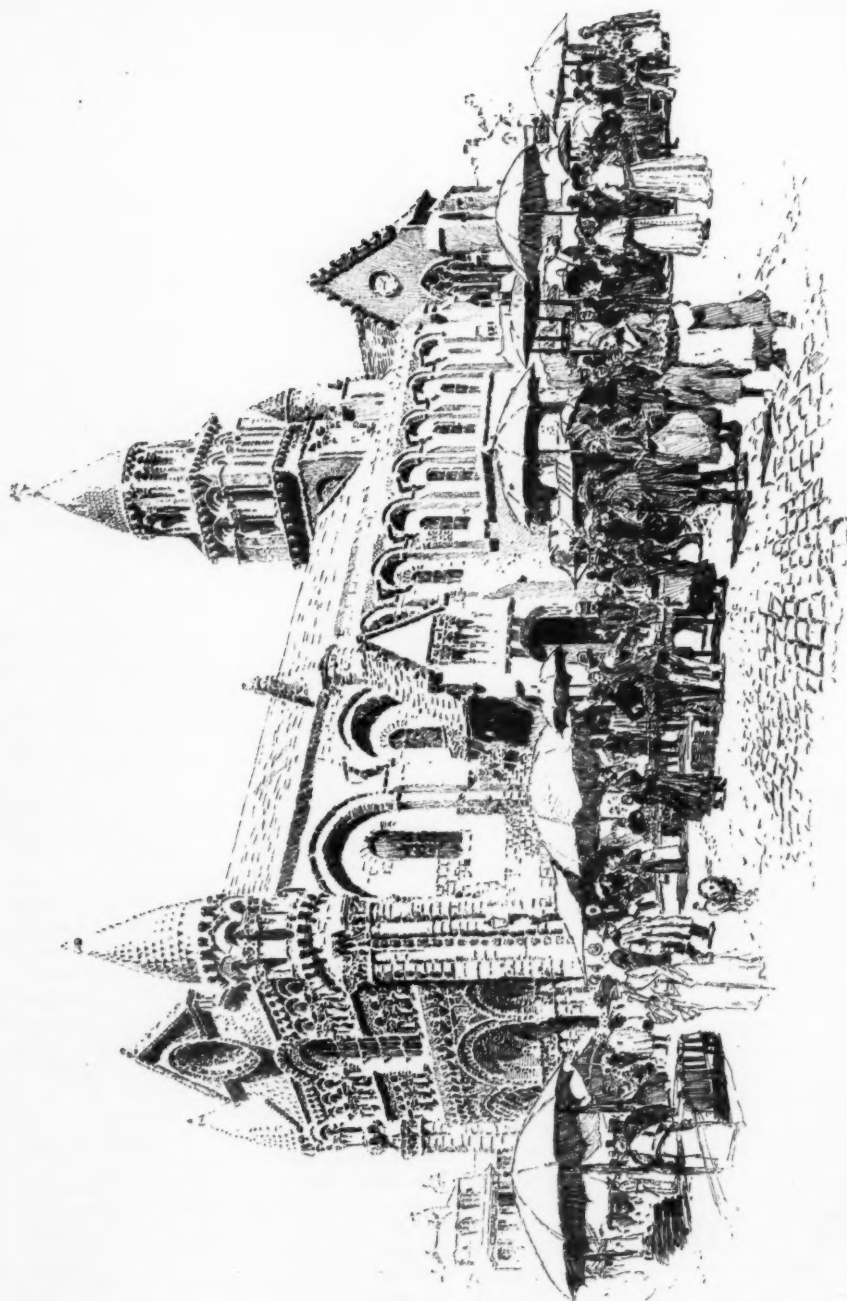
Local tradition says that the Emperor Constantine founded the first church on this site, and that St. Radegonde rebuilt it and dedicated it to the Virgin. Some fragments of very early masonry are now incorporated in its southern wall; but the record of a disastrous fire in the year 1085 assures us that its present body dates from the end of the eleventh century; and the façade and its sculptures were finished about the year 1150.

This façade is the best existing example of the type you have already seen less well achieved at Angoulême; and it clearly explains itself as a natural development from such Gallo-Roman ideas as are represented

by the crudely designed façade of the Temple of St. John. Originally its window was circular, not breaking the line of the lower arcade, and its richness was enhanced by color and gold applied to all its parts. Nevertheless, even to-day, when the paint has turned to blackish stains and many of the figures and details are modern restorations, its effect is not seriously impaired, and it teaches well an important architectural lesson. Like the Norman churches of England, it shows that the smaller his composition, the more an architect may rely upon ornament for his architectural effect. The constructional features of this façade are very few—a single doorway, a single window, two turrets, and a gable. Everything else is decoration, and decoration is everywhere, for even the uncarved field of the gable is filled with mosaic patterns. Yet the general effect is as serene and dignified as it is incredibly rich, and it is thoroughly architectural too. Enlarge such a scheme, and we should have architectural weakness with decorative redundancy; we could hardly expect to have anything better than the façade of the cathedral of Angoulême.

It might easily take you a week to decipher the meaning of all the sculptures on the front of Notre Dame la Grande; but when you had finished you would probably know more about the Bible than you do now, and more about later hagiologies than you are likely to learn in any other way. It is not, in feet and inches, so ambitious a lithic volume as the front of Angoulême; but its historical texts are better arranged and seem even more numerous, and at every step they are enriched by symbolical figures and emblems. And then, in the oval of the gable, isolated as in the heavens above the earth, Christ in Glory stands amid the signs of the four evangelists, surrounded by a choir of angels. This, as I have said before, was the usual custom: the story of humanity's struggles was crowned and emphasized by a prophecy of the judgment-day.

Examine the minor ornaments of this façade, and you will find many of a sort you have not seen in more southerly lands, except, less conspicuously used, in the analogous work at Angoulême. These are grotesque devices with oddly conceived, non-naturalistic beast-like and bird-like forms, contorted into decorative patterns, and accompanied by complex arrangements of intertwined lines. Neither Gallo-Roman art nor Byzantine art had transmitted details like these. They were used in Norman Romanesque, and



NOTRE DAME LA GRANDE, POITIERS.

long before the Normans built churches they were still more characteristic of the work that the Anglo-Saxons and the Irish and Scottish Celts produced in their island realm, and the Scandinavian ancestors of the Normans in their peninsula—in carvings on stone and wood and metal, and in illuminated manuscript borders and initials. But these peoples had no architecture of their own, and in early days architecture was literally the mother of all the arts. Where, then, did they learn such elaborate, well-balanced, imaginative patterns, or whence did they borrow them? They neither learned nor borrowed them; they had inherited them. The general idea of these decorative devices must have been among the shreds of culture which the immigrants who settled northern Europe brought from their homes in central Asia. They are the offspring of ancient Indo-European devices. We realize the fact when we study the details of the old Hindu temples of northern India.

But the Poitevin sculptor also used Byzantine and Gallo-Roman elements in his decorations, and in his figures he showed much personality of impulse. There are heads on the façade of Notre Dame la Grande which, in their realism, their fresh, distinctive, local character, seem like the creations of experienced artists. Instead, their sculptors were beginners. But they were independent artists. They had no such profusion of Roman relics to guide them as had their brethren of Provence. For this reason the general character of early Poitevin sculpture is more naïve than that of early Provençal sculpture—more barbaric in conception and arrangement, less skilful in line and grouping. But for the same reason it rose to heights of personal expressiveness, of naturalistic portraiture, to which the docile students of antique precedent could not climb.

Mr. Pennell's drawings show you also the southern side and the eastern end of Notre Dame. I hope that you will particularly like the way in which, from the latter point of view, the conical and the triangular roofs build themselves up; and therefore I am sorry that Mr. Pennell thought best, in the picture on page 427, to omit the capping of the tower. It is greatly needed to complete and justify the lines beneath it. Here, and in the picture of the southern side, you will see that Gothic years did not leave this Romanesque church in peace, but in more places than the western front broke through its walls for the enlargement of its windows. And if we had a drawing of the northern side you would see

that a range of sepulchral chapels, dating from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, and showing the change from Gothic to early Renaissance art, were thrown out beyond the aisle. Their gables may be distinguished in the picture on page 427.

III.

NOTRE DAME LA GRANDE is not among the churches, so frequent in the western part of France, which were inspired at first or second hand by the great Byzantine church at Périgueux. Yet it deviates conspicuously from the lines of the early-Christian basilicas of the West. It has no transept. Four chapels radiate from the short choir. The tower shows Byzantine influence, although not the influence of St. Front of Périgueux; like the towers on the churches of Provence, it rises above the junction of nave and choir, and its lower part is treated as a domical lantern. Provençal churches are again suggested by the very narrow aisles, almost as tall as the nave itself, and buttressing its continuous barrel-vault with their intersecting vaults. But in a typical Provençal church the nave-walls rise sufficiently high above the aisle-roofs to admit of a small clearstory, while in Notre Dame la Grande there is neither a triforium nor a clearstory stage. Light enters only through the central lantern and the windows of the aisles, and the nave is dark and gloomy, its shadows growing very dense indeed up under the curve of the ceiling. Again, pointed forms are not used in this ceiling as they were in the Romanesque barrel-vaults of Provence and the Romanesque domical vaults of Périgord and Angoumois; the vaults of Notre Dame are semicircular in section, like those of more northerly districts. Therefore it seems all the more remarkable that, outside, the great blank arches which accompany the doorway should be pointed. In this case facility in construction cannot supply a reason for the choice of the broken curve. We must suppose that the architect chose it simply to secure good relative proportions in the height and breadth of his three great arches within the given breadth of his façade.

From the beginning the interior of Notre Dame seems to have been covered with painted color. Some fragments of early frescoed figures still exist on the ceiling of the choir, and in recent years they have been supplemented by a fresh and all-embracing garment of paint. One can imagine, from the picture on page 426, how greatly such a gar-



NOTRE DAME LA GRANDE. CHOIR.

ment, if harmoniously wrought, adds to the beauty, the richness, the dignity of a church where the architectural forms are simple and the sculptured decorations few. But, alas! the present color-scheme of Notre Dame looks its best when thus translated into black and white, for it is very far indeed from being harmonious. Nowhere in our own new and untrained Western land have I seen a church interior defaced by tints so violently vulgar in themselves, or so unfortunately combined.

Alike in its constructional scheme and in the design and the lavish adornment of its front, Notre Dame la Grande represents that indigenous Romanesque art of Poitou which was developed from Gallo-Roman through early-Christian art, modified by native inventiveness, and indirectly affected by Byzantine

influence. But in two at least of the larger churches of Poitiers we can trace the more potent influence of the great Byzantine church of St. Front at Périgueux.

This influence seems to have been transmitted, not straight from Périgord, but by way of the province of Anjou. As Périgord lies south and Anjou north of Poitou, the fact seems strange until we remember the political condition of these western districts during the period we have now in mind. Henry II, the first of the Plantagenet rulers of England, was king of England and duke of Normandy by right of maternal descent; but he inherited wide domains from his father, the Count of Anjou, and before and above all was an

Angevin in deed and feeling; and through his wife he obtained control of other broad domains to the southward, including the Poitevin land. If we remember this and realize how architectural facts always reflect political and social facts, we are not surprised to learn that the Angevin, or so-called Plantagenet, style affected the art of Poitou.

It would be interesting, of course, to glance at the great churches of Angers, the headquarters of this style. But by staying instead for a moment longer in Poitiers we can see a church in which the final word of Plantagenet art, the final word of the Romanesque art of western France, was most beautifully spoken. This is St. Peter's, the cathedral church of Poitiers. Before we look at it, the very large and once magnificent,

but now deplorably injured, church of St. Radegonde demands a word.

Here we do not find again the aisles of Notre Dame la Grande. The western limb, as in the cathedral of Angoulême and also in the typical churches of Anjou, is a wide, simple space; high-placed windows rise above the tall blank arcades which enrich the walls, and the ceiling is a series of domical vaults. But these vaults were not built, like those of Angoulême, in direct imitation of the domes of St. Front. They showed the Angevin manner, which we shall find again in the cathedral ceiling. St. Radegonde is a little younger than Notre Dame. The dedication of its choir, almost always the first part of a church to be finished, took place in 1099. But this slight difference in date does not explain the great difference in plan and construction between these neighboring churches. Their relative dimensions must be taken into account. The builders of St. Radegonde, wishing to construct a much larger church than Notre Dame, and knowing how hard it was to support a barrel-vault even above an area as narrow as the nave of Notre Dame, naturally turned for help to the expedients successfully employed in recent years, and on a very large scale, by their brethren in districts near at hand.

IV.

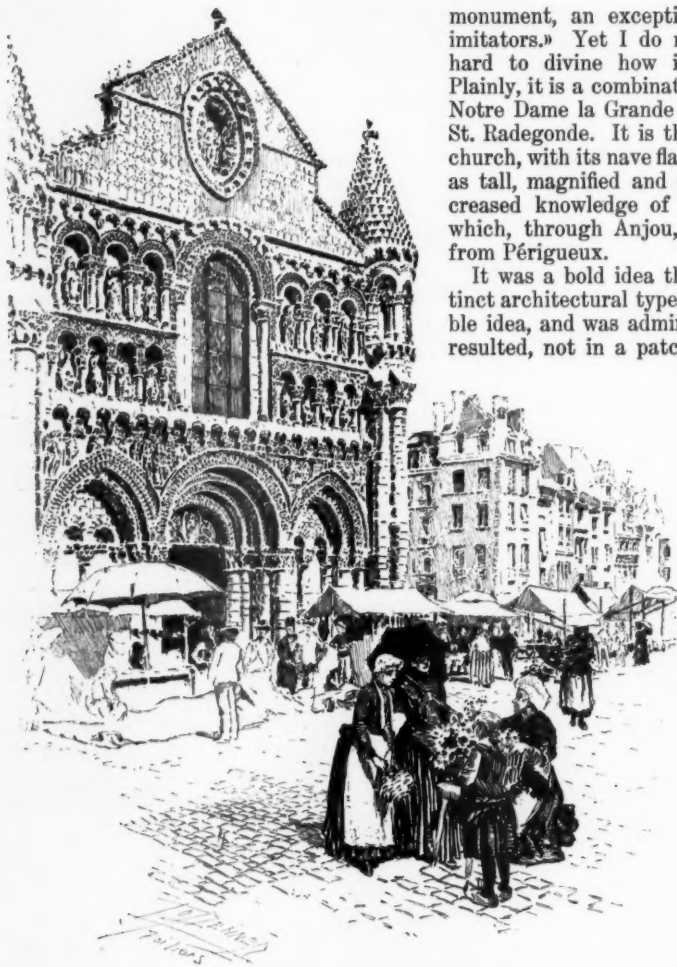
If you are willing to read legend as history, you may like to know that where the cathe-

dral church now stands a Christian basilica was dedicated to St. Peter on the very day when the news of his death was brought to Poitiers. But the corner-stone of the present structure was laid by Queen Eleanor and King Henry about eighty years after Notre Dame la Grande was begun. The precise date seems to have been 1162, the year in which Henry's great adversary, Thomas Becket, was appointed to the primacy of his English realm. The construction of choir and nave was well advanced by the time of Eleanor's death in 1204. Little work, however, was done upon the façade until the fourteenth century, and for this reason (because our concern is not yet with Gothic art) I did not ask Mr. Pennell to draw it. Nor, indeed, is it a fine example of a Gothic façade, although its very defects give it a certain interest as seeming to reveal the influence of English art. In the body of the church, on the other hand, there is nothing English whatsoever. It is characteristic of the people among whom Eleanor and Henry really belonged, not of those over whom they happened to bear sway across the sea.

A plan of this church shows aisles as broad as the nave itself, and a flat east end; while the picture on page 430 explains that nave and aisles are of almost equal height. Four of the eight similar compartments form the western limb, another makes the crossing and transept, and three compose the choir. But these ecclesiological parts are not architecturally marked, except by



NOTRE DAME LA GRANDE. EAST END.



NOTRE DAME LA GRANDE. WEST FRONT.

the slight projection of the transept as two small chapel-like arms. The whole great interior strikes the eye as a single broad and very lofty space, beautifully roofed with many dome-like vaults borne on tall, pointed arches by two longitudinal ranges of richly featured compound piers. The effect is not that of an aisled church at all. It is the effect of a church like Angoulême or St. Radegonde enlarged to such a degree that intermediate supports for the vaulting were required between the walls.

There is no other church of this kind in the city of Poitiers or the province of Poitou, and there is none in Anjou or any part of France. Viollet-le-Duc calls it «a strange

monument, an exception which found no imitators.» Yet I do not think that it is hard to divine how it came into being. Plainly, it is a combination of the scheme of Notre Dame la Grande with the scheme of St. Radegonde. It is the local Romanesque church, with its nave flanked by aisles almost as tall, magnified and glorified by that increased knowledge of vaulting expedients which, through Anjou, had been gathered from Périgueux.

It was a bold idea thus to blend two distinct architectural types, but it was a sensible idea, and was admirably carried out. It resulted, not in a patchwork of discordant

elements, but in a new, logical, and charming type of church interior. The effect of St. Peter's is much richer and more interesting than that of any aisleless church; and as the walls are so high that the windows are very large, and as the aisles are so wide that the curve of the vaults does not darken the nave, there is none of the heaviness, the somberness, which the absence of a clearstory gives to a church like Notre Dame la Grande. The illumination of St. Peter's is every-

where strong and equal; its expression is very spacious, open, airy, luminous. Vigorous yet slender in its fashioning, and exquisite in the design and treatment of its sculptured adornments, it is also a majestic and superb interior, with an elegance, a serenity, that recall the cathedral of Angoulême, but with a much more buoyant, cheerful, hospitable air. Without its ecclesiastical fittings it might look less like a church than like a wonderfully fine great secular hall. With these fittings the ecclesiastical accent is sufficiently strong, although, it must be confessed, St. Peter's of Poitiers appeals to a more simply human side of our appreciation than the churches of the North. It is

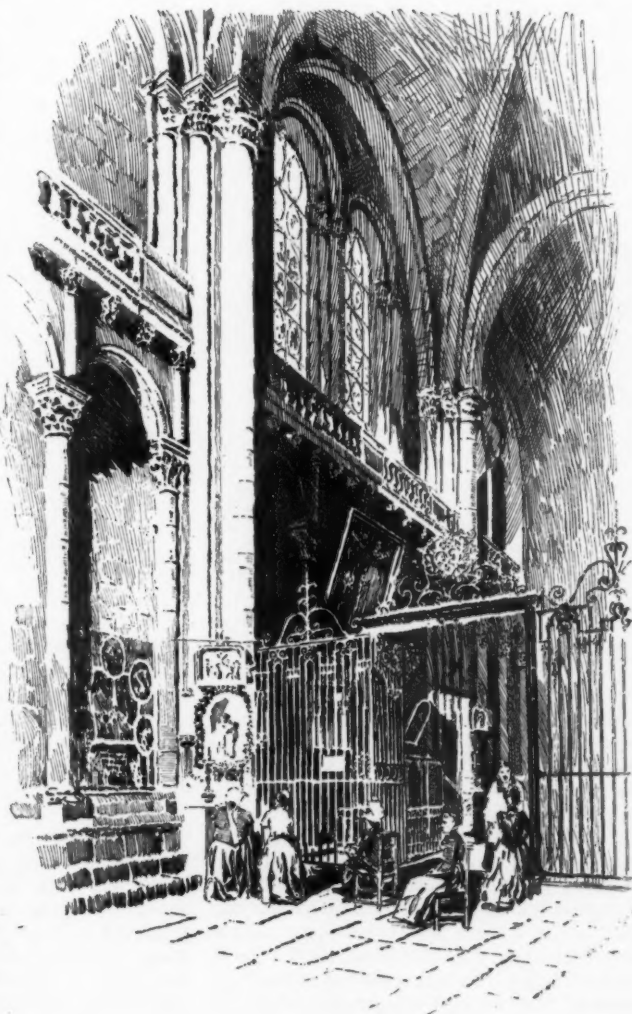
very beautiful, very admirable; but it has not the impressive, awe-inspiring aspect which, from earliest Romanesque to latest Gothic days, marked those tall, arcaded, galleried, and windowed naves, and those lower, duskier aisles more directly inspired by the basilican scheme of early-Christian days.

In the vaults of this cathedral the influence of Anjou is most distinctly read. Our pictures show that, in spite of their domical shape, they are very unlike the domes which cover the cathedral of Angoulême. There the spherical upper portion is supported by pendentives of a different curvature. Here it seems as though the pendentives themselves had been continued upward to form the cupolas; these are polygonal, not spherical, and are ribbed along the arses; and as their curves are somewhat sharply pointed, they have a certain Gothic look. But a study of their construction has shown that their ribs are merely ornamental; and of course their shape is not really that of the typical early-Gothic groined vault, as it was developing, just at this time, in Burgundy, Champagne, and the Ile-de-France. In short, we may most accurately call these vaults ribbed domes of pointed section. They are plainly descended from the true domes of St. Front, and yet they as plainly confess indebtedness to those districts where domes were never used, but where Gothic art was born.

Even before the approach of this art Angevin architects had studied the ribbed intersecting Romanesque vaults of these districts — vaults which had been developed, not from Byzantine precedents,

but from the unribbed intersecting vault of the Romans; and the structural ideas which they thus discovered they amalgamated with those revealed by the Byzantine domes of St. Front. Thus the Angevin, or Plantagenet, type of vaulting was evolved, and, copied at once in Poitiers in the purely Romanesque church of St. Radegonde, it grew into the beautiful ceiling which covers the cathedral church.

This cathedral church is by no means a purely Romanesque building. Not only in its vaults, but elsewhere, the pointed arch is conspicuously employed. Yet the round arch is



CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER, POITIERS.



CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER.

ENGRAVED BY GEORGE P. BARTLE.

not banished, and the decoration shows an intermingling of traditional motives with those, inspired by living flowers and leafage, which were characteristic of Gothic sculpture. In short, the cathedral of Poitiers is a Transitional building. It marks the passage of the Romanesque into the Gothic style; or, more exactly, it would do this if a true Gothic style had ever developed in Poitou. But St. Peter's is not merely the last word of the Romanesque art of the province: it is the last word of its indigenous art. After its day provincial impulse died out before the architectural prowess of the conquering royal district. As the power of the King of France extended, the architectural style of the old *domaine royal* extended too. For example, the great cathedral of Limoges, which is within the Poitevin

country, might stand in Paris and not appear exotic; and it was begun about 1260, a century later than the cathedral of Poitiers, and half a century after Philippe Auguste had united Poitou to the crown of France.

V.

If you look at the plan of the cathedral of Poitiers, you will see that to the eastward three very small apses finish the nave and aisles. But they are mere recesses in the thickness of the wall. Outside, this shows no trace of their existence; it is merely an enormous stretch of stone, almost entirely plain, surmounted by a huge plain gable. Local Romanesque architecture, as we know it, supplies no precedent for an east end like

this, nor does the architecture of Anjou; and it cannot be associated with the profusely windowed flat east ends of England, which, indeed, did not replace the Anglo-Norman apse until a somewhat later day. Unless we go very far back and connect it with the east ends of early-Christian churches, which we know had very small apses, we must call it one more peculiarity of this very peculiar church. It looks as though the architect, who proved himself so boldly and splendidly inventive in the design of the body of St. Peter's, could not manage a true apsidal termination of so great a height, and therefore, giving up the attempt really to solve the problem he had set himself, closed the east end of his church as simply as he could. Outside, the effect of a plain wall of this extent, combined with the vast single roof which sweeps over the whole breadth of the church, is prosaic, barn-like, and uncouth. But there is reason to believe that the architect meant to surmount his transept-arms with towers like those of Angoulême, and probably to build a turreted façade like that of Notre Dame la Grande. And inside the church the vast field of eastern wall has a dignified and restful look, offsetting by its serious simplicity the light and varied character of the great space where, as we change from one point of view to another, the many elaborate piers and arches perpetually fall into combinations of a novel charm.

Very beautiful are the choir-stalls of St. Peter's, carved in the thirteenth century, and the oldest anywhere preserved in France; and very interesting, outside the church, is the station of its façade. Well below the level of the street it opens on a parvis—a rectangular court encircled by a balustrade. Such inclosures, sometimes sunken as here and sometimes raised, and inherited from the atrium of the Roman basilica, often stretched in front of medieval churches, but centuries of changing customs have left few of them intact. They were designed for the celebration of certain outdoor ceremonies, but especially for the administration of justice. Here lay penitents of various kinds made public confession of their sins, and ecclesiastics, safe from the secular arm, were pilloried or otherwise disciplined by the arm of the Church herself.

Looking still again at the plan of St. Peter's, you will see that the walls of the choir trend gradually inward toward the east. But you were not meant to notice this fact when you stand within the church itself, or to notice that each successive vaulting com-

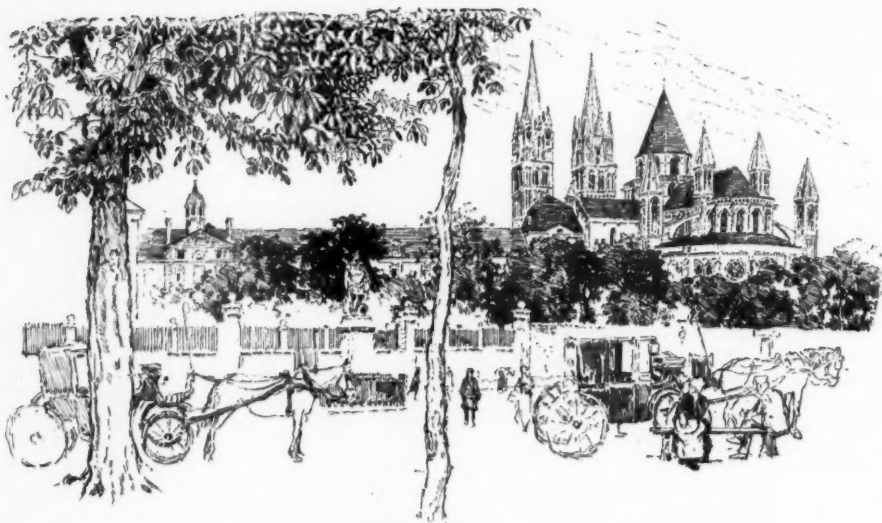
partment of the choir, in the central alley and in the aisles as well, drops a little below the one to the westward of it, so that height and breadth diminish together. The intention was simply to augment the natural action of the laws of perspective: to force the lines of walls and ceiling more quickly toward their common vanishing-point, and thus to make the church seem larger than it is. This curious method of architectural juggling seems to have been imitated from one or more of the great churches of Anjou. If you study it standing in the choir and looking westward, the ingenuity of its construction will scarcely reconcile you to the awkwardness of its effect. But this is not the point of view that you were meant to take, and from the nave the architect's mendacities certainly produce, to some degree, the effect that he intended, while the beauty of his ceiling is not palpably impaired. Indeed, from this point of view you are not likely to suspect the existence of any mendacities at all.

I should like to show you some of the beautiful Romanesque church towers for which the land of Poitou is renowned; but it is more important now to set a Northern type of Romanesque church in contrast with the Southern types among which we have thus far traveled. So we will cross the Loire and the land of Anjou, and enter the country of the Normans.

VI.

A NEW race meets us in Normandy; a new ethnographical influence shows in its art. Here, as everywhere in Gaul, the Celt, the Roman, and the Teutonic Frank mingled their diverse strains of blood. But these northern regions were not so thoroughly Romanized, or so well endowed with classic works of art, as more southerly ones; and later the Franks settled less numerous in the northwestern than in the northeastern parts of their new Gallic domain. Therefore, in Normandy the rebirth of civilization was accomplished even more slowly than elsewhere, and history tells us little of the times which preceded the arrival of the race to which its modern name is due.

For a century these Scandinavian marauders had been desolating the shores of the Gallic lands, and carrying slaughter and pillage even into their central portions, when, in the year 912, one of their leaders, Rolf, was formally granted possession of a rich northern tract, with Rouen as its capital, which he already held by force of arms. And soon all the northerly districts as far as



ST. STEPHEN'S—ABBAYE-AUX-HOMMES, CAEN. EAST END.

Brittany were annexed to this new Norman duchy, while the ownership of Brittany itself was claimed.

But rapidly the Northmen were conquered by the people whom they had subdued. Their old religion was abandoned, their Teutonic tongue was utterly forgotten, their laws and customs and manners were assimilated to those of their neighbors. The barbaric Northman disappeared, the civilized Norman took his place; and this Norman became thoroughly a Frenchman. Yet he was a definite, peculiar kind of Frenchman. The individuality of the fresh, strong strain of Northern blood did not die out, and it speaks from architectural no less than from political history.

The Northmen brought no architectural traditions with them in their high-peaked galleys; but they quickly learned all that more civilized folk could teach, gave it an impress of their own, and became the most energetic and ambitious builders of the Romanesque time. From that early-Christian form of art which was virtually the same in all parts of western Europe, they developed in Normandy a Romanesque style of pronounced personality and extraordinary force. This they carried into England, using it there even more splendidly than at home; and when they turned southward and conquered Sicily they amalgamated it with the Saracenic style, and along this novel path worked as boldly, and individually, as at the North.

As an architectural district the true Norman land extends from the Seine westward beyond the borders of Brittany, and from the North Sea and the Channel southward to the borders of Anjou; and its most instructive Romanesque monuments stand in William the Conqueror's city of Caen.

By comparison with Arles and Avignon, or even with Périgueux and Poitiers, Caen is a modern town. Romans may have lived upon its site, but we know nothing about them, and it was merely a bit of a village when its name was first recorded, in the year 1006. It was really created by the great William half a century later. He made it his favorite residence and the second capital of Normandy, and in its outskirts he and his wife Matilda founded the two monasteries, one for monks and one for nuns, which the pope commanded them to build in expiation of the sin they had committed by marrying within the degrees of kinship forbidden by the church.

Caen lies snugly and prettily in the heart of that lovely, green and rolling, English-looking Norman land which is better known to Americans than any other part of France. Within its borders three small streams unite to form the river Orne, and spacious basins, with a wide canal running to the coast, make it an inland port of considerable importance. It has only some forty thousand indwellers—about ten thousand more than the towns we have recently seen; yet somehow it appears much larger, more consequential, less provincial and remote. Its principal streets

look quite sumptuously modern; for their chief secular buildings, many in number and often very fine in kind, date from Renaissance days. And as we walk any of the streets of Caen we realize how persistent are race characteristics. Even to-day the Norman is not like other Frenchmen. He is bigger and blonder and ruddier; he is more reserved, more steady, less impulsive, less voluble; and by nature he is a seafarer still. In truth, he is still largely a Northman, and when we know him to-day we cease to wonder at the personality of the art he produced upon Gallic soil when he stood eight centuries nearer to his Scandinavian home.

The history of Caen is varied and stirring, and its churches are many and delightful. But we tarried a long while in Poitiers, and must now confine ourselves to the two churches that William and Matilda built—St. Stephen's, in the great group of monastic structures which he called the *Abbaye-aux-Hommes*, and Trinity, in the one which she called the *Abbaye-aux-Dames*. The conventual buildings that once covered acres of ground, walled in and fortified like separate little towns, have utterly disappeared; but the churches still stand entire, although by no means altogether as their first creators left them.

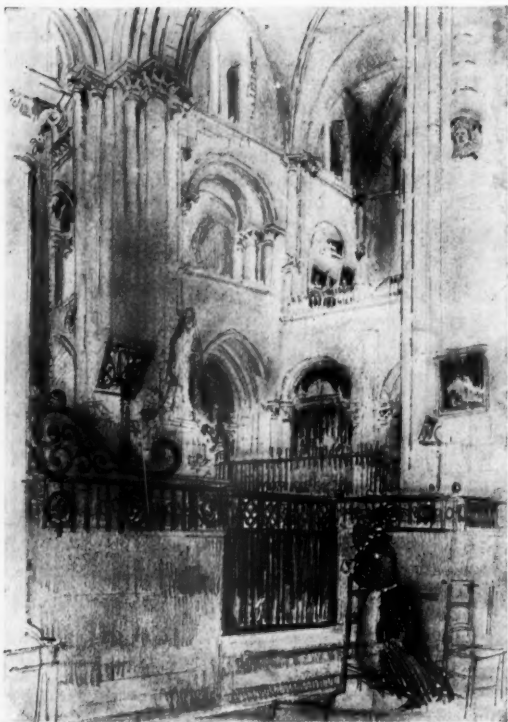
VII.

I HAVE previously said that the true Romanesque styles did not develop from early-Christian art until the advent of that great political, intellectual, and moral renaissance which followed upon the year 1000. And even then the development was a little tardy in the province that Scandi-

navian settlers had made their own. Norman architecture was hardly born before the middle of the eleventh century, and the two great abbey-churches of Caen are among its earliest large monuments. They were begun about the year 1063, and Matilda's was dedicated in 1066, two months before William sailed for the conquest of England. But only its choir was then complete, and the rest of the work upon it lagged behind the work on St. Stephen's; for, with



ST. STEPHEN'S. WEST FRONT.



ST. STEPHEN'S. TOMB OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

the exception of the upper part of the western towers, this was finished when William arranged its pompous consecration in the year 1077—finished with a rapidity which amazes us even when recorded of such amazingly energetic builders as the Normans always were.

Byzantine influence did not affect the ground-plan of Norman churches, or the general character of their constructional scheme. They took from the early-Christian basilica its Latin-cross plan, its low aisles, its large triforium, and its tall clearstory amply lighting the broad nave. Under Northern skies this was a much better scheme than one which relied for illumination upon aisle-windows and a central lantern only. But its retention meant that until the twelfth century merely the apse and the aisles of Norman churches were vaulted with stone, while in the nave the pier-shafts usually ran straight up to the top of the clearstory wall, forming supports for cross-beams to the lower surface of which a flat wooden ceiling was nailed. A ceiling like this, or an open timber roof, could be supported by the tall nave-

walls, but a barrel-vault of stone needed the buttressing supplied by high-placed aisle-vaults such as those that we have seen in the Romanesque churches of Provence and in Notre Dame la Grande at Poitiers; and even thus it was difficult to build it securely on any extended scale.

But the Norman Romanesque church showed points where the early-Christian basilican scheme was expanded or improved upon. The choir was lengthened, and its semicircular apse was enlarged, although without the addition of the radiating chapels common in the Romanesque work of many other districts; the projecting narthex, or porch, was replaced by a great vestibule incorporated with the western front. And in this front we find, very simply and plainly treated, the type afterward so gloriously developed by Gothic architects—three portals, a windowed wall supporting a central gable, and two great towers with lofty spires. In the nude severity of the façade of St. Stephen's at Caen lie latent the serene magnificence of the façade of Notre Dame in Paris, and the elaborate splendor

of the fronts of the cathedrals of Amiens and of Rheims.

Nor was the Norman architect wholly unaffected by Byzantine influence. The fact that he always built a massive tower over the crossing of his nave and transept, and always left its lower stage open to the church beneath as a windowed lantern, tells, of course, of his acquaintance with the domical lanterns of southerly districts; and the stuffs and carvings of the Orient furnished him with many ornamental motives.

Let us look first at William's church, St. Stephen's. It is not as large as many Norman churches afterward built in England. Nevertheless, it is very big. Its massiveness is commensurate with its size. Its beautiful masonry tells of the practical, thoroughgoing spirit of its creators. And their strong, stern nature is revealed by the substitution of massive rolls and hollows for the simple, classic-looking, square-sectioned moldings of the South, and by the sparse amount and the vigorous yet unimaginative character of their decorative work.

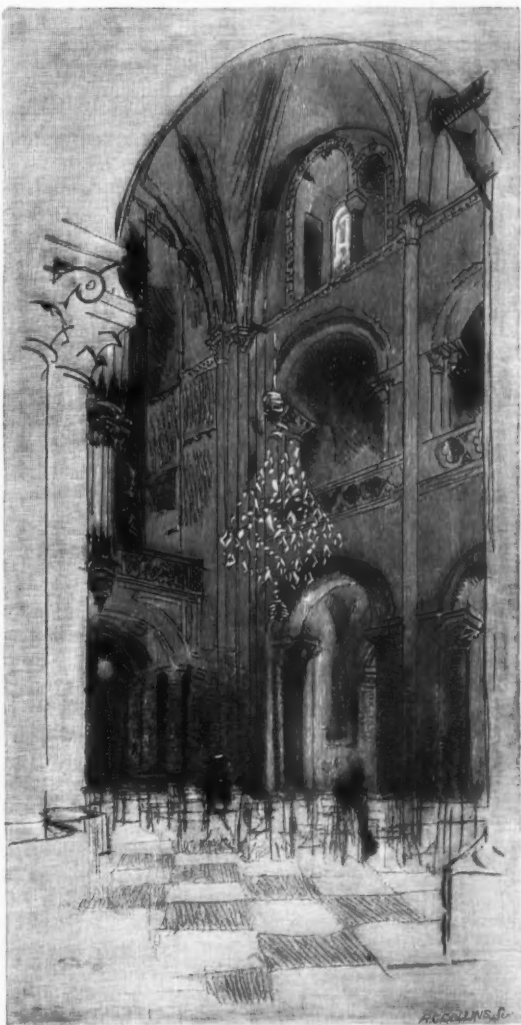
Classic remains did not teach figure-sculp-

ture on this far-away soil, and the Normans never developed an aptitude for it, although they had the same help which sufficed for the sculptors of the *domaine royal* and the central districts of France—the help of the figures on Byzantine manuscripts and portable carvings. Norman sculptured figures are very small, and form an integral part of the decorative patterns; and even leafage motives are sparingly employed. Norman ornaments are almost altogether geometrical. At first they were of the simplest sort—zigzags, billets, nail-heads, rolls, and coarse imitations of the Greek fret. Nor was there any of the delicate refinement of Southern manipulation; the patterns were heavily designed, boldly, deeply, and even rudely cut. Later there was more delicacy and more richness, but still along geometrical lines, Byzantine motives mingling with those grotesque interlacings which, as I have said, were the only real contribution of the far North to medieval art. The favorite early forms for capitals were a cushion form, unknown in the districts we have hitherto seen, and a crudely voluted form—barbaric translations of the Doric and Ionic capitals of classic times; and when more elaborate types were evolved their effect was somewhat barbaric still.

The great vaults which now cover the nave of St. Stephen's were built early in the twelfth century to replace the original flat wooden ceiling, and the balustrade of the triforium gallery is still later in date. In many other features, too, the nave has been retouched or reconstructed; yet it still fairly represents the one that William built, and the transept is in a similar case. But late in the twelfth century the choir was rebuilt, most likely to do honor to William's sepulcher. The style had then become early Gothic, yet of a distinctively Norman kind. The triforium preserves its old Romanesque importance and the semi-circular shape of the arch; the rectangular chapels which flank the choir proper, and the semi-circular ones which surround the apse, are all included under a single stretch of roof, as you may see

from the drawing on page 432; and only in a Norman design would you find the slender turrets which spring above this roof. The ornate spires of the western towers also date from the twelfth century, while the central tower, reconstructed in the thirteenth century, was again renewed in Renaissance times—singularly enough, in imitation of its medieval aspect.

Matilda's church has been less conspicuously altered. Here the choir is still the one that was consecrated in 1066. It has no true aisle or triforium gallery, but its apse is en-



ENGRAVED BY R. G. COLLINS.

ST. STEPHEN'S. NAVE.

circled by a two-storied colonnade, with richly conceived yet rudely executed capitals, forming a sort of narrow passage around the wall. Beneath lies a five-aisled crypt, with low vaults borne by ranges of stumpy columns, which seems like a crude prophecy of the rich and slender late-Norman Galilee Chapel in Durham Cathedral.

The choir of Trinity is now the place of worship for a house of nuns who tend a great modern hospital, while the nave is used as a parish church. Therefore the one is now completely walled off from the other, and Mr. Pennell was permitted to make no drawings in the choir. On page 438, however, he shows you Trinity's nave. Later than the choir, and later than St. Stephen's nave, — probably not finished until after the year 1100, — it is also more exceptional in design. St. Stephen's shows the usual Norman type of triforium. The nearest approach to Trinity's type of which I know is the early-Gothic nave of Wells Cathedral in England.¹

A spire of wood much taller than the present one originally covered the central tower of Trinity, and the pointed windows of its upper stage were inserted during the thirteenth century. The cappings on the western towers date only from the eighteenth century; the old ones, with the spires above them, were destroyed by Duguesclin, for strategical reasons, while he was warring against the English. Otherwise the façade of Trinity reveals the original design, although with numerous restorations. Being later and more richly developed than St. Stephen's, it is still more interesting, for its unlikeness to the contemporary façades of Southern districts is just as apparent, while its prophecy of the splendors of Gothic fronts is more distinct.

The exterior of a typical Norman church won a special grandeur from the number, the importance, and the rich character of its towers. No other province learned so soon to build such fine ones, and no other retained the central one so long. Elsewhere it disappeared or dwindled to a spirelet as the body of the church grew tall in Gothic times; but when the Norman borrowed Gothic schemes and forms from his neighbors of the *domaine royal*, he was less enamoured of very lofty interiors, and therefore could preserve his central towers. We know how they persisted in England, where the whole course

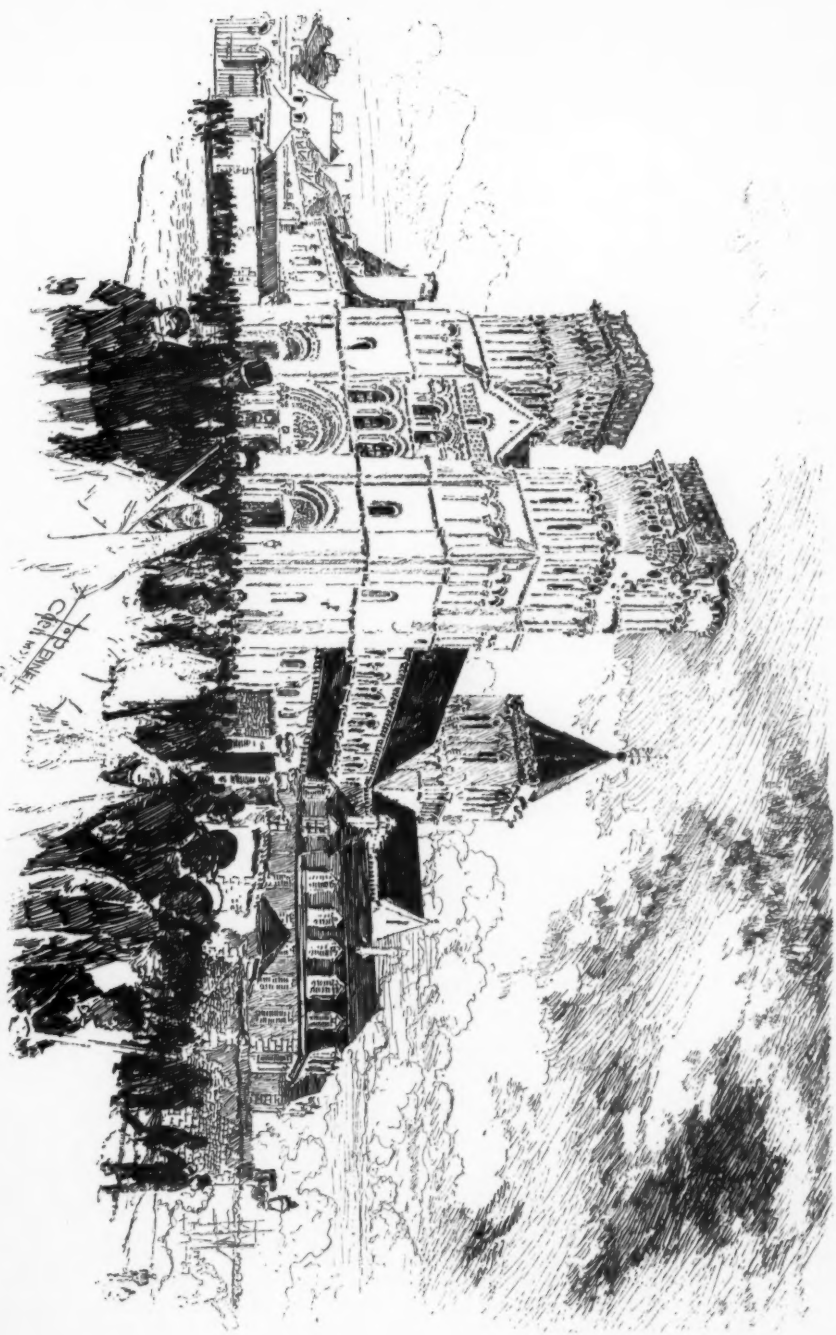
of architectural history was determined by Norman beginnings—growing, indeed, more and more majestic as Gothic art developed, until at last, in the Perpendicular period, they throned immensely over cathedral churches which bore no western towers at all. And the Gothic cathedral at Coutances, the finest in Normandy itself, shows a group of three great towers as distinctively Norman as the group on St. Stephen's at Caen. Such words as might be used of the people of Normandy describe the temper of its mediæval art as well: after a period of semi-independence it became part and parcel of the national art of the great kingdom of France, yet always, to a very marked degree, it remained provincial in the best and proudest meaning of the term.

These Norman Romanesque churches are grander and more virile than their contemporaries of the South. And if you think them less interesting because less peculiar, this merely means that they form a more integral part of that long chain of architectural development which, beginning with the simple pagan basilica, ended in the Gothic magnificence of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Therefore historical interest is greater in Normandy than at the South, and it is augmented by the fact that few important Romanesque churches remain in the true French district. During the Romanesque period the King of France was engaged in such a bitter struggle with many rebellious fiefs and rival sovereignties that architectural energy could not be fostered within his personal domains as it could upon the lands of some of his opponents. And, on the other hand, when his banners triumphed from sea to sea, this energy developed with such splendid enthusiasm and power that, while great French Gothic churches sprang up in every conquered district,—absolutely French, as at Limoges, or modified, as at Coutances,—almost all the earlier work which existed on his ancestral soil was swept away to make room for finer things. Therefore we must turn elsewhere to get a good idea of the Romanesque art from which Gothic art developed; and Normandy is very important from this point of view. Its Romanesque work was akin to that of the *Ile-de-France*: it was lavishly produced on a splendid scale; and much of it has been very well preserved.

¹ This analogy is noticed in my book on «English Cathedrals»; and there I have explained the controlling influence of Norman Romanesque upon English Gothic art more fully than is possible or desirable here.

VIII.

IN the year 1083 Queen Matilda was magnificently entombed in the choir of her conven-



TRINITY — ABBAYE-AUX-DAMES, CAEN.

tual church. In 1562 Protestant hands pillaged her resting-place. Reinterred and, in 1709, placed in a new sepulcher, her bones were again profaned in 1793; and now they lie in a still more modern tomb. Yet into one of its sides is built a slab from the first tomb of all, bearing the original epitaph in stately Latin hexameters.

In the choir of William's church you may also read his epitaph, likewise in Latin, but as modern hands have written it:

HERE IS SEPULTURED THE INVINCIBLE WILLIAM,
CONQUEROR, DUKE OF NORMANDY AND KING OF
ENGLAND, OF THIS HOUSE THE FOUNDER, WHO DIED
IN THE YEAR 1087.

As you read these words, as you look around upon William's great and massive house, as you remember the still more tremendous houses of God which he made it possible for his kith and kin to build in a new realm across the sea, as you think of all the enemies he subdued and all the friends and allies he controlled, of all the terrible evil and all the excellent good he wrought, his image, against the background of the hoary stones he placed, defines, solidifies, and explains itself. You recognize the image of one of the chief among men, of one whose personal seal was set, not upon his own time only, but, in two great countries, upon times that have not yet expired. It is indeed a mighty and imposing shape. Solemn and soul-subduing,—a traveler from another planet, not knowing the character of ours, would confidently say,—reverential and nobly tragical, must have been the closing scenes when this man's spirit returned to the Maker whom his lips had so loudly professed to honor, and his body was committed to the keeping of the earth which his feet had so magnificently trod.

But there is nothing for which an eye that does know our planet can less confidently look than for appropriate endings to the lives of men. Least of all can it expect them when great rulers are in question: it has read too often of an Alexander, a Cæsar, a Napoleon, a Henry of Navarre, a William of Orange, a Lincoln. No one drew fatal daggers against William of Normandy, and no one was able to fetter and confine him. But you have heard how the sons of his own body turned against him, and once even his beloved Matilda; how deadly weakness assailed his giant frame, and the mere misstep of a horse was its destruction; how, when he died in Rouen, the great men and the small who had thronged to his chamber fled, each

man his own way, to make sure of personal profit; and how his body was left for a time abandoned, and only a single knight with a few men-at-arms at last consented to bear it to its burial in Caen.

As his funeral passed through the streets of Caen, toward the portal of St. Stephen's, a great fire broke out in the town, and the procession scattered in terror—all but the faithful servitors of the Church. Then, when these pronounced their eulogy while William lay uncovered before the high altar, and called upon their hearers to forgive any sin he might have committed against them, the voice of a burgher cried out in protest: the



TRINITY. NAVE.

land upon which St. Stephen's stood was his—William had never paid for it—William should not rest within it until payment had been made. The service was stopped, sixty shillings were given as the price of the grave itself, and a larger sum was promised for the remainder of the site. But even this was not all: the stone coffin had been made too narrow; the huge and bloated corpse burst under the pressure of impatient hands, and despite the clouds of sweet incense in the church, William's horrified subjects fled a third time

from his posthumous presence. It seems almost trivial to add that when Matilda's grave was desecrated by the Protestants, William's was desecrated too, and that his bones were lost, with the exception of a single leg-bone, which now lies under the proud epitaph, and, an old writer has recorded, is «longer by the length of about four fingers than those of a very big man.»

A pitiful, a pitiable, a dreadful story! Why cannot one forget it in the great church of William the Great? Perhaps you may when it comes your turn to stand there. But I could not. It was too curiously, too dramatically suggested by the atmosphere and the aspect of the place in the hour when I first saw it.

It was a late October twilight hour, but clearly gray in the streets and squares, and we were glad to find the doors of William's abbey-church still open. Inside its massiveness, however, there was a gray and somber gloom—such broad, thick shadows, and such narrow gleams of pallid light, that the vast spaces looked as though filled with vapor or smoke. Many interiors would have been obliterated by this duskiness, and we should merely have wished that we might see them better. But these huge, plain piers, these simple and titanic arches, were but greater, grander, more tremendous than in vivid daylight, defining themselves in spite of the obscurity, as though built by more than mortal hands. Half concealed, yet colossally apparent, they seemed to form a church for ghosts to pray in—for ghosts imperial, like that of a duke who had won himself a kingdom across a foreign sea. No steps but ours

profaned the gigantic solitude; no other eyes explored it. The silence was as dense as the gloom, and, like the gloom, it seemed to grow denser as each moment passed. And then, when we entered the choir, behold! it was all hung with black draperies bordered with glimmering bands of white; and behind the high altar towered a great catafalque, with its white-edged sable covers widely sweeping the floor. There were no watchers and no candles, and so we knew that the body for which this bier had been prepared was not yet upon it. But the effect was all the more awesome. One could fancy a preparation, not for the material body of some mere modern man, some prosaic little burgher of the modern town of Caen, but for the ghostly corpse of the long-dead warrior who created Caen. More and more the whole place seemed like a place in a terrific dream, growing momentarily darker, stiller, indistincter—fading away as a dream fades, but into thick blackness, not thin and luminous air. And more and more the spirit of William, the Conqueror whom death disgraced, seemed to pervade it—coming to show that even death in such a form had not subdued him, coming to be consoled in this enormous and majestic solitude, on this peaceful, shadowy bier, for the hideous turmoil and contumely of his actual interment eight hundred years before.

This was my first impression of the Conqueror's church, carried hastily, almost in terror, through its portal into the glooming street. And I hardly remember how St. Stephen's looked in after days and brighter hours.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

«I HAVE CALLED THEE MANY A NIGHT.»

I HAVE called thee many a night,
While the rest were sleeping;
Thou wert deaf to all I said,
Heedless of my weeping.

Wilt thou never hear again,
Howsoe'er I pray thee?
Then must I go forth to seek,
On thy way waylay thee.

Long my ear waits for thy words.
How can I forego thee?
Ah! for one brief hour come back,
Let me see and know thee.

Shall I find, beyond the sun,
Some Celestial Garden?
Shall I kneel there at thy feet,
Clamor for thy pardon?

Nay; how can I wait so long?
Wilt thou not draw near me?
Wingèd winds are steeds of thine—
Let them hither bear thee.

Louise Chandler Moulton.



“HELLO, TOM! D’ YOU KNOW ME?”

ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBUNGER.

DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK.

THE DEFENSE BY RESURRECTION.

UPTON was, and still is, a dull little town, the county-seat of an extremely bucolic county in the mid-uplands of Alabama, just where the great Sand Mountain range begins to break into romantic hills and valleys, gorges and fells, that soon in turn soften down and blend together, forming that broad billowy plain, between the mountains and the sea, so famous for its cotton, its quail-shooting, and its corn.

A low but roomy brick house on a hill overlooking a ravine through which the two or three straggling and ill-kept streets of Upton found a common outlet into the country by way of a bumpy red-clay road, was the only picturesque feature of the place; and even it wore a forlorn aspect as its small windows peered out between the trees and vines toward the stony slope beyond the rivulet, which, blue and dreamy, was fresh from tumbling down a rock-fanged mountain gorge, the same in which a notorious "moonshine" distillery so long baffled the government officers.

The Horton family was, in deference to Alabama custom, an old one, and had been rich. When Colonel Horton built the house he felt he was setting up a monument of architectural grandeur, and all the people of Upton and the surrounding country frankly shared his optimistic impression. The house itself seemed to be aware of its importance. That was a long time ago, in the days of slavery, when even the mountain villages had their aristocrats.

The war was just ended when Colonel Horton died, leaving to his widow, his son, and his daughter a heavy financial trouble to mingle their grief withal. Mrs. Horton was an invalid; Tom, the son, had fallen into a sorry way of life, which led post-haste toward destruction; and so the responsibility of managing the involved estate fell to the share of Grace, a girl just turning her twentieth year, and without the slightest knowledge of business affairs.

An almost briefless young lawyer in Upton, Henry Purvis by name, and also by the testimony of a crazy-looking sign hanging aslant by one corner beside his office door, had been employed to help the family deeper into legal entanglements: at least that was what Judge Tolliver was heard to remark when he found that the young man and not himself was to be retained.

VOL. LIV.—56.

"If there's enough of Colonel Horton's estate left to buy a drink of liquor for Tom, by the time that jackleg cyarpet-bagger Purvis gets done with it, I'll be mightily surprised," the judge added; "for what he knows about law would n't solemnize a constable's affidavit in Indiana."

What was supposed to make this remark especially crisp lurked in a direct allusion to the fact that Purvis had recently come from the Hoosier State. Judge Tolliver had supreme contempt for Western lawyers in general, but for his feeling toward Indiana lawyers contempt was too mild a word, and he always used some phrases of withering defamation in speaking of them. The secret lay in the memory of an experience in Kokomo, the far-famed Indiana town, whither Judge Tolliver had once gone on important legal business for a client, and had been put out of court on demurrer by a little red-headed lawyer who chewed tobacco and spoke through his nose.

"I say, sah, they don't know (b) from a bull's foot about law up there," and the judge took some whisky by way of emphasis. "Why, that illiterate little copperas-haired cuss pronounced *duces tecum* duckis tickem, blame if he did n't! Kokomo! Lord, sah, what a bah!" and he grimaced as if the liquor had burned his throat.

Purvis, although he did not feel called upon to make good the claims of the Kokomo bar, he havin' come from the southern part of Indiana, was nevertheless not altogether proof against the judge's toplofty humor, and could not help letting wag his own caustic tongue. The two men rarely spoke to each other further than stiffly to exchange formalities on the street or in the dingy little court-room; but there was an indirect cross-firing which, in that climate and at that time, was dangerous. It presently came to threats on the part of the judge, and defiance bold and unqualified from Purvis—a state of affairs not likely to escape public notice in a town like Upton.

"The jedge'll cyarve 'im inter shoe-strings, or shoot 'im plumb full o' holes, and that 'll be the eend o' Mr. Purvis," was the prophetic announcement made by Sandy Lucas, the bartender and owner of the Crossed Bottles saloon, who was a great friend and partizan of Tolliver's.

On the ground that Purvis was a "cyarpet-

bag Hoosier," and the judge a thoroughbred and registered Alabamian, this foresay by Lucas was gratefully accepted by all Upton and its dependents far and near. Nobody thought that Purvis had any fight in him, he was so loquacious and good-humored; but it was plain that he was taking all sorts of chances with the judge. Indeed, he could not be fairly criticized, or even roughly measured, by the Sand Mountain standard. His Western democratic levity, which at need shaded off so quickly into a sort of jocund stubbornness, set him apart as *sui generis* in a community whose blending of stiff dignity and artificial suavity was a mere hereditament worn as one wears an old-time brooch or ring descended from one's remotest known ancestor. It was a foregone conclusion that Judge Tolliver would one of these days make him "eat what he's been a-sayin' or take to the woods or fight," as Sandy Lucas expressed it, and most people thought that to fight the judge was equivalent to suicide. Therefore, when Purvis fell into the habit of inquiring for the cemetery in which the judge's victims had been laid to rest, everybody knew that an interesting event was close at hand.

The clash came; it was pistols in the principal street of the town, on a rainy day midmost of a long wet season, and Judge Tolliver fired two shots, after which his seven-shooter, an old-style percussion-cap weapon, heavy and deadly, began to snap without igniting the remaining five charges.

Sandy Lucas popped out of his saloon to see what was going on. He liked sport of that sort.

Purvis, who was not hit, had deliberately repocketed his own revolver without firing or even cocking it; and there he stood actually grinning almost jocosely at the set and grimly resolute face of the judge, who was doing his part with evident view to tragedy.

"You are a great one, I must say, Judge Tolliver," the young man exclaimed, "to depend upon an old rickety pistol like that! It looks more like a sausage-stuffer than a deadly weapon. Why, judge, you could n't hit a barn-door with it. Run and get a better one; I'll wait for you. I'm in no hurry at all. Or, here, take mine; I don't need it."

All this time "snap," "snap," "snap," went the hammer of the ponderous and steadily aimed weapon, as its owner mechanically and with almost stony firmness cocked and re-cocked it, and as many times pulled the trigger. Sandy Lucas winked both eyes, and grimaced violently at each ineffectual fall of the crazy hammer on the frayed and rusty nipple.

Purvis looked right into the gloomy bore of the barrel, and kept on grinning in the manner of one vexed, yet greatly amused. He held his arms slightly akimbo, as though expecting something comical to happen; but his eyes were very steady.

"It's no use, judge," he presently added; "she won't fire; those caps are wet. Put on some dry ones; if you kill me I want you to do it without any element of accident. Besides, I think you'll hurt yourself with that old machine."

"You do, do you?" growled the judge, taking two more careful snaps, and then hurling his pistol at Purvis with might and main. "Um, take that!"

Purvis stepped aside so that the rude oak awning-post behind him caught the whirling weapon, which struck butt foremost, the muzzle pointing toward the judge, and the concussion caused it to fire with an almost deafening roar. The bullet hissed past Purvis's head, and, by one of those inexplicable ironies of accident, hit the judge, making a harmless but burning crease just above his left ear and whisking away a lock of gray hair.

"She did conclude to go off at last," remarked Purvis, with a droll, dry accent. "If you'll pick her up now maybe she'll work all right."

Then, seeing the judge jerk his head, wince, stagger, turn ashen pale, and fling up his hand, he immediately went toward him, with a sudden look of sympathy and regret.

"Why, judge, are you hurt? Did it hit you?" he inquired, his voice softening and taking on a fine suggestion of hearty and spontaneous good-fellowship. "I hope no harm's done."

There they stood, those two, the people collecting about them in the thick gray mist of rain: the judge tall, aquiline, grizzly; Purvis shorter, stouter, ruddy, quite comfortable-looking in every way. Lucas could scarcely contain himself, he was so excited. He spat out his quid of tobacco, and swore.

The judge evidently thought that the bullet had gone straight through his head; his eyes betrayed this, but he said, with an evident effort to be heroic:

"No, sah; it's only a scratch, sah."

"Humph!" ejaculated Purvis, for the first time showing a sign of impatience; and then, resuming his good-natured smile, he added drawlingly, "If I were you, and wanted to scratch my head, I'd use my fingers."

In spite of the rain, now driven along almost level by a sudden wind, the bystanders, excited and gazing as they were, looked at

one another appreciatively, each turning a shoulder to the current, and chuckled dryly. It was a fighting community, but the sort of grit shown by this Indiana man got the best of the present representatives. The humorous phase of chivalry was something that had never before disclosed itself to them.

After that the judge and Purvis were close friends; indeed, the former was often heard saying:

"If any man would delight to have me climb right up to his collah and amputate his windpipe, just let him say that my young friend Henry Purvis ain't dead game to the backbone. Yes, sah; I 'll 'commodate that man right away. I 'll be uncommonly generous to him."

In the matter of attending to Colonel Horton's estate Purvis came under the influence of Miss Grace Horton, who was a charming girl in both person and temper; but Tom Horton was what people call "a case"—that is, he could not be classified as good, bad, or indifferent, being all three in one, with a liberal element of the indescribable thrown in to fill out and heap up the measure. Miss Grace almost idolized this scamp of a brother, as good and true sisters so often persist in doing; and, like many another lost man, Tom loved Grace heroically, while he went on accomplishing almost everything in his power to disgrace the family name, dissipate the remnant of their fortune, and bring them all down to the lees of misery.

Purvis had little difficulty in making fair weather with the people of Upton and its environments after winning his way into Judge Tolliver's heart. Even Sandy Lucas was inclined to be generously friendly toward him, occasionally offering him the freedom of the Crossed Bottles bar, which Purvis genially declined.

Everybody saw that the young lawyer regarded Grace as the most important item of the Horton estate, and seemed to take more interest in her welfare than in extending his practice. He was magnetic,—at least Judge Tolliver said he was,—full of the fine vigor and bloom of health due to honest ancestry and a clean life. He was massive, if not tall, and a certain calm self-confidence directed the glances of his rather large gray-blue eyes.

Grace, as is the way of young girls whose lives are passed in lonely country towns, was a lover of romance. She took immediate cognizance of Purvis's victory over Judge Tolliver, and proceeded to make a hero of him in her imagination. He felt that he richly deserved this distinction on higher

ground; but was unspeakably glad to have it on any that Grace might choose. Moreover, he was far from underestimating the emphasis with which local sentiment had magnified his prowess and bravery, and he was perfectly aware of the importance of following up an advantage so honestly come by. He let no time pass idly. Grace helped him to unravel the knotty places in her father's affairs, and at the same time confused his legal vision by filling his eyes with a love-mist.

It was the same old story. The world never tires of it or desires any change in its main features. A man and a maid, in city, town, or village—they meet, they speak, they love.

Every day, and sometimes twice a day, Purvis went up to the mansion. He was smiling when he entered the gate; he was still smiling when he came out.

One afternoon, as Purvis and Grace, after examining together some papers and old accounts, were sitting on the veranda of the mansion in a haze of idleness, they heard three pistol-shots, sharp and rapid, in the direction of the Crossed Bottles saloon.

"That was Tom's pistol—oh!" Grace spoke as one does who has been hard hit in battle, and laid her hand on Purvis's arm with an involuntary clutch.

Her brother had a gallery behind the house, and she had heard his weapon so often that its sound was like a familiar voice to her ear.

Purvis had been thinking rapidly; now he rose, and saying, "Keep the papers; I 'll come back," went down-town.

He knew that she was right. He had seen Tom Horton lately going in and out with a hard gambler, a newcomer to Upton, who looked bad enough to do anything; a heavy-set fellow with a cast in one eye and a villainous smile that kept his face in a constant ripple of wrinkles; a furtive, shadowy night-bird whose victims were not likely to escape him.

And, sure enough, Tom had killed this man; shot him three times through the breast before he could fall to the floor. It was a bad affair. Tom had won the fellow's money, and some words following brought on the killing, which looked like outright murder.

Unfortunately, Tom's character was against him, notwithstanding the vileness of the man who had been his target, and he was locked up without bail in the dingy little prison at Upton. Judge Tolliver and Henry Purvis were employed to defend him; but it was yet four months before the court would sit. Moreover, there appeared to be not the ghost of a defense in Tom's behalf.

Judge Tolliver's whole intellect turned at once to the invention of a defense; but there appeared to be no foothold for any of his many and ingenious creations. He could not make out even a skeleton of romantic self-defense, of alibi, of extreme provocation, or of previous threats. "Set your Yankee wits to work," he said to Purvis,—for to him all persons not Southerners were Yankees,— "set your Yankee wits to work, and worm out something to hang oratory on. It's oratory, sah, that raises a reasonable doubt in the jury's haht, but whah's oratory when you've got nothing to hang it on?"

Purvis could see no hope, and frankly said so.

The judge was excited from morning till night. He walked his office floor, and stroked his gray beard, what time he was not seeking comfort at the Crossed Bottles bar. Pretty soon something came to pass which added greatly to his nervous strain.

The murdered gambler's name was Timothy Lane, and he had been decently buried in an old cemetery just outside of town. Three days later it was discovered that his body had been "snatched," and the grave left open and empty.

"That's unfortunate," said Judge Tolliver to Purvis; "it'll work against our defense."

"How?" inquired the young lawyer.

"Oh, just on general human principles. You know juries are superstitious."

"I don't see your point."

"Well, I don't say that I have any; but I know it's so; a mystery in a murder case is always against the accused."

"That's probably true."

"And we've got no margin in this case at best."

"Not enough for a foot-note."

It was hard to realize that Tom Horton, bad as he certainly had been, was a murderer. Grace could not believe it, and Purvis could not fling off from his mind a film of dimness, so to call it, whenever he tried to think over the unfortunate affair. Evidently the people of Upton were affected in the same way; for the remark was current that nobody remembered much about Lane, that the killing seemed not to have left any sharp lines of impression on the minds of the two or three who saw it. Purvis, whose memory was remarkably powerful, tried in vain to call up a distinct recollection of the gambler; but all he could do was to make out a devilish smile, a defective eye, and a sinister countenance generally, which evaded distinct recognition in detail. Everybody seemed caught in this

difficulty to a degree that caused even Sandy Lucas to philosophize about it.

"That air Lane were a myster'us bein', an' es shy es er detective. Hit gits me yit how he seemed ter kinder keep outen a body's mind when he were right afore 'im. He were a gen'us, that man were. A gen'us gits ther' every time."

Doubtless there is always an adequate explanation in the simple nature of things for a seeming departure from the normal in events that attract general public attention. Possibly it was the mere fact of Lane's body being resurrected which generated this film of unreality. The man was at best a stranger and mysterious, as wandering gamblers almost always are, and then this body-snatching was a horror heretofore unknown to Upton. At all events, what soon happened fitted quite naturally into this state of things.

One morning Purvis brought a letter for Grace to read—a letter that had puzzled him. It purported to be from Tom's victim, was signed "Timothy Lane," and was postmarked at a little mountain town of eastern Kentucky bearing the sylvan name of Possumtrot. Judge Tolliver being absent in Mobile, Purvis had no one to consult with on the strange contents of this preposterous missive:

MR. HENRY PURVIS, Lawyer.

DEAR SIR: I have been informed that you are defending Tom Horton for killing me. As I am not dead yet, but alive and well, I don't see any use in hanging Tom Horton. If you will make it interesting to me, I will come back to Upton and show myself. All that I want is the money that Tom Horton beat me out of. Yours truly,

TIMOTHY LANE.

"It's a ghastly hoax, of course," said Purvis, after Grace finished reading, and looked up pale and quivering, with a flare of bewildered imagination in her eyes.

"But maybe—" she began. Her voice was like a flash of hope.

He promptly interrupted her.

"Impossible, dear; did n't I see him as dead as a door-nail, and was n't I there when they buried him? I'd like to believe anything that would lift one cloud from your mind, but I should feel like a brute to let you take heart from so preposterous a source. No; it's a miserable hoax."

Her hand fell with the letter into her lap, and she looked wan and helpless, as if the few moments of vague hope had left her exhausted.

"Yes; but then you remember," she caught breath to say, "how the—the grave was—"

«Yes, yes; medical students, I know. That was nothing uncommon at all; they're always up to such things. We won't discuss the ugly subject.»

«But people have been buried alive.»

«Not with three thirty-eight-caliber bullets through their bodies like that.»

«Oh, Henry, hush!»

«Yes, dear, I beg a thousand pardons; only I wanted you to feel how atrociously impossible this letter is.»

«Then why did you bring it to me?» she inquired, with just a hint of resentment in her voice.

Purvis began to stammer; but he quickly caught his words.

«You know, dear, that I must share everything with you now, and I thought maybe you'd be able to—»

«Oh, yes, I see; it's good of you, Henry—you are always good. But what can it mean? It certainly is that man's handwriting. I know it is.»

Purvis started.

«How do you know?» he demanded with almost rough bluntness. Her emphatic tone made a sudden strange impression upon him.

She went into the house and brought some scraps of paper, notes written by Lane to Tom during those dreadful gambling days.

Purvis made the comparison, and without a doubt there was great similarity.

«It's enough to make a fellow superstitious,» he presently ventured, still gazing at the peculiar penmanship. «Doggone if—»

«Henry!»

«I was going on to remark, when you checked my eloquence, that it might not do any harm to answer the letter.»

«You must answer it, Henry.»

«Then I will.» What he penned to Mr. Timothy Lane, Possumtrot P. O., Kentucky, ran as follows:

DEAR SIR: Your wishes will be promptly and honorably complied with, if you indeed show that you are still alive. Frankly, however, I must say that I look upon you as a very dead man—dead and dissected in fact; but at the same time I recognize your claim to being the one best qualified to demonstrate any slip which may have occurred in the course of Tom Horton's pistol-work, and in the proceedings of the medical students while carving you afterward in the interest of science. I say this, however, on the honor of a gentleman, that if you prove to be what you write that you are,—a sound, live man,—you shall, upon proper proof of yourself, be reimbursed as you have demanded. Very truly yours,

HENRY PURVIS.

When Judge Tolliver returned he expressed his regret that Purvis had written.

«It's some trick of the prosecution,» he insisted; «and just as apt as any way, sah, they'll have your letter to read in evidence to show that we've been trying to—»

«Fiddlesticks! judge; let them try it. I wrote nothing that can be used in that way.»

«All the same, it's a queer proceeding.» And the judge drummed with an abstracted air on the office table. Then he went over to the Crossed Bottles.

During the course of twenty-five years' practice at the bar of Upton, Judge Tolliver had never lost a murder case. This was his boast modestly made. He felt bound to save Tom Horton at all hazards within legal limits, and everybody expected him to do it. Sandy Lucas was not in favor of any limits whatever, and told him so.

«Ye can't effort ter go back on yer record, jedge. This yer case calls fer gen'us, an' yer frien's 'spect ye ter come up ter the ole high-water mark. Ye've got ter git ther', jedge, ef it is Sunday.»

A few days later another letter from Lane arrived. In it the writer appreciated Purvis's position, and admitted that to one not deeply initiated into the mysteries of gambling life it would naturally seem impossible that he (Timothy Lane) could at present be alive and well; still, it was true. «I'll be on hand in due time,» the letter proceeded, «if you will let me know the exact date set for the trial. All I want, as I said before, is the money; it was \$416 that Tom Horton beat me out of. He just as good as stole the money from me.»

Judge Tolliver compared the signature with that of Timothy Lane on the register of the Upton hotel, and came away, evidently a trifle excited, to remark confidentially in the ear of Purvis that it did look «devilish like it,» or words of the same import.

The clerk at the hotel noticed that the judge, after turning back in the register, compared a newly written letter with the old signature of the dead gambler. Hence a rumor went forth to the effect that something was on foot in the murder case. Moreover, after a while it was hinted around that Timothy Lane's friends, coming by stealth at night, had dug him out of the ground, and that he was alive! Of course everybody made fun of the absurd story, and after running its ten days' course it gave place to some other bit of gossip. Only now and again, when Judge Tolliver would be seen going along the street toward his office with his Roman

features set in grizzly perplexity, a hanger-on at the Crossed Bottles saloon might say:

"Yender 's ole Tolliver a-surmisin' what kind er rope he 'll buy fer Tom Horton, pervidin' he cayn't git no continuoance at co't."

And another, leaning against the bar, might add:

"An' a-pervidin' 'at Tim Lane kin be proved entirely an' onriserrectably dead."

As the day for the trial drew near, Grace was almost broken with the burden that she had to bear. Mrs. Horton was already confined to her bed, as much on account of the hysteria of anticipated and unspeakable horror as by the progress of actual disease. The judge faithfully assisted Purvis in trying every summonable apparition of hope and cheerfulness; but it was heartbreaking to see Grace eagerly clutch at the merest shadow of promise, and then shrink back again into a deeper gloom of despair.

When court was in session the presiding officer of justice took a room at the hotel. He was a short, asthmatic, corpulent man, kindly-eyed and jolly. Grace found courage to seek a private interview with him, and she painfully embarrassed him by a voluble and tearful appeal in behalf of her brother. She had not told Judge Tolliver or Purvis that she intended doing this daring and improper thing, and when they found it out they lost absolutely all hope. Tolliver, indeed, walked his office floor, and swore in a whining falsetto voice which robbed him of every shred of dignity. If he had but known, however, what an effect Grace's contempt of court had made upon the tender heart of the presiding judge, he might have taken quite another view of the matter.

In those days Upton had neither railroad nor telegraph, and only twice a week did the stage, or what they called the "hack," come in with its meager cargo of bundles and boxes and its few forlorn-looking passengers, apparently shipped for ballast. The lawyer who prosecuted the pleas of the State was standing on the dilapidated veranda of the hotel when this hack arrived. It was late in the evening of the day before that set for Tom Horton's trial. The proprietor of the Crossed Bottles came across the street to see if any dry person might be aboard.

Out stepped a smiling, crooked-eyed man, and looked about him as if expecting to be greeted.

The saloon-keeper started and then glared.

The man saw this, and smiled more profusely, at the same time squinting with his distorted eye. Then he reached for Lucas's hand.

"How 're ye, old feller!" he exclaimed, with a hearty chuckle. "Was n't expectin' me, eh?"

Lucas took the hand, and uttered a strong phrase of astonishment. They stood eying each other half credulously, half in grotesque curiosity.

"Well, let 's have a drink!" went on the newcomer, pulling Lucas toward the saloon; "it 's about my time o' day."

The State's prosecutor observed this little scene, but not being a resident of Upton, he knew neither Lucas nor the other man; still, in some oblique and strange way he was impressed by their manner of meeting, and he watched them till they entered the door over the way.

Next morning a report was flying that Tim Lane was in town; he had come by the hack, people were saying under their breath, and had spent a few minutes at Lucas's saloon. Nobody knew where he went from there; but at least three persons had seen him and recognized him, although nobody else could believe it, much as the natural human bent toward suspicion aided the romance.

A great crowd came to town to attend the trial, as they would have done in the matter of a hanging, arriving early in the morning. The streets were lively with country folk when Purvis, just at sunrise, went to the jail to have a last consultation with poor Tom Horton, who was fast asleep when he entered the dingy cell.

"Tom, Tom, wake up, old fellow!" he said, gently shaking him; "I want to talk with you."

Now for the first time he told the prisoner the story of the Kentucky correspondence, and added what he had just heard on the street, that a report was all over town, with some startling evidence of its possible truth, that Tim Lane had really come back alive and well.

"Of course there can't be anything in it," Purvis said; "but we may raise a reasonable doubt with it."

Tom Horton sat half dressed on his low couch, his elbow on his knee, his chin in his hand. He was wan and haggard, his eyes downcast, his body and limbs pitifully emaciated.

"I just can't realize that I ever killed that man," he muttered, a doleful, doubtful hollowness in his voice. "It 's like a dream. I— I— maybe he *has* come back."

Purvis felt sick at heart, and was glad to get out again into the fresh mountain air. He lifted his almost rosy Northern face, and

took in a deep breath. The first man that he met in the street was Sandy Lucas, whom he stopped to ask about the rumor.

«It's jest es straight es a gun,» said the saloon-keeper, who was red and excited. «Tim Lane was in my place, an' I tuck a drink with 'im at my own bar last night. He's jest es live es you are.»

Purvis felt his knees getting strangely weak.

«And where is he now?» he demanded, trying to be calm.

«That's it. He got out'n the hack at the hotel, an' grabbed my hand, jes so, an' called me by name. I knowed 'im soon es I sized 'im up. No mistake. (Let's liquor,) says he, an' we went in an' did; then he said he had biz, an' would be back d'rec'ly, an' went out. It's straight goods; no foolin' 'bout it.»

Purvis was staggered; for, despite the man's low calling, Sandy Lucas was not a liar; his word was as good as any man's, and the story came from his lips with every appearance of that half-hysterical, superstitious bewilderment which an adventure so uncanny would most naturally induce. The lawyer began:

«If it was Lane, I—»

«Ef 't was him! Don't ye reckon 'at I kin see? They is no efs about it, I tell ye.»

Sandy added certain violent expletives, and even showed bellicose symptoms, attracting some loungers to the spot.

Two or three other men had seen Tim Lane, or claimed that they had, and everybody was mouthing the report.

«He air up in Jedge Tolliver's office now,» said an old mountaineer to Purvis. «I seed 'im go up ther'»

The now thoroughly mystified young lawyer almost ran in his haste to reach the judge's room. He leaped up the creaky stairway three steps at a jump, and burst in, all out of breath. Tolliver looked up from a volume of Supreme Court reports, and saw Purvis mopping his excited and congested face.

«What the devil now!» he exclaimed.

«Where's Tim Lane?» demanded Purvis.

The judge was evidently disgusted; he looked the young man over from head to foot with a glance of rebuke and inquiry.

«Are you drunk and disorderly, or is it one of your spells?» he presently condescended to ask. «It's time to work, sah, not to fool.»

Just then the voice of the sheriff rang out loud and clear from the court-house door announcing that the court was in session, and demanding that everybody take heed thereof.

The judge looked at his watch, raked up an armful of books, put on his hat, and said:

«Come along, Purvis; we've got a tough job on hands. I've sent for Miss Grace.»

THAT was a memorable trial. The little courtroom was packed to a squeeze with a nondescript crowd of crackers and mountaineers. Inside of the bar were the jury, long-faced and solemn, a dozen lawyers, the presiding judge and other court officers, besides the prisoner and his pale and beautiful sister. Although it was the beginning of winter, the doors and windows of the court-house were wide open to let a balmy ripple of wind flow through, and the sun shone dreamily out of a cloudless sky.

The preliminaries were few, for a wonder. Both the State and the defendant accepted the jury without a challenge. They were looked upon as «good and true,» those cadaverous mountaineers there solemnly impaneled, and they gazed at Grace more than at the prisoner. The presiding judge did the same. Indeed, it was enough to melt the heart of a buccaneer to see the girl's sweet, mournful, shadowy face. Her beauty had gained a strange power from the terrible ordeal that she had been undergoing.

«Let the trial proceed,» said the court.

After a whispered consultation with Judge Tolliver, Purvis arose.

«If your honor please,» he began, «I have a matter to present. I am told that Timothy Lane, for killing whom the prisoner at the bar is here arraigned, is now in town, alive and well.»

The lawyers for the prosecution, who had heard the ridiculous story, and were expecting something of this sort, laughed, and the court gazed at Purvis with eyes of pity. There was a great stir in the audience, however, for the unsophisticated onlookers were more susceptible to the romance of the proposition.

«Your statement,» said the court, severely, «is absurd, impossible, and ridiculous.» He, too, had had one ear open to the street rumor.

Then Grace arose, pale and agitated.

«I saw him myself,» she said falteringly and tearfully; «he came to our house this morning, and I gave him some money. He promised me to come here.»

She looked around with an expression of bewilderment and expectancy in her face.

Purvis was astonished; Tolliver gaped as if in utter amazement, and dropped his eyeglasses: but he was always suspected of acting a part for effect in a case of this sort.

"Your honor," said the State's prosecutor, after a moment of dismay, "this is preposterous!"

The presiding judge made a motion with his hand, and bade the attorney sit down. Then he added gravely:

"The court does not care to hear argument. There is nothing before the court. Proceed with the trial."

It was now Judge Tolliver's turn to be heard. He stood up, and fixed his eagle eyes on the court. When he spoke his voice boomed solemnly:

"If your honor please, one word. I say to you that Timothy Lane, the so-called murdered man in this case, is alive and in this town, and will be in this court-room before I have done speaking. I am informed that—"

"I object, your honor," broke in the prosecuting attorney. "This is a mere trick—"

"T ain't, nuther," cried a voice which every person recognized as Sandy Lucas's. "Tim Lane's here; I seen 'im, an' tuck a drink with 'im! There 'e comes now! Look!"

Just then a man came down the rude aisle from the front door, and walked into the inclosure of the bar. He carried his hat in his hand, and held his head up as if in defiance.

"Hello, Tom! d' you know me?" he cried, standing in front of the prisoner. "Thought I was gone for good, eh? Right glad to see me, ain't you?"

"Well, I'll be—" began Tolliver; then he made a gesture to the court, and assumed a tragic air.

It was Timothy Lane in flesh and blood. He smiled the same old devilish smile, and his bad eye twinkled among its wrinkles. Tom Horton was near fainting; he could neither move nor speak. He glared like a maniac, and gasped forth some inarticulate noises.

"I'm here," said the apparition, turning to the dumfounded court, "just to let you people know that I can't be killed by every amateur with a pop-gun. Here I am, judge; look at me. Am I a dead man?" He slapped his substantial thigh. "Not by a long jump, I ain't! When they kill Tim Lane they kill a good one, and don't you forget it!"

"That's him!" cried fifty voices.

The sheriff muttered the same to the judge. It was a strange scene altogether. Timothy Lane shook hands with some of the lawyers, among them Judge Tolliver and Purvis. He bore himself as one who feels his own heroism.

"You suppose that I was going to die of those pea-pop scratches? Why, they never

left even a scar!" he was saying, as he smiled and leered.

Of course the court proceedings ended suddenly. Judge Tolliver kept his head, however, and insisted upon having the record show a trial and a verdict of not guilty. The court saw no other way out of the emergency.

Timothy Lane lounged about town for an hour or two, the hero of all eyes, then suddenly disappeared, and was never again seen in Upton. Tom Horton went to Texas, but, I am sorry to say, did not reform; he was killed in a drunken fight at Waco.

Grace and Purvis were married the following spring, and went on a wedding-tour through the North. At Louisville, on their way home, they were detained a week because of some damage to the railroad bridges by high water. It was in the billiard-room of the Galt House that, while Purvis stood watching a game, some one tapped him on the arm. He turned and faced Tim Lane, who was grinning as usual, and ogling with that crooked eye of his. The scoundrel was flashily dressed, and wore a flaming mock-diamond scarf-pin. The atrocity of his facial expression was accentuated by the backward tilt of his tall silk hat.

"I'm still alive and doin' well," he exclaimed, after some pretense of formal greeting had been exchanged. "And how's Tom?"

There was very little conversation between them, scarcely a word on the part of Purvis, who was bled for a small amount in the way of a loan, and then Lane took it upon himself to explain.

"I did n't tell any lie," he said; "I am Timothy R. Lane. My brother, that Tom Horton killed, was Timothy P. Lane. We were twins, and as much alike as two black-eyed peas; nobody ever could tell which was which. You tumble, don't you?"

When Purvis told Grace about this interview, she remarked plaintively and naively:

"Well, Tom said to me, the next day after the trial, that he knew for sure that the man was not what he claimed to be."

"How did he know?" inquired Purvis.

"Because Timothy Lane had lost the first joint of his left thumb, and this man's thumbs were both perfect."

It afterward transpired that Judge Tolliver and Sandy Lucas were cheek by jowl in the matter. Moreover, a good many lawyers even now consider that defense by resurrection one of the most remarkable instances of originality, tact, and boldness to be found in the records of criminal cases.

Maurice Thompson.

THREE SONGS.

I.

«WHEN FIRST I SAW.»

WHEN first I saw her, at the stroke
The heart of nature in me spoke;
The very landscape smiled more sweet,
Lit by her eyes, pressed by her feet;
She made the stars of heaven more bright
By sleeping under them at night;
And fairer made the flowers of May
By being lovelier than they.

Softly down where the sunshine spread,
Dark in the grass I laid my head;
And let the lights of heaven depart
To find her image in my heart;
While through my being came and went
Tones of some heavenly instrument,
As if where its blind motions roll
This world should wake and be a soul.

II.

THE GIFT.

So fair the world about me lies,
So pure is heaven above,
Ere so much beauty dies
I would give a gift to my love;
Now ere the long day close,
That has been so full of bliss,
I will send to my love the rose,
In its leaves I will shut a kiss;
A rose in the night to perish,
A kiss through life to cherish;
Now ere the night-wind blows,
I will send unto her the rose.

III.

DIVINE AWE.

To tremble, when I touch her hands,
With awe that no man understands;
To feel soft reverence arise
When, lover-sweet, I meet her eyes;
To see her beauty grow and shine
When most I feel this awe divine,—
Whate'er befall me, this is mine;
And where about the room she moves,
My spirit follows her, and loves.

G. E. Woodberry.

449

UP THE MATTERHORN IN A BOAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A DAY IN TOPHET," "A JUDICIAL ERROR," ETC.

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE WRIGHT.



"I AM going up there, but not à la present mode — strung on a rope with guides and porters like beads on a string. I shall go in a balloon."

"Any time scheduled for starting?"

"No," said Hill, reflectively; "I've got to go back to Paris first. Would you like to join me?"

"Where for—Paris or Mont Blanc?"

"Mont Blanc."

"In a balloon?"

"Yes; or a sky-boat."

"Safe?"

"As climbing."

"All right; let me know in time, and I'll go."

There the matter ended—at least, I supposed it did, for I had not taken it seriously at all. We had been sitting on the hotel veranda, smoking, and looking at the mountains. I expected to visit Mont Blanc in a sky-boat about as much as I did Mars in a similar craft; but I was astonished to hear from my chance friend Hill a few weeks afterward, and to be reminded of the above conversation. There were some newspaper clippings in his letter, and from them I gleaned that Hill was an aeronaut and experimenter generally. This he had never even hinted to me, and I liked him all the better now for his reticence. He said little, but what he did say was generally worth hearing; and the ninth letter of our alphabet would never have been worn flat and smooth in a few hours by him, provided it was in type. I accepted the clippings as a sort of introduction to the skill of the man, and I felt that they were not offered in a spirit of vainglorious pride, much as it might have been justified by the flattering tone of the paragraphs. He knew, naturally, that I would hardly want to go sky-boating without knowing something about the qualifications of the pilot, who would probably be captain and crew, too, like the survivor of the "good

ship *Nancy Bell*." Looked at in this way, the clippings were eminently satisfactory as references; so I accepted the invitation, and started back for Chamonix.

I arrived there two days before the time specified by Hill, and on the evening of the second I was again sitting on the veranda where we had held our previous conversation. It was summer, and according to the papers it was pretty warm in Europe. There was a full moon, and as I looked at its round face peering over the ghostly summits of the eternal snows, I wondered how nature contrived to get up any heat to speak of in the same house with what might be called that tremendous cold-storage system. And as I sat there smoking, and meditating on Hill and mountain, there came a great creaking and hallooing up the street; and presently two carts appeared, attended by a fair following of youth and age, and a good exhibit of French vocabulary. The whole outfit stopped before the hotel, and a dozen men at once began to drag from the second vehicle a limp and shapeless wad of something that bulged in places, and caved in in others, and sagged everywhere like a big net full of the season's best catch. This extraordinary spectacle was what had evidently drawn the multitude, and its significance at once dawned upon me. Here was the sky-boat! I got down to the street just as Hill came hurrying up.

"Hallo!" said he; "on time, eh? Here, you; no fooling with that boat until I show you how." He had started to shake hands with me, but broke off the action as abruptly as he did the verbal salutation. The next minute he was around on the other side of the first vehicle, repeating his instructions in French.

I examined the craft before me as well as I could in the moonlight, and discovered that it was made of metal,—aluminium, I afterward learned,—pointed at both ends like a whale-boat, but very much broader and shorter. It was as deep in proportion as a life-boat, and, used as a water-craft, would have seated six or eight people comfortably without any crowding, although there was a floor, or a sort of lower deck, built midway

across it, forming a tiny hold below. Chains were attached where the oar-locks should have been, and also at prow and stern, while directly beneath each of these, lying flat along the sides and at both ends,—those at the ends somewhat resembling rudders, only they also lay as flat and as close to the boat as possible,—were six curious contrivances, looking precisely like folding fans, riveted on at the handles. These I rightly concluded to be connected with the steering-gear. But what chiefly aroused my wonderment was a small, fat cannon, or mortar, lying on the

of camera, telescope, cannon, and magic-lantern. You just train this chap on nothing in the dark, and watch him fire big shells of light at it. I tell you, it's great!"

"I should think it might be," said I; "but what are these?" and I laid my hand on one of the big fans folded along the rail.

"Oh, those are our fins. We simply spread them in order to tack. They run by electricity, and help us to swim—in the air."

Before I could make any comment he dropped the light-gun back into the boat, and hurriedly detached himself from the con-



« TWO CARTS APPEARED. »

bottom of the boat, like the stump of a big cigar. This appeared to be of the same material as the boat itself, and putting my hand down on the rim in order to turn it over, I was surprised to find it fitted with a glass cover. On further inspection I discovered that this glass was a lens, and that back of it were other lenses, or else some brilliant, sparkling stuff, half filling the body of the cone.

"What is this machine?" I asked. "It looks like a mortar for throwing shell, barring the glass lid; but I suppose it is n't a gun."

"Yes, it is," replied Hill, coming around to my side for a minute, and taking it out of my hands. "This is a light-gun. We attach a fuse to it, as it were; we put the finger of electricity on the trigger,—although we can use a tallow dip in case of necessity,—and then we aim it at whatever we can't see. Usually, you know, you aim a gun at something you can see; but this is a combination

versation. It was useless to ask him any more questions then, but I had my doubts about the feasibility of using gas in those high altitudes; and after the boat and the balloon were stowed away for the night, and Hill had his mind back to earth again temporarily, I asked:

"What is the temperature up around Mont Blanc?"

"Well," said he, slowly, "it's pretty cold. I expect it needs a spirit-thermometer to register up there at some seasons."

"That's what I thought," said I. "It seems reasonable to suppose that those old noses of the Alps are about the coldest spots we have on this mundane sphere. What's to hinder the gas in the balloon from congealing when you get up several thousand feet?"

"Electricity."

"Oh?"

"Yes. But if it should freeze, you just figure out how much more congealed gas

weighs than the uncongealed variety. Is a pound of ice heavier than a pound of water?" There was a regular Yankee twinkle in his eyes for a minute, but presently he continued seriously: "As to the gas congealing, I suppose there might be a risk of that were it not for the fact that we shall counteract the influence of the cold by motion. Do you know anything about the dynamical theory of heat?"

"Not much," said I, modestly.

"Well, you don't have to know (much) to comprehend that when you leave the water running in the faucet on a cold night you prevent its freezing because you set it in motion. It's the vibration of particles of matter that keeps them from solidifying, because motion is the first principle of heat, or heat is motion, as you please. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly."

"Very well; that is the dynamical theory of heat. Don't you see that all we have got to do is to keep the gas in that balloon churned up? We are going to accomplish that with the aid of a little wheel, like a paddle-wheel, inside the balloon. I attach it to the current from the storage-battery as soon as we get high enough to need it; and, you may depend upon it, the gas is not sitting down and congealing, or frosting its airy toes, so long as it's kept on the move by the paddle."

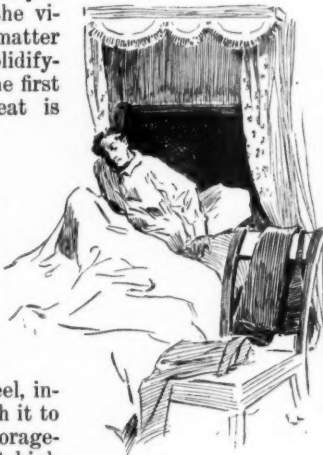
"That sounds all right," said I; "but where does the dynamical theory of heat come in with an ice-cream freezer? You keep that churned up, and it freezes right along just the same."

"That's a different application of energy," said he. "According to my theory, we run no risk so long as we keep paddling." I could say no more, but inwardly I hoped he had tested his theory before starting; for I felt that the atmosphere would be a pretty thin element to stand on with any exploded notions. "You see," he went on, changing the subject, "while our quarters are rather small,—big as an English railway-compartment, though, and with better facilities for heating,—we are going to be pretty comfortable. In fact, the American does n't travel unless he is. But, to begin with, as I said, we

have electricity. We have the light-gun to fire ahead and see if the air is clear of rocks, and we shall cook by electricity. If you can catch any fish as we sail, I'll drop them right into the skillet; or if we run down any game, we can keep it frozen by hanging it over our stern, where it's handy to cut off a slice now and then as we need it. It will be an economical way of housekeeping—no ice-bills, no trouble with refrigerators and plumbers, no water-bugs, no cockroaches." He smiled as he spoke. "I have laid in a supply of canned goods, enough to last us six days, good liberal rations for appetites with an edge on them; and all I ask of you is to bring yourself and flannels, instead of yourself and friends—although if anything should go wrong with our machinery, your flannels might be your best friends, after all."

"When do you expect to get off?"

"Oh, about Thursday morning." It was then Tuesday night. "I've nothing to do now but make the gas. We ought to get the *Cloud Queen* inflated in twenty-four hours, and then, hail to the unknown—to the unfound, but findable, realms of space! For those are the ports we sail for."



"I . . . SAT UP IN BED
WITH A JUMP."

BEING in a community where they make avalanches a specialty is a great deal like being in a cyclone district or an earthquake country. So far as my personal experience goes,—it is all one whether I am asleep or awake in the Alps neighborhood or in Japan,—the sound of a roar and a rumble always has the same effect upon me: it produces an earnest desire to stand from under. For this reason I awoke suddenly the next morning, and sat up in bed with a jump. Then I made ocean-greyhound time over to the window, expecting to see the nearest mountain sliding sociably Chamonix-ward; but everything in nature was calm and serene. Art was at work under my window, though, with a whizz and a whir-r-r, and a sort of crescendo zee-e-e—the most diabolical row that human ears ever listened to. There was Hill standing over some sort of machine that was making the same noise in proportion to its size that a bluebottle fly does in proportion to his; and about him variously were jars

and bottles and the balloon, the latter looking in the dim light not unlike a collapsed circus-tent at the end of the season. The machine was attached to the balloon, and was evidently generating gas after some novel method of Hill's own invention; for the old rag of a bag bulged and bubbled in a splotchy sort of dry-boiling. By this time heads were popping out of every window in sight, two or three in some—heads in nightcaps, and heads without, but every one with a facial frontage of astonishment, and every one talking, by the look of the mouths. They might have been so many gnats in a sawmill, though, for all the satisfaction they got out of that.

I dressed, and descended to the yard; but as soon as I met Hill, he seized me by the arm and drew me into the hotel.

"How did you sleep?" he inquired when the door was closed and he could be heard.

"First-class," said I, "until you started that row in the yard. What, in the name of chaos, is *that* machine?"

I fancied there was rather a crafty gleam in his eyes, but he responded with seeming frankness:

"That? Oh, that is the generator."

"What does it do for a living? What is it—a motor?"

He looked at me for a minute after this compound question before he answered in a disgusted voice:

"A motor—that? Did you ever hear a motor sing like that chap?" He paused, and listened admiringly, as a fond father might to the lusty squalling of his first-born. "Nothing the matter with those lungs, eh?" I was forced to admit that they sounded healthy. "The motor we are to take along is n't any bigger than your hat, and it might as well be asleep for all the noise it ever makes; but the generator—listen to it!"

I could n't help but listen, being in the vicinity. "It seems to sing in several different keys at the same time," I ventured to say; but Hill ignored my remark. He tightened his grasp on my arm, and said confidentially:

"That is an atmospheric engine—that is to say, partly. It's a chemical engine, too. Now I've no doubt but you have heard people say all your life that atmospheric

engines were the pet chimeras of cranks, have n't you?—cranks who were stalking perpetual motion? It has always been contended by science that no practical application of ordinary atmospheric power could ever be made; that

every scheme was bound to be a failure." He dropped his voice to a solemn key. "Does that sound like a failure?"

"If noise is any criterion to go by, it sounds like a howling success," said I; "but what is it doing?"

"Why, it's filling the balloon."

"With what—gas?"

"Yes; ammonia gas, largely; that and—something else—something that floats all right."

By this time we had reached the breakfast-room, where waiters were running distractedly about, trying to serve guests and keep track of the performance outside at the same time. As for the innkeeper himself, never had he been blessed with so precious a guest; never had his back rooms been so eagerly

sought. The crowd in front drew visitors like a magnet, and the buzz and whir in the yard roared novelty to heaven. I heard him entreating Hill to make the show a permanent attraction, or at least to prolong the agony of inflating the *Cloud Queen* to a fortnight *à tout prix*; but Hill was obdurate, and the bag in the back-yard passed slowly through the mud-geyser period of bubbling, and began to puff out symmetrically and show signs of floating on its own responsibility, like a scandal or a wild-cat speculation scheme. As the day advanced, and the wrinkles and crumples in the gown of the recumbent queen were smoothed out over the gas, it became apparent that what had appeared to be a badly mussed and dull-colored old fabric was in reality a changeable red-and-



"HEADS WERE POPPING OUT OF EVERY WINDOW."

blue silk stuff of some tough weave. About noon I helped Hill carefully to unwrap a long roll containing a fine network of aluminium, a sort of chain-mail on a large scale, which we proceeded to draw over the top of the balloon as it lay billowing upon the ground in easy reach. The effect of these glittering chains over the softly luminous silk was wonderfully beautiful; and as the *Cloud Queen* began to take shape and substance, swaying gracefully from side to side as if to catch the sunbeams on her gorgeous robes, and ever rising gently heavenward, all the enthusiastic onlookers paid tribute to the royal lady by giving her a round of hearty applause. We all stood in admiring attention. Hill backed off, with his hands in his pockets and his hat on the back of his head.

"Looks just like a Yankee girl, eh?" he presently yelled at me. "Best of the kind made!"

I nodded. "I guess she has got a little drop of French blood in her."

"Not a bit! Her pa was yanked right out of Yankeedom; but, like all good American papas, he lets her buy her clothes in Paris."

He went over and touched a button or did something to the machine, and the noise suddenly ceased—so suddenly that it left everybody screaming something at everybody else in a pitch nicely adjusted to the previous uproar. Then he said to me:

"I'll leave my man on duty, and we'll go out and look at some of the places we are going to visit."

We found a young fellow comfortably seated at the hotel door, collecting a franc from each arrival, while the urbane inn-keeper washed his hands in the atmosphere before him, and enlarged upon the magnificence of the spectacle to be witnessed for the small price of admission. A man whose house helped to make one side of the square, and whose rear windows looked into the yard, was letting his view at so much a head. This was canny enough to be Scotch. As we got well away, after elbowing a passage through the crowd, and looked back, we could see the top of the balloon swaying over the roofs of adjacent houses, like a great silver-veined poppy-bud rocking on its stem in the grass.

"It ought not to take over two hours more," said Hill, "to fill her, and then we are off. I should think we ought to get away by eight in the morning. We could have left all right to-night, but I like to have the inflation stand for a few hours before sailing. If there is any weakness in the fabric, it develops before we start, and can be attended to. Feel nervous?"

"No, not exactly; I have a sort of pioneering sensation, though."

"Well, that's appropriate. Now I am not going to talk shop to you, or try to explain the scientific whys and wherefores of things that a post-graduate course could not altogether elucidate; besides, I have n't the gift of expounding a twenty-years' grind of study in fifteen minutes; but what I want to say is this:

to all practical intents and purposes, we are going to be just as safe in my sky-ship as we would be on any seaworthy water-craft. I consider the *Cloud Queen* to be perfectly air-worthy. I've got a lot of inventions that make her so, and we are not exposed to any more dangers afloat on the atmosphere than we are when afloat on the water. In fact, they are pretty much the same kind of dangers. For instance, if we spring a leak we sink. But we have life-preservers for the thin

"COLLECTING A FRANC FROM EACH ARRIVAL."

element as well as for the thicker. All you will have to do in such an event will be to keep your head and spread a parachute. Of course when you land you will have to take your chances—as you would at sea. I can't guarantee that you will descend on the roof of a first-class hotel with hot and cold water, gas, and all modern improvements at a reasonable rate—(no extra charge for candles.) If I could, I should be as infallible as the promise of dividends on a life insurance. Now you've got your pointer on springing a leak. The next danger we might be exposed to is another of the same sort you meet at sea, with



modifications. We might run into something; but I calculate there is not more than one chance in ninety-nine million of our running into anything of our own size and kind, so there we have a decided advantage over steamers. Of course we may strike a snag or a crag, but there again we have a remedy. All we've got to do in that event is to throw out a grappling-iron and catch on. There's bound to be something to hold on to the moment we leave the air. You can't get a good hold on air, although it's just as satisfying as trying to get a good firm grip on water, so there again you are just as well off as if you were at sea. And here is another advantage: in case of collision we have n't a big, crazy crew to swarm up from below deck and cut off our only chance to escape. There will be just you and I, and we'll go halves on any chance that we may have to use."

(We were not reckoning on our third passenger then.)

"How about storms?" I asked.

"Have to take our chances. If we get into a gale, I don't know any reason why we could n't sail along with it; in fact, we would have to. Of course we depend upon air-currents largely, but not entirely. We can tack with our fins and machinery better than the average sailing-vessel can. But you will see all these things demonstrated. A demonstration beats a dictionary any day for fixing an idea."

We were ready on schedule time next morning. Our supply of food and water was stowed away in a bulkhead aft, and the buzzing machine—the generator—occupied a similar bulkhead in the forecabin. I use the words fore and aft, because it seems natural for a boat to have a stem and a stern; but the *Cloud Queen* might have had two afts or two fores, for I was never able to discover any difference in either end. She was built on the same principle as a crab—either way was forward or backward, and nobody knew from her looks which way she was going. There was a sort of hold under our feet, as I have said; and in this the motor and batteries and all mechanisms were packed away as compactly as the works in a watch. These operated by switches and buttons arranged on a switchboard or sort of keyboard in front of Hill, who sat where the rudder ought to have been.

"I have been to a great deal of trouble," he said, "to get my engineering department ranged in small space like this, and it's all on your account. I had buttons here and there, like buttons on a coat, wherever they

were needed, and switches hung up like birch rods in a school-room; but I knew if I got any one else in the boat we might be inadvertently touching three or four of them at once, and trying to do as many things all at the same time. Efforts of that nature would have led to endless complications, so I concluded to be on the safe side anyhow."

All the townspeople—in fact, every one who ever lived in that vicinity, except the dead and the bedridden and those who had emigrated to Canada (the United States are not so markedly French-colonial as Canada is)—were on hand to see us off. We were ready to cast the last stay-lines loose, and the *Cloud Queen* was struggling and pulling to free herself, as if eager to set forth for her kingdom, when I happened to think of Jabez, my dog. Now Jabez was not a valuable animal in the kennel sense of the word. He had no pedigree, no sire of high degree with a string of blue ribbons over his oak entitling him to respect in the canine world. If he ever had a grandfather of any degree, Jabez never suspected it. Judging from his appearance, his family connections were good, but mixed. It would have puzzled an expert to tell what breed he belonged to, he seemed to be heir to so many races. To sum him up briefly, Jabez was just plain dog; but he was smart—so smart that I had found myself forced at times in his presence to spell words I did not wish him to understand, as one does with a child who exhibits signs of too much precocity. He had cost me considerable, first and last, taking him about the country with me, and, looked at in that way, he was valuable. I had paid fifty cents for him in the beginning, and every one considered that extortion. After adding dog-tax yearly for ten years, bribing him out of the pound several times, and offering four rewards of five dollars each on the four separate occasions when he lost himself, to say nothing of having fed and clothed him, and bought dog patent medicine when required, I regarded him as a valuable animal; and as he grew in commercial value I found myself more and more unable to break off the attachment existing between us. So I now bethought myself of my most faithful friend, and shouted to the innkeeper to look after him until my return. But that worthy was shouting at us with equal energy: "Monsieur Hill, Monsieur Hill! *Un moment—un moment!*" He rushed into the house, and the next moment appeared with what seemed to be a bottle in his hand. Kind soul! he was going to ask us to drink his health in the clouds. But

an unexpected diversion occurred. There was a short bark, a flying leap, and Jabez landed in the boat. I had neglected to spell my instructions.

"Cast off! cast off!" shouted Hill, looking anxiously up. I reached my arm over the edge, and by making an effort—we sat so low in the body of the boat that only our heads were visible to any one on a level with us—leaned over to take the bottle. The next instant we shot up, amid cheers and shouts of laughter. Looking down, with my chin on the taffrail, I discovered the innkeeper's uplifted face, with an unmistakable expression of triumph on it as he regarded us. His head was cocked to one side, and there was a distinctly artistic glitter in his eye, which seemed to be focused appreciatively upon one particular spot. There was a brush in one hand and a paste-pot in the other. He had put a hotel paster on the *Cloud Queen*.

Our first sensation was similar to that one can experience any day by going down town in New York and taking passage on the elevator in one of the new sky-scrappers there. The salvos of applause from beneath grew fainter and fainter. Jabez barked excitedly, and as Hill and I rose and leaned over the side of the craft, he jumped and leaped in his efforts to lean over too.

"Jabez," I said, "you don't know it now, and you probably would not know it then, but if you jump overboard at this point you are booked to land right in eternity, with no accompanying funeral." I restrained him with

one hand, while I waved a handkerchief with the other.

The scene we now looked upon was a curious one. The people we had left a moment before grew smaller and smaller; the up-turned faces shrank to the size of daisies in a field—of the petals of a daisy—of nothing. Like Chinamen after misdemeanors, they had all "lost their faces." We saw insects crawling about that were presumably horses and cattle. Roofs began to look like chips, and presently the whole town bunched together until it resembled a little pile of pebbles. By using our field-glasses we could discern what appeared to be a colony of very small two-legged ants running excitedly about in the yard we had left.

"They've lost the leg of that last beetle," said Hill, with a grin. "Now let us look at something bigger."

I cannot convey to you any adequate idea of my sensations when, for the first time, I beheld the wrinkled old face of the earth. We use the term "the face of nature" ill-advisedly. Now and then from some mountain-top we get a glimpse of an eye-

brow, or a corner of the chin, or a bit of cheek; but at the best these glimpses are only fragmentary exhibitions of epidermis. We never see the face of anything, any more than a fly crawling over a printed page sees anything but the individual letters as he travels over them one by one. But when you begin to get a perspective on the earth, when you get a mile or so away, then things change. The dominant race of it begins to look the least



"HE HAD PUT A HOTEL PASTER ON THE 'CLOUD QUEEN.'"

of it. We saw here and there long, dark streaks crawling over the glaciers like caterpillars—the herds of the valley of Chamonix being driven across the Montanvert and the Mer de Glace to summer pasturage on the mountains beyond.

«Imagine,» said Hill, «that yonder lean herds are the troops of the first Napoleon, and think that all Europe marveled at such a feat. It does not look much of a trick at this height, does it? And think, too, up here, that a midge of a man made all Europe quake as well as marvel! Warfare looks pretty small now, eh? About as serious as a shadow gliding over a field of rye. And you could not tell a Hannibal or a Napoleon from a Sam Smith or a John Jones from here, if you had them ranged up side by side. It all depends on the point of view. Things you look up to seem a great deal bigger and more difficult than the things you look down at—no difference whether it's the Alps or an object of ambition. You have to readjust your ideas as well as your glasses to make them fit distance. For instance, look at the valley we slept in last night. You see there are other little piles of pebbles here and there that we know are other towns. And there is a little white thread tangled around them—about number sixty, from its looks. That is the river Arve. And now you see the whole valley is only a faint wrinkle in the great face we are looking at. If the inhabitants were slaying each other in battle at this moment, and all the air ached with the sounds of anguish and was thick with the smell of blood, we should n't know it. Get away from the ripl and roar of bullets, and all the world's at peace.»

The balloon, in close trim, had risen rapidly through the denser atmosphere near the earth, and now, in the higher altitude of lighter air, was going easier. We had exchanged summer heat for a brisk autumn-day temperature, with a touch of frost tempering the sunshine. The instrument for recording altitudes registered nine thousand feet.

«The only kind of warfare,» appended Hill, holding down a button and heating a small disk from which we lighted cigars, «that we could appreciate here would be to see two or three thousand balloons lined up in battle array, shooting fire and profanity at each other, and calling bad names. That would be worth seeing. The fellow who could n't make his balloon dodge the shot he saw coming through the air would be pretty apt to see it shrivel up over his craft, and

to take a header into the nearest landscape. Men will have to get into the air to fight their battles before long. They will have land and water bristling with guns so big that no one will dare to go to war in the twentieth century. Then, as man will never agree with man on all subjects, he will have to adjust his differences in the only available territory at hand, which will be the air. I consider the *Cloud Queen* to be the forerunner of those battle-ships.»

As if pleased with the contemplation of some mental picture, he lapsed into silence, and began scanning the surrounding peaks with careful attention. I, too, had my glasses trained on those fair islands of the sky. They rose about us out of the air as the hill islands around Hong-Kong or Rio de Janeiro rise out of the water—submerged mountain-peaks cast down, perhaps, from regions of eternal snows by some unrecorded quaking of the earth ages ago. Jabez was at first under the impression that our field-glasses were some sort of double-barreled modern guns with which he was unfamiliar but willing to accept on evidence. He looked and listened eagerly for game, or something to justify such unnecessarily long aims; but as no explosion followed, he concluded the invention was a failure, and devoted himself to the suppression of insurrection in his flea colony. Hill twisted around on his bench until he succeeded in getting his glasses trained on what he wanted, and then he consulted various compasses and instruments that were under glass before him. He was as silent as a fog for a few minutes, but presently he said:

«Did you ever see a fish swim?»

«A few,» said I.

«Well, then, you know that he fans himself along in the water, and steers with his tail and his spinal column. If I could make a craft on the principle of these jointed wooden snakes you find in toy-shops, I could use fins precisely as a fish does; but as that did not seem practicable, I did the next best thing, and rigged up the boat with two tails. Between the boat and the two of them we have a limited sort of backbone, but it's better than a splint, as you might say. I want to go over to that mountain, for instance,»—he pointed to one on the starboard side,—«and in order to do it we will set the fins going.»

This being done, I was both amazed and amused to see that the action of the two fans at the ends of the boat was not unlike the movements of a fish's head and tail, while the



« A HEADER INTO THE NEAREST LANDSCAPE. »

side fins, acting as paddles, fanned together, or on one side alone, according as Hill moved the switches before him. I could see without consulting the instruments that our course was changed, for our aerial landmarks came round before us as the shore does before a ship entering a harbor. Presently Hill said:

« Now I am going to give you an exhibition of the *Cloud Queen's* ability to descend at my will, without loss of gas. You know, most balloons carry sand-bags for ballast, and when they want to ascend they throw these bags out. Also, they can come down only by allowing gas to escape. That is a waste of floating energy that has been altogether obviated by an invention of mine. The generator with which we aided the manufacture of our motive power is capable of performing a variety of functions by different adjustments of the machinery. For instance, a full reversal produces an exactly opposite force from that you saw at work. I can make this reversal of energy more intelligible to you by likening it to a suction-pump; for the generator displaces the atmospheric air by which we are surrounded by sucking it up, thereby creating a decreased pressure beneath us, a sort of vacuum into which we naturally sink. Now,»—here he moved a switch, and there was a succession of sharp clicks below,—« if you could look overboard you would see that I have lowered some false sides to the boat that you had noticed below the fins, and these, fitting together in telescopic fashion, form a funnel. If you were outside you would perceive that the top of each panel is biforated with transverse slits, through which the atmospheric air escapes after it is drawn into the funnel by the pump. Mind not to hang a hand inadvertently over the edge

while we go down. I explain this at length beforehand, because the process is rather noisy—so much so, in fact, that it renders conversation difficult.»

« Rather noisy! » The next minute we were in the midst of a revelry of chaotic sound beside which the noise made by the generator in the hotel courtyard was as the gentle sighings of May zephyrs compared with the roar of a cyclone. Talk about conversation being difficult! We could not have heard a steamer's fog-horn two rods away; and the worst of it was that the noise was of such an awful nature. In addition to the thud and whirl of what might have been a steam-yacht's pistons displaced under our feet, the vibration of which made the flesh shake on our bones, there was a most demoniac whistling going on around our edges. The atmosphere escaped through those biforated panels with yells and shrieks of agony. A gale whistling and shrilling through cordage is an uncanny sound to hear, but that assailing our ears was indescribable. I could liken it only to several hundred big steam-whistles and -sirens being let off together a few feet away. The combination was something appalling, and it would not have surprised me to see the stars rattling out of heaven. Jabez scratched frantically at the bottom of the boat, where his deadliest enemy seemed to be located; then tried to put his paws over his ears; and at last, in desperation, sprang into my lap and jammed his head under my arm. A moment after he wriggled down, pointed his nose heavenward, and shut his eyes. I knew from the workings of his countenance that he believed himself to be howling. His nose bubbled with his efforts and anxiety; but with his head between my knees I was aware

that he was making no more noise than a water-lily. Now and then he opened his eyes, and I saw in them an expression of surprised inquiry. He was going through all the howling formula, but where was the howl? I pitied him, for I knew that Jabez was as badly off as the man who was too deaf to hear himself think.

Hill took an envelop out of his pocket, tore it up, and tossed the pieces overboard. They whisked up out of sight so fast that our eyes could hardly follow them. He nodded in a satisfied way, got out his glasses again, and looked at his instruments. Then he threw the switch back, and the noise ceased as suddenly as it had begun. Jabez heard his own howl, and seemed pleased with it, for he repeated it. Then he writhed around on his back and tried to scratch what was left of the noise out of his ear.

«How was that?» asked Hill. «We came down at the rate of about five hundred feet per second.»

«It's not bad for speed,» said I; «but for noise it beats anything I ever heard. Have we got to do that again in order to get back to terra firma?»

«Perhaps. Why?»

«Because,» said I, with feeling, «I think Jabez and I will take the quieter route overboard instead. Talk about modern guns! They're not in it; and I would rather take the chances of cracking my ear-drums on a man-of-war in action than trust to the voice of the generator.» Jabez was trying his hearing by twisting his head from side to side and shaking it violently at intervals. He thought the trouble had all been in his ears.

«Yes,» said Hill; «it does make an awful row. I've always contended that we hear too much in this noisy old world.

We are obliged to notice sounds with which we have no concern, but that nevertheless distract us, and prevent the best and most effective concentration of faculty. But you see, with our atmosphere, things crash together like cymbals. A wheel smites a pavement, a foot acts on the earth, like a blow on a sounding-board. And then, think of the hammers, and what effect they have on the air and, through it, on our ears! On the other hand, did you ever think what a lot of things we do not hear? Our senses are too dull to catch the

little fine chorus underground where the roots work. We hear the leaves rustle, and we know that the corn sings, and the tall grass. Under proper conditions of development we ought to hear the flowers bloom. I have no doubt that there are solos and choruses and psalms in the gardens and fields that are not produced by birds. If the morning stars sang together, why should not the roses sing as they blossom? We are mostly undeveloped—for the higher harmonies, anyhow. Why, look at that dog. What his tongue lacks his nose gains. He has three senses where we have two. Does he accept the evidence of his eyes alone, or of his eyes and ears together? Not he. He says: «Now, nose, you umpire this game. Eyes say so and so; ears say so and so. Which is it?» He does n't know much, but he knows better than to trust to one faculty alone, as we do when we say, «Seeing is believing»; don't you, Jabez?»

Jabez wagged assent, and lolled at the compliment.

«Now,» continued my curious friend, «to come back to practical things, we have taken a tack in altitude in order to give you a chance to see a celebrated spot on the map.» He rose to his feet, placed his hands trumpet-fashion around his mouth in true seaman style, and shouted through them:

«Hospice, ahoy!»

This astonishing performance in mid-air struck me as being much more curious than it really was; for I did not then realize that we were capable of traversing space in our craft at a much faster rate than the average train of cars. I looked over the side of the boat, and beheld the walls of the great St. Bernard. But I had no sooner seen them than they were blotted from my view as if



«HE WAS MAKING NO MORE NOISE THAN A WATER-LILY.»

by utter annihilation. A cloud had suddenly swept down and enveloped us like a blanket. Through this we could hear surprised voices questioning one another. I translate as nearly as I may from memory.

«Heardest thou the voice? There must be some one coming up the pass.»

«Nay; were the pass above us, that might be, but the voice I heard came from the clouds.»

«Holy Mother! thus I thought also; but what think you it can be?»

«I know not; but listen—perhaps it may come again.»

Hill looked at me through the mist, and nodded; then again he hailed. There was a hurried consultation, a scurrying of sandals on the stones, and then a different voice, one with authority and an accent of culture—the abbot's, probably:

«Loose the dogs. If it be as thou sayest, a traveler climbing the mountain may lose his way, and perish by falling from a height.»

Now, whether it was the sound of the word «dog», the meaning of which Jabez knew as well as I did, or the unusual aspect of things, or what, I do not know, but at this moment our canine companion fell to barking with might and main. At this all the big dogs in the convent kennels responded, and there rose about us a chorus of deep «Woof! woof! woofs!» led by Jabez in high tenor. This continued for several minutes, and during that time it would have been impossible for any one to locate a sound with any degree of certainty. In the midst of it the cloud lifted as swiftly as it had swept down upon us, disclosing to view the convent yards and roofs. All the brothers save one had departed upon their business; and this one, as Hill hailed him again, gave us a frightened look, crossed himself, and retreated hastily to summon his superior. The dogs stood their ground, and expressed their opinion of this apparition out of the clouds in no half-hearted manner.

«Who are you?» said one, in what Jabez evidently took to be a supercilious manner, for he resented it.

«A self-respecting, gentle dog, sir, and as good as you are any day, sir.»

«Woof!» said the big dog; «I'll wager you would n't know a paternoster from a pancake.» I could see Jabez fairly wink with indignation at this.

«You show me a pancake, and I'll show you whether I do or not,» said he. The big dog started to retort in scornful fashion, but was interrupted by another dog of gentler manners and more Christian disposition.

«Do you want to be rescued?» this one inquired kindly.

«Not that I know of, just now, thank you,» said Jabez, mollified at once.

«Because if you do, I was just wondering how we were going to manage it,» said the second dog. «I have had some experience getting people out of the snow in winter, but I never hauled a rescue in from the air.»

The conversation was interrupted here by the appearance of the abbot, followed by the lay brother who had first discovered us. He was a simple fellow evidently, for he crossed himself, and blinked apprehensively at us. Other monks came dribbling out of doors here and there, each filled with wonder and curiosity. The abbot greeted us very cordially.

«Welcome, messieurs!» he exclaimed; «welcome! Will you not descend? Do you come from Paris? Ah,»—not waiting for an answer to either of his questions,—«I trust you have solved the problem of *aéronautics*! Not since the siege of '70 have I seen a balloon. I was in Paris then. I saw Gambetta depart by balloon for Tours. Ah, what a sight! What enthusiasm—*mon Dieu*! Messieurs are French, perhaps?»

«Next door to it,» answered Hill; «Americans.»

«*Oui, oui,*» said the abbot, waving his hand politely; «the greatest nation in the world. Its enterprise, its growth,»—he made a comprehensive gesture with both arms,—«marvelous! *Oui, monsieur*; nothing short of marvelous. America first, France second, among all the nations of the world in progress and enlightenment.»

«Reverse the positions, reverend father,» said Hill, not to be outdone in politeness, «and then we shall agree.»

But the abbot shook his head vigorously, and protested. It was as if he said: «What! a Frenchman, well born, and impolite to his guests? Monstrous! not to be thought of!»

After a little further conversation of equal unimportance, we departed with the benedictions of all the brotherhood ringing in our ears, and a tremendous expression from the dogs, that we took to be the assurance of good wishes and *bon voyage* at least.

«I suppose it did n't occur to you to wonder how we hung motionless in the air like that for so long a time,» remarked Hill, as we sailed away.

«No,» said I; «it did not. If I stopped to marvel at all the wonderful things you do with this machine, I should spend my days at it.»

«Well,» said Hill, «I threw out an electric

anchor, or a grappling-iron—that's the best term for it. Our electricity was holding on to a boulder just outside the convent walls. Otherwise we should not have had so much time to visit."

"Oh," said I, "I'm getting calloused to marvels, keeping company with them right along. I look upon the whole machine as a miracle anyhow. You could n't surprise me if you tried."

But I spoke airily and without foundation for my remarks. I was to be very much surprised before we were through with that excursion.

After leaving the convent we ascended very rapidly, and it was getting colder and colder. Our breath began to be visible, and we donned top-coats; but still we were chilled. As we arose we took note of the phenomena which puzzle balloonists. We saw the earth beneath us arched like a reversed sky—we were over a great gulf of air, deepest in the middle, and with cliff-like shores of Alpine ranges. Instead of the convex curve one would expect to see, sloping away on the sides and highest in the middle, following the supposed curve of the earth, we saw the land beneath us hollowed like a saucer, with a rim rising heavenward, just as the inverted arch of the sky appears to fit over the world like a lid when one looks up. We were in the sky, but a strange sky of intense Prussian blue. Clouds formed below us, the evaporation taking place from snow-peaks warming under the sun; but above and about us was that deep, uncanny sea of metallic blue, marvelous in its luminous depth.

"There are various causes assigned for this effect," said Hill. "Some scientists claim that the reflection from vesicles of water occasions this change of color. Now I differ. The polarizing angle of the air is forty-five degrees. It is impossible that there should be moisture at this height. Ascending particles have long since frozen and fallen in the form of snow upon the mountains. We have got to consider air as a soluble fluid—that is, the atmosphere; and we must also take into consideration the fact that up here we get a perspective on it, and it is bluer than the deep sea. On the surface of the earth it seems thin and impalpable, and we cannot look at it—there is nothing to see. But it is dense in large quantities, and, like a glass of sea-water, it does not look blue in the glass. Here's another curious thing, too," he went on. "Have you noticed that, except when we had the fins going, or the suction-pump,—in one case we were cutting across

currents, and in the other through them,—it has been impossible to determine whether we were going fast or slow, or, for the matter of that, whether we were going at all? That is the beauty of being carried by the air. There is no friction, and to all appearances the balloon may be as motionless as Mohammed's coffin, when in fact it is covering space at the rate of a mile a minute."

Presently, having consulted various clocks and watches and instruments, he said:

"We are now fifteen thousand feet above sea-level, and that"—he made a gesture like a showman exhibiting his chief attraction—"that is Mont Blanc."

I looked in the direction indicated, and saw what might have been an island in the sea—a strange, chalky island rising out of a blue ocean, on which were curious waves—round, white, petrified waves, or semi-petrified, at any rate—moving sluggishly, like half-cooled lava. The sun shone on their woolly crests, and on the great dome of the mountain, until it and they glittered as if powdered with diamond-dust. There was an unreal, theatrical glamour about the whole scene that was fascinating in the extreme when one considered that what seemed so unreal was the crowning reality of Europe. Hill trained his glass on the mountain, and then made some calculations with his pencil. Presently he said:

"That reminds me, it's time for lunch—past time by two hours. Why did n't you say so?"

I took stock of my sensations, and concluded that I had been too much excited to realize that I was hungry. Now that the subject was mentioned, I felt a certain deficiency in the program, not taken note of before; so we ate, with the approval and assistance of Jabez, and Hill formulated his plans for the day.

"You see," said he, "I want to make our maximum ascent to-day. In the first place, the gas is in prime condition; in the next place, if we waited until to-morrow we should find that the balloon would fall perceptibly, owing to the action of the sun's heat after a night of cold. Being extremely sensitive, it would at once begin to radiate heat into space, cooling itself rapidly by that process, and becoming heavier. Naturally it would descend. Now I have never before attempted going up in proximity to snow-mountains, and I am not positive what the effect will be upon the ascension properties of the *Cloud Queen*. I know we can do it all right now, and we



«THE BEST FLAG . . . ON EARTH!»

(To be continued.)

still have time enough and to spare before we lose the sun. What do you say? Shall we try it?»

«By all means,» said I.

«Then prepare,» replied Hill, «to be carried farther away from the earth than any mortal has ever been before. There is a record of thirty-seven thousand feet—seven miles—made by Glaisher and Coxwell, that I am going to break. It's time to get out our bunting, old man.» He proceeded with great gravity to stick a small silken flag in a socket at one end, and the *Cloud Queen* unfurled the stars and stripes. «That,» said Hill, regarding it affectionately, «is a sight for men and angels. Here's to it! We are going to smash the record, or something, all for the glory of the United States of America. Come, now, with a will—hip, hip, hurrah! Hurrah for the best country, and the best flag, and the best balloon on earth!»

We gave it with a will, assisted by Jabez, who was patriotic to the core, and independent even in the clouds; and then we settled back comfortably with our pipes, while the *Cloud Queen* rose majestically toward skies unknown.

Marion Manville Pope.

BEFORE A CLOSED DOOR.

IF to none other doth her love confess
 The joy that mortal passion holds in store,
 Then can I bear to have her love me less
 In finding warrant there to love her more;
 And if God will that she should love me less
 Than heart's desire, then shall desire be spent
 To learn that love which never doth possess,
 But, loving truly, is in truth content.

O knowledge ultimate, be mine to-day;
 For once anticipate eternity.
 This much, grown little then, may pass away,
 And much this little grow: she cared for me.
 Help me to be my best self in my place,
 Although my heart lies dead here at her feet;
 Help me to say, «God give this woman grace
 Who closed love's door to make my life complete!»

John Bennett.

AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.

THE LATE HENRY L. PIERCE.



WHEN the Hon. Henry L. Pierce was mayor of Boston, Wendell Phillips said: «If Diogenes were to come to Boston in search of an honest man, he would find him in the mayor's chair.» The mayor of Boston is nearly always an honest man; but neither the modern Diogenes nor the ancient one meant that kind of honesty. There is the honesty of the street and the exchange, the conventional honesty of society and of the day, the honesty that flows from good training and environment; but it was not for this that Diogenes searched Athens with a lantern.

There is also the honesty that comes from the way in which a man is put together—every part framed for the specific purpose of securing honesty; conscience, intellect, tastes, all so shaped and combined and informed that the constant action and expression of his nature is honesty as the natural and necessary product of the man. If he is a man of force, the force will be recognized not as energy, but as honesty. If he is a man of feeling, his honesty will be a passion that nothing can overcome. If he is a man of both force and feeling, you have the man whom Diogenes could not find, but Wendell Phillips did.

During the past year three such men have died in Massachusetts—Ex-Governor William E. Russell, General Francis A. Walker, and the Hon. Henry L. Pierce. The first, «dead ere his prime,» but showed what he was: a man built on this model of honesty. The second was a great publicist in whom the soldier, the scholar, and the fearless thinker were united on the groundwork of native, thoroughgoing honesty. The last lacked some things that graced and strengthened the others; but he had in even greater degree what might be called a genius for honesty. When he died last December, at the age of seventy-two, he surprised Boston by leaving a will which distributed well-nigh a million dollars among the leading institutions and charities of that city. Mr. Pierce had not been in the public service for several years; his later life was devoted to a narrow circle of friends, and to his business as a manufacturer of chocolate under a well-known name. The business was known to be large and remunerative, but it was unattended by

those startling signs common to wealth at the present day. Age had crept upon him, and so it happened that to the present generation he was but slightly known, and his bequests left the impression with most that he was simply a generous man of wealth who had given back to the public in wise ways what he had drawn from it.

The opinion is a meager one, and in that respect unjust. His bequests, indeed, revealed his generosity; but they did not reveal the proportions or the leading characteristics of the man. They were more than generous, and more than wise in the prudential sense: they were full of love and pity and justice. More than three millions were devised; and if the gifts were to be classified according to their objects, they would bear witness to a character of uncommon breadth and rare nobility. Great sums were bequeathed to relatives, for the blood in his veins was thicker than water; large sums were given as a tribute to friendship, and like sums to all those who had cooperated with him in conducting his business—gifts of love, after all claims of justice had been more than satisfied year by year. Most indicative of all was the distribution of fifty thousand dollars among his five hundred employees, so that not one was left without a token of friendship, which, however, had always been shown by generous wages and by the utmost consideration for individual needs. It is true that the business had been profitable, and could afford unusual generosity in the treatment of agents and workmen; but it was profitable because he drew all the intelligence of his associates into oneness with his own, and so multiplied himself in every department of it. This generosity, however, was not a price paid for fidelity, but was a natural expression of a generous and just heart, and was felt to be such. On both sides the business was conducted on principles considerably above those which are termed the laws of the business world. The student of economics may scoff, but when five hundred men in these days bury an employer with tears and universal sorrow, it shows that something more than the law of demand and supply had entered into the relation between them. There were three factors that contributed to this success, and the last is not least: a broad and thorough knowledge

of business, a cherished preference to "make a good article rather than to make money," and a profound and practical sympathy with every person in his service.

The bequests made to public institutions reveal another side of his character. The sums are not surprisingly great, but the objects are of such a nature, and the amounts are so graded, as to indicate not only the proportions of his character, but, taken together, they reveal the strong points in it. Beginning logically with Harvard University as lying at the base of true civic life, they are distributed among twenty institutions that fairly represent the humanity, culture, and civilization of modern society. There are no signs of partiality, but only of breadth and comprehensiveness. The bequests made to six churches in his immediate neighborhood, ranging from Roman Catholic to Unitarian, indicate his unwillingness to discriminate between them, and his sense of the value of instituted religion in municipal life. The estate of four hundred acres at the foot of the Blue Hills, his resting-place and playground for nearly half a century, ultimately goes to the city as a park. He never married, but ten of his bequests are to institutions for the homeless and for children. The residue of his estate is to be divided between education, art, and hospitals—knowledge, truth, and mercy, the trinity of civic faith, in which he fully believed. The city to which these bequests are made will not fail to see in them the marks of a large-hearted and wise citizen; and the more discerning will find in his business career proofs that the relations between employer and employed can add humanity to a law of wages, and profit thereby.

But these estimates do scant justice to the man. The prime trait of Mr. Pierce was the heroic character of his honesty in civic affairs. He was trained in that school of public life which regarded slavery not only in the light of humanity, but of political

order. When still a young man he bore a part in forming the Free-soil party; and from that day to the close of his life his record was one of absolute incorruptibility and continual protest against political dishonesty. In Congress and out, in the mayor's chair and as a private citizen (when his influence was not less than while in office), he was the unceasing enemy of all jobbery and dickering and barter of principles for party success. He was not rated a good party man, and yet he was the best. He was loyal to party, and yet was superior to it. He held principles as first, and measures as under them; when they seemed to conflict he instantly asserted "the divine right to bolt." He was a citizen of the higher order, and of that type in which conscience is supreme. He believed in Burke's great word, that "justice is itself the great standing policy of civil society, and any departure from it, under any circumstances, lies under the suspicion of being no policy at all."

It is refreshing in these days, when one man owns a legislature whose majority hold their seats by the most degrading form of bribery ever devised, and have prostituted government into a machine that rules by blackmail, to turn our eyes for a moment from such a sight to a man who would not delegate his conscience nor his manhood to another; who could not be led by friendship, nor by party, nor by abuse to countenance injustice; a man who could not be frightened or deceived or bought by any sort of price, but stood, as if one with it, on the rock of simple honesty. There are few men of the day who could so well use the words of the Homeric hero: "I hate as the gates of hell the man who says one thing with his lips and hides another in his heart"—an inscription which we commend as fit to be placed over the gates of all cities, either those to be built, or those undergoing the process of reorganization.

T. T. Munger.

"AT REST."

UPON a hillside where the sea
Enfolds a rocky Northern isle,
Her lone grave nestles in the lee
Of sunset's vague, withdrawing smile.

The late wild roses bend to frame
Their sleeping sister's last bequest—
Only her simple woman's name:
The legend on her stone, "At Rest."

The gull's wild welcome to the dawn,
The wren's near song, encircle her;
White ships troop noiseless and are gone;
Deep falls the shadow of the fir.

How oft 'mid toil and mockery,
Long leagues from that assurance blest,
Envy and pity strive with me
For her transporting fate, "At Rest!"

Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

ARE THE BOSSES STRONGER THAN THE PEOPLE?



NOTHING can be clearer than that boss government, as it is administered in several of our States to-day, is destructive of popular government. It concentrates in one man, as soon as it reaches perfection, all the powers of the State, executive, legislative, and judicial, and this man is not chosen by the people for the position. He is an autocrat, or despot, by self-election. He obtains his power by means which are not only not authorized by the people, but have been declared by them in their laws to be criminal. He rules by money corruptly raised and corruptly used. He extorts blackmail from corporations which fear his power, and with it he solidifies and extends that power. He goes with his money into the primaries and nominating conventions, and buys away from the people the selection of candidates for office, thus corrupting popular government at its source. His favor and his money are powerful enough to elect his candidates to office, and powerful enough to prevent the nomination of all whom he dislikes. He thus fills the public service with men whom he has bought to serve him rather than the State; and they seldom or never fail him, for a man who is willing to accept a nomination for office under such conditions is not likely to be squeamish about his official conduct after election.

The system acts, in fact, as a complete bar to men of character for the public service, and as a magnet for those of dull or lax morality. The blackmail revenue of a boss has done for the latter what their own ability and energy would never have accomplished, and they look naturally to him and his resources as the true source of power, and the only one to be feared. This accounts for the extraordinary indifference of a boss-controlled legislature to public opinion. Its members know that they owe their positions entirely to the boss; that the people who are objecting to their conduct would never have chosen them for office; and that their continuance in public life depends upon the continuance of the boss's favor. They know that when the time for a renomination comes round their critics will have little or no voice in the primaries, and that the black-

mail of the boss will be the deciding force. Every aspirant for political honors, be it for a membership of the legislature, or for a governorship or a judgeship, knows that without the favor of the boss he has no hope; and he cannot obtain that favor without giving assurances that, when elected, he will follow the wishes of the boss. Slowly but surely the boss extends his system till he gets possession of all the functions of the government. He gets control of the executive and the legislative first, and later of the judiciary, and then his deadly clutch upon popular sovereignty is complete. We have had instances in more than one State, during the past year, of the fatal advance upon this final stronghold. Not only has the boss been able to make the legislature and the governor do his bidding in the face of all opposition, while committing assaults upon the people in denying them their right to a voice in the conduct of their own affairs, but he has been able to get from the courts, because of new accessions to their benches of men whose nomination has been due to his favor, opinions which have sustained him in some of his most deadly attacks upon constitutional government. If the bench shall really fall into the clutches of the blackmailing boss, popular government will cease to exist in the State over which he rules.

Why are the bosses so much more open and audacious in their doings than they used to be, and why are the people so submissive? The answer to both these questions is the same. There is in most boss-ridden States to-day no longer a desirable alternative for the people. Both parties have bosses, and when the people overthrow one they fall into the clutches of another who is no better, and may be worse. Then, too, the bosses have come to the conclusion that they cannot afford to let reformers get into power, because honest administration of public office is death to the boss system of government, and they now join hands for mutual protection whenever an attack is made upon one of them. The weaker will help the stronger to get into power rather than allow reformers to succeed. This has been the most notable development of the past year. The spoilsmen, or boss followers, of both great political parties have reached the conclusion that

they have been paying too much attention to the demands of reformers, especially in regard to civil-service reform, and they are combining not only for mutual welfare in the future, but to undo, if possible, the harm to their interests which has been caused by concessions in the past. This is, of course, the old «deal» which has been familiar in all our large cities for many years, but it is now applied on a larger scale than ever before. It was applied several years ago in an election in Philadelphia, when the spoilsmen of both parties united on a select band of rascals among their two sets of candidates, and elected them as a «dose for the high-toners,» or reformers. If the spoilsmen had divided on party lines the reform ticket would have won. Something of the same sort has been done in New York State in more than one Presidential election, and it was done also in the last election in Chicago. Wherever this combination of the opponents of good government is made, it is found of late to be nearly or quite irresistible, and hence its growing popularity with the bosses. If they can show that the reformers can be defied with safety, they will defy them as constantly in future as they have in several States during the past year.

The main purpose of this boss combination is to regain possession of the offices by either repealing or nullifying the civil-service reform laws. All bosses have discovered that without the offices it is difficult to keep their machines in good running order, even with large amounts of blackmail money. They do not enjoy possession of the government unless they can fill its service with their own men. They believe that they made an unnecessary blunder when they allowed the civil-service reform laws to pass. As everybody knows, these laws were, in nearly every instance, passed by one party for the purpose of putting the other party «in a hole.» Then, too, neither party believed at the time of their passage that the laws would ever be rigidly enforced. Neither did they foresee the advent of a man like President Cleveland, who would extend the system to such comprehensive limits. They now see that in trying to injure each other they have lost possession of what both desire most of all, and they are determined to recover the loss if possible. Whatever else they do in future, they are determined not to allow desire to spite each other to lead them into concessions to reformers. We can exist, they say, under a spoils government which either one of us may conduct; but neither of us can

long maintain power if the principle of honest administration, or the principle of the merit system, becomes firmly and thoroughly established. It is true also that the swift alternations of political power from one party to another during recent years has created among the spoilsmen of both parties a disposition «to make hay while the sun shines,» to look only to present advantage, without regard to future consequences. We are in power now, they say; let us get as much as possible out of it, and trust to luck about the future. No boss really cares for the perpetuation of his party, or for its continued triumph. What absorbs him is his personal advantage, and that of his family and favorites. If he can get rich himself, or enable his sons and relatives to get rich, with a few years of power, he cares very little about what becomes of his party. The lack of an alternative for reformers in the opposite party sustains him in this policy. He knows that if he is put out of power the bad conduct of his rival boss will bring him back again to power within a few years. The only really vital point to him is to keep the spoils system of government from destruction.

Will the American people consent to allow this condition of things to become permanent? Will they permit government by blackmail and corruption to be substituted for government by the people? «There is one thing which is worse than corruption,» says Lecky, in his «Democracy and Liberty,» «and that is acquiescence in corruption. No feature of American life strikes a stranger so powerfully as the extraordinary indifference, partly cynicism and partly good nature, with which notorious frauds and notorious corruption in the sphere of politics are viewed by American public opinion.» So long as this indifference of public opinion continues, just so long will the bosses rule. The cause of all the trouble is neglect of the duties of citizenship. It is this which enables the bosses to gain possession of the government, and it is this which enables them to continue in possession after the corrupt source of their power has been revealed. There is only one remedy, and that is resumption of the duties of citizenship. If we desire to have our public affairs managed in an honest and intelligent manner, we must take the trouble to bear our part in their management. The bosses will not conduct them as we wish them to, save on compulsion, and we have been too indifferent or too indolent to exert that compulsion. Occasionally we pass a law designed to put

an end to some of the worst forms of corruption, and then sit back and wait for it to enforce itself. When it does not do this we despair of popular government, and doubt whether it is really worth while to attempt to do anything to save it.

When the Australian ballot system was adopted, its advocates had great hopes of the usefulness of the privilege of making nominations by petition which was embodied in all the new laws. It was thought that as a menace over the regular party primaries this would have an excellent effect upon the character of nominations. So it would have had, had it been made use of; but public opinion has been so indolent that very little use has been made of it. When the corrupt-practice laws were passed in fifteen or more of our States, it was thought that they would have great influence in restraining and exposing corruption in elections. So they would, had they been enforced; but public opinion has allowed them in nearly all cases to remain virtually inoperative upon the statute-books. It is useless to hope for better things until we can get a more vigilant and alert public opinion in operation than we have had in recent years. The bosses show us the way. They combine and work unceasingly for bad government. The friends, not merely of good government, but of free government, in all political parties must combine and work with equal zeal and persistence for what they desire.

The large cities afford the best field for work of this kind, and in them beginnings of

the right kind have been made. The most effective method is the enrolment of all voters who favor good city government without regard to party considerations. This should secure in every voting district a compact body of men who should be of great service in many ways. They should hold themselves in readiness to make nominations by petition of men who will regard city interests above national party interests. They should make it their duty to enforce all corrupt-practice laws, and to get those laws strengthened wherever they are defective. They would thus become an engine for good government which would awaken and educate public opinion, and make it a growing power before which the boss system would steadily and surely crumble away.

This is a commonplace and laborious remedy, but it is the only one. There is only one way by which we can get good government, and that is to work for it, not only one year, but every year, and to work for it harder than the bosses and their followers do. All remedies which have been devised for the cure of the ills which flow from neglect of the duties of citizenship have failed, and all those which may be devised hereafter will fail also. If our patriotism, our faith in popular government, and our desire for its success be not sufficient to induce us to bear our part in the work of carrying it forward properly, then it will fail, and the blame for its failure will rest no more upon the blackmailing bosses than upon ourselves.

Joseph B. Bishop.

THE SUNRISE OF THE POOR.

A DARKENED hut, outlined against the sky,
A forward-sloping field, some cedar trees,
Gaunt grasses, stirred by the awaking breeze,
And nearer, where the grayer shadows lie,
Within a small, paled square, one may descry
The beds wherein the poor first taste of ease,
Where dewy rose-vines shed their spicy lees
Above the dreamless ashes, silently.

A lonely woman leans there, bent and gray,
Outlined in part against the shadowed hill,
In part against the sky, in which the day
Begins to blaze—O earth, so sweet, so still!
The woman sighs, and draws a long, deep breath:
It is the call to labor, not to death.

Robert Burns Wilson.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

"The City for the People!"

AMERICA, in its "Greater New York," will on the first of next January present the spectacle of a municipality in size next to the very first among all the cities of the earth. On the preceding November the inhabitants of this great new municipality will decide as to the character of the men who shall govern it, and the influences that will control these men. The free institutions of America cannot escape being judged anew before the whole world in connection with the decision to be then made by the voters of the various boroughs of New York. It is no wonder that the millions of inhabitants of this imperial municipality are beginning to be stirred by the contemplation of the fateful experiment about to be entered upon, and that the disinterested citizens of the metropolis are not content to let corrupt machines and blackmailing bosses choose all the candidates and quietly take possession of the city's offices and the city's revenues.

Citizens' movements have been successful in New York before this, and their success now and in the future would be more assured were it not that the people have unfortunately become so used to seeing city politics run in many of its details by men of disreputable character and associations that the sight of decent men taking an interest in local government savors of impertinence in many minds. The corrupt machine-men play upon this prejudice, and endeavor to effect by ridicule what they cannot accomplish by reason.

Of course, as a matter of fact, if there is anything humorous in the situation, it is the preposterous pretense of the corruptionists that *they* are the true statesmen, the disinterested patriots, the only citizens to be trusted with the direction of public affairs, and that other citizens become ridiculous by simply doing their manifest duty in connection with local government. It must be, after all, a weak sort of brain that can be influenced in the interests of the hoodlers, bosses, and bribers by ridicule of this kind.

The idea is indeed absurd that the complicated machinery and gigantic business interests of the newly constituted metropolis are safer, on the one side, in the hands of the set of men who are at the present moment disgracing the name of a great political party in their conduct of the affairs of the State by appointments among the most shameless ever made in this commonwealth, and by hypocritical and treacherous attacks upon the merit system in the civil service, or, on the other side, in the hands of that local organization the very name of which stands throughout the civilized world as a synonym for civic corruption, rather than in the hands of a genuine Citizens' Union of the most public-spirited and disinterested elements of the entire community—capitalists and day-laborers, men of all parties, of all

creeds, of all conditions in life, believing in home rule, in honest, constructive, and progressive city government, and united upon a platform which has been well epitomized in the phrase, "The city for the people!"

He must think ill of the intelligence and honesty of the people of the metropolis who deems it hopeless to hold up to them higher ideals. Is New York to be the only one of the world's great cities that is to be perpetually menaced by, or actually in the possession of, political adventurers? The way out for us, and the way to stay out, lies in such movements as that so successful in Birmingham, as described by United States Consul Parker in *THE CENTURY* for last November. The conspicuous success there, said Mr. Parker, was not achieved in a day, or maintained without effort. "The men who began the work learned everything possible about the needs of their community, and proceeded by speech and writing to explain them, and to demonstrate the necessity and policy of undertaking reforms. One class has not transacted the public business, leaving to another the management of charitable, religious, and educational institutions; *all has been treated as part of the civic life that must be carried on.*"

As to the new city of New York, Dr. Albert Shaw, whose studies of municipal problems are well known to the readers of *THE CENTURY*, declares, as an expert, that the new charter in its very nature, more than any other framework of municipal government that he has ever known, calls imperatively for non-partizan administration and for the conduct of municipal elections upon strictly municipal issues.

In the winter just passed, our own local history, and our municipal problems of every kind, have been studied and debated—in "the borough of Manhattan," at least—as never before. The City Club and the Good Government Clubs, the Public Education Association, the League for Political Education, the City History Club, the City Lectures Committee, the public-school evening lecture courses, the Reform Club and the Social Reform Club, the various "Settlements," and other organizations, have all been at work. The church clubs have also taken up civic subjects.

There has been, to some extent, a revival of civic patriotism. The constitutional separation of the municipal from State and national elections is the opportunity of the honest and patriotic citizens of the Greater New York. The whole civilized world will look on at the progress of this municipal campaign, and await with keen expectation its momentous result.

The Pleasures of Yachting.

It is not many years since a popular prejudice associated the pleasures of yachting with idleness and wealth, hardly to be thought of except as a questionable luxury. Did not the mariner and the fisherman likewise spread

their white wings above the treacherous waters, and did they not solely and wisely find joy in the fact that they were ashore again, thank God! and with some profit? But the idea has made way among the American people that yachting and the other outdoor sports, aside from being the most rational diversions of people of leisure, are the natural solace of active minds, the means by which the physical balance, disturbed by the demands of civilized life, is most efficaciously restored. There is no more warrant for the sedentary recreation of him who labors with his muscles than for the wasteful gambols on sea and land of the mind-worker when his hour of rest has come. And it is a fact that the surprising growth of yachting, tennis, golf, bicycle, and other athletic clubs throughout the land, is not indicative of increasing distaste for serious employment on the part of educated and well-to-do people, but rather of a more wholesome view of the relation of play to work. Indeed, the most active members of these organizations are as often as not the busiest men in professional life and in commerce. Not only are the present votaries of outdoor sports the rank and file of industry, but they are the cause of new and vast expansions in the industrial life of the world. Even the superannuated have been lured by the present taste back into the ranks of quasi-active life, for graybeards are no longer forced to the solemn inertia of an Eastern kadi as a necessary adjunct of personal dignity.

With the exception of the bicycle-trade, yacht-building has perhaps led in the expansion of industry to meet the demands of outdoor pleasure. Refinements of science and mechanics have added to the cost of the larger yachts, and, at the other end of the scale, have produced better boats for a smaller outlay. But coöperation may divide the cost, and it is not unusual even for the «twenty-one-footer» to be built by a «syndicate» corresponding numerically to the necessary crew. Yet there is no great bar of expense to the field of yachting pleasures. The little craft that is a rowboat in calm and a smart, able cat-boat in breeze or blow was never so popular as at present; many a schooner or big single-sticker carries at the davits an open boat provided with centerboard and easily adjusted canvas, and which, if the truth were told, confers on the owner more of the characteristic delights of sailing than the expensive craft handled by a professional crew.

While there is an equableness of temper and a briny sparkle in the salt-water yachting-grounds which render them superior for the sport to the inland lakes and rivers, the pleasures of yachting are no longer monopolized by the dwellers on our coasts. On many a lakelet of the West may be found fleets of spry craft representing the skill of the most famous builders of the world, while the larger bodies of fresh water in summer teem with a nautical life somewhat modified from that of the sea-coast to suit the whimsicalness of interior winds, and waters of a tamer aspect, yet more disquieting when aroused. The Eastern yachtsman strolling on the lake front at Chicago may well wonder to see the sloops close-reefed in a breeze which at home would invite him to carry topsail, when, if he were at the tiller in that flawy and vicious breeze, he might now and then realize that he had lost some of his nerve with a change of sky.

Not that the pleasures of yachting are to be had only

at a risk to life in excess of the dangers that lurk in other outdoor sports. Holiday revelers who go out in boats ostensibly to fish or sail, but really for the unrestrained companionship of flask and jug, are responsible for nine tenths of the reputation for danger to life that is attached in the popular fancy to boating. On the contrary, yachting is one of the safest of sports, because sailing is a plain science, easily learned by any person of practical faculty and ordinary discretion and common sense. It is true that many persons ride horses year after year without accident who might not attain to perfect control of a sail-boat. This is because the intelligence of the horse comes to their aid and keeps them in the road. On the other hand, many lives are sacrificed every year to the timidity or viciousness of the horse; whereas in a sail-boat the steerer has only his own disposition to deal with, and in greater measure may anticipate the changes to which his environment is subject. Science has placed at his disposal simple means of adjustment; it is necessary only that he should be able to think clearly and methodically, and should not be foolhardy. Even the golf-field has its dangers, derived from the careless and the inapt. Some degree of danger resides in every sport the cultivation of which adds to the sureness of human faculties; but it may be safely said that no sport, properly taught, is safer than that of yachting, or more productive of calm judgment and physical self-reliance.

Until amateur aeronauts shall sail here and there through the upper spaces, «horsed upon the sightless couriers of the air,» those who know that the greatest spice to physical exercise is freedom and self-reliance will skim the salty blue or the turquoise lake, with one hand on the tiller and the other within reach of the main-sheet. Here is activity with restfulness, excitement with quiet, energy without weariness; the vitalities of wind, wave, and tide course, as it were, through the sensory nerves of the yachtsman; mind and muscle joy in their cunning dominion over the giant forces of the elements; and the soul, if it please, expands to the wider horizon of the eye, and calmly roves into the beauty-land lying in the kaleidoscopic angle between water and sky.

Language before Literature.

THE recent visit to the United States of the distinguished French critic M. Brunetière has naturally revived the discussion of the relations of language to literature,—relations nowhere more intimate or more evident than in Paris,—and leads one to ponder on the differences between a literary country like France and a country like the United States, where books are read rather than considered—indeed, where there seems to be a marked diminution even of reading. This statement may be met with facts and figures showing the establishment of new libraries, the multiplication of university extension, etc.; but, without derogation of these excellent influences, it must be perceived on second thought that they make for scholarship or erudition rather than for literature; for they rarely go deeply into what is now the fundamental lack in American education—knowledge of our own language. After all, what makes one book a piece of literature, while another is not, is the presence of that subtle and yet tangible quality called style; and what is

style but the knowledge of how to use language, plus the individual element of personality necessary to all art? If, then, one asks, How are we to hasten the day of a greater American literature? the answer is, first, that it cannot much be hastened, except through good writers; secondly, that in the main good writers grow out of a literary soil; and, thirdly, that the tillage must begin at the root—namely, in the cultivation of language.

By the cultivation of language we do not mean the achievement of philological or rhetorical profundity, in which respects we are no doubt further advanced than we were fifty years ago. Science, with its academic methods, cannot create literature. The falling off of notable production and the deterioration of public taste in literature may be coincident with great advances on the pedagogic side. Nor are individual great writers to be counted on as a crop to be sowed with a certain seed; genius groweth where it listeth. We are now speaking of the less exceptional but still desirable high average of authorship. What is needed as the basis of a broad national literature is a high standard of speech, a high regard for language as a fine art, such as one finds everywhere in France, which has an atmosphere in which letters flourish naturally. The French are justly accused of insularity and chauvinism, but they are not to be accused of neglecting their own literary art. They understand their literature, and know how to express themselves in correspondence and conversation, in writing and oratory. It is curious, by the way, that at the very time that M. Brunetière is laying stress on oratory as a force of current life, in America, for dearth of great speakers, it seems to be losing its hold. Perhaps in another decade the present revival of debating by the universities will restore the vogue of the orator. But in any art—and we are now pleading for literature as a fine art—finesse of expression must go with force of thought. In France boys are taught the niceties of their own tongue by rigid criticism, by the best examples of their own literature, and by the exactions of an educated public sentiment. In the United States a boy may go from the kindergarten to a university degree without even learning the use of "shall" and "will," or "may" and "can." If he has failed in the lower grades, his chance of learning what can be taught of his own language is fairly gone; his shortcomings seem to be accepted as part of his matriculation at college. There he gets meager individual attention. It occurs to nobody that his defects on the literary side should be treated as a doctor treats the ailments of a patient. Not one boy in twenty in the college preparatory schools can speak his own language with tolerable accent, enunciation, and correctness, and not one parent in fifty knows or cares whether he does. In the family, manners are usually taught, but rarely speech. Probably there are not in Congress at the present time a dozen speakers of literary distinction, and the low standard runs through every other profession, the bar and the clergy not excepted. The hopeful aspect of this condition of affairs is that, under strictures of recent years, and in response to the exactions of at least one university, the preparatory schools are showing signs of improvement.

These defects are not wholly to be corrected in youth even by the reading of the best books, which, without

direction, may become languid and aimless. Yet it is mainly to the reading of the best literature that we must look for a cure of our slipshod American habits of speech. Our own brief period abounds in examples of high-bred and distinguished writers and orators,—Hawthorne, Webster, Wendell Phillips, Emerson, Curtis, Lowell, and others,—men who, for the most part, came out of the best literary atmosphere we have had—that of New England in the second quarter of the century. The traditions of that time ought to inspire us to resist the tendency which, it must be confessed, the popular literature of the day is exerting to take us farther and farther from our former dignified and virile literary standard.

As an adjunct of this cultivation of good language, we need a severer school of criticism. The larger influences of criticism upon literature have been well stated by M. Brunetière in this passage in one of his American lectures. Speaking of criticism, he says:

"It has other utilities more immediate also. Some day it will be of singular use to the artists themselves. The artist does not repel criticism which leaves him free to be himself, to manifest his own temperament, but embraces it eagerly. A second use has been illustrated in the past, and will doubtless be again in the future. Criticism has been creative. It has more than once caused a great literature. In the sixteenth century the criticism of the school of Ronsard created classicism, and when their ideal had been worn out, another was created by Lessing and Herder, the veritable creators of the German literature which followed them. A third use is that when criticism has probed it reestablishes the distinctions which fashion and mutual praise are so ready to wipe out. Whatever pleasantries may be directed against it, criticism is sure to flourish more and more, because as we become more and more democratic it becomes more and more necessary to have the competent few perform these services in the general confusion of ideas; and if criticism should disappear, it would be the artists and the public who would suffer."

All that M. Brunetière has here said of the whole range of the function of criticism applies pertinently and cogently to that part which has to do with the cultivation of the fine art of literary expression. One of the best services that criticism can perform is constantly to remind us that there is a standard of good speech, and to measure every new performance thereby.

Greece.

A BOOK just issued in Paris, "*Souvenirs d'Amérique et de Grèce*," by the Baron Pierre de Coubertin, brings vividly to mind, by contrast, the tragic days through which Greece has passed since the hour of her triumph at the time of the revival of the Olympian games, only a year ago last spring—a time of renewed national pride, of joyous hopefulness, of world-wide recognition and approbation. It must have seemed to the Greeks themselves that all the world had come to the splendid fête made complete by the generosity of their own countrymen in the appointments of the occasion, and by the creditable part taken by the Greeks themselves in two of the contests.

No one who witnessed the giving by King George of the prizes can ever forget the inspiring scene under the Attic sky in the immense Stadion—the triumphal procession, the cheers, the noble music, the whole inspiring spectacle.

The winning by the young native peasant of the Marathon race (graphically described by Coubertin, the originator of the games, in the book, as well as in *THE CENTURY* for last November) helped to arouse the national pride and a spirit of emulation in the entire people. For weeks after the games, wherever one went one saw impromptu contests. Not only the athletic, but also the heroic and the national spirit of the country

was aroused, and it may be that the excitement was not without its effect upon the minds of the masses in precipitating the desperately unequal struggle with the Turks.

Alas! poor Greece! Alas! as says Coubertin, the stupidity of Europe, which, having consented to make a kingdom of Greece, made it too little and too poor to exist, though still it does exist by its own indomitable spirit!

OPEN LETTERS

Dangers and Benefits of the Bicycle.

DANGERS.

IT is easy to understand that anything has its merit which entices into the open air a people too devoted to pen, ink, and printed paper, and too sedentary in habit. It is also obvious that any muscular exercise not too severe or too prolonged must increase circulation and respiration, and indirectly promote the nutritive processes that lead to health.

On the other hand, it needs no elaborate argument to carry the conviction that the young hoodlum who spends his Sundays and the greater part of his shorter periods of leisure in straining his immature muscles, including his heart, in demonstrating how far and how fast he can propel his «bike», is liable to shorten his life and sacrifice possibilities of usefulness unseen by those who despise his present vulgarity and curse him as a common nuisance of the highway. Equally evident is it that the elderly man or woman whose heart is no longer a perfect pump, whose blood-vessels are somewhat brittle, and whose other organs are more or less the worse for wear, runs the danger of speedy death from heart-failure (properly so called), apoplexy of the brain, or a similar hemorrhage into another organ, or from some other result of overstraining an enfeebled system.

As to the development of nervous diseases, eye-strain, the harmful results of improper saddles,—and none is altogether satisfactory,—the average reader of medical and semi-medical articles probably concludes that there is some truth and some exaggeration in the words of warning so eloquently and so repeatedly uttered.

No recourse to statistics is needed to prove that risk of accident is far greater for one engaged in muscular exercise than for the stay-at-home, for the man going ten miles an hour than for the one who is content with a three-mile gait, for one threading his way among horses, wagons, and electric cars than for one jostling his own kind on the sidewalk. Except for the increased number of bicycles, the wheelman is safer now than he was ten years ago. Not only is his vehicle better built, and the danger from falls minimized by lowering the center of gravity and placing it far behind the front axle, but he rides over better roads, and accidents due

to the selfish indifference or diabolical malice of drivers of horses are becoming less and less frequent as the latter learn the needs and the rights of wheelmen, and as the bicycle becomes more and more the vehicle of the masses.

SPINSTERS IN THE THIRTIES.

THE benefits of the bicycle are to be noted particularly in the case of women who have passed the heyday of youth and have not yet reached the calm of middle life, but who are passing through a period of mental fermentation and physical irritability of varying degree according to their social sphere, temperament, and habits. The matron with engrossing and for the most part pleasant cares may slip from youth to middle age with scarcely a realization that the glamour of the former is waning, and without the physical reflection of a purely mental disturbance. In some respects she is more prone to actual organic disease than her unmarried sister, but it is the latter who is especially liable to mourn over the lost gaieties of younger days, to feel herself becoming less essential to active life, and, in turn, life becoming less endurable to her. The spinster who is an integral part of some pleasant household, or who is born to that class of society which has money and leisure for making a business of pleasure, may also find growing old a tolerable, if not actually agreeable, process. But it is the solitary female, the one who commands the gaieties of life only so long as she can keep white hairs and wrinkles from appearing, who has not the prosaic but necessary basis of philanthropy, of social activity, or the various phases of new-womanism, who somewhere in the third decade of life realizes that the evil days have come, and the years when she is forced to say, «I have no pleasure in them.» Teacher, stenographer, seamstress, wage-earner in whatever field, or the unwilling parasite on some struggling relative, she becomes the prey of mental yearning and dissatisfaction, and it is little wonder that actual disease follows. Life, irksome enough in health, becomes doubly so now; and the two factors, mental and physical suffering, act and react on each other in a vicious circle. The manifestation of the nervous state of such a woman may localize itself in some one organ or apparatus; some special form of neuralgia may set in, or the supply of nerve-power to the stomach may be so deficient that, without organic

change, a serious dyspepsia ensues, or any one of a number of other organs may be similarly depressed in function, singly or in association. Such women are particularly apt to fall into the hands of the quack who assiduously circulates a list of questions suggesting complaints which the victim will imagine, if she does not already possess them. Even if the patient consults a regular physician, the result is not satisfactory to either. The particular symptom complained of may be relieved, but a relapse occurs as soon as medicine is discontinued. General tonics are tried, but the patient fails to reach the point of permanent good health. Something is lacking, and the wise physician very soon realizes that the lack cannot be supplied from the drug-store. To such patients the bicycle is a blessing. The woman who would not—yes, could not—muster courage to walk a mile in familiar and uninteresting streets, will gladly put forth the same amount of energy in pedaling three miles to reach a park or the real country; and once there, the temptation to further exercise is irresistible.

It may be an open question whether the bicycle is destined, as some enthusiasts claim, to revolutionize the social life of our people; there is no doubt that it can furnish an excellent substitute for ordinary social occupations in the class of women referred to as lacking in this element of worldly pleasure. The bicycle is more than a vehicle: it is almost as much of a companion as a horse or a dog, while the exhilaration of rapid motion, the accessibility of charming bits of nature, the mastery of time and space, afforded by this steed of steel, more than atone for social companionship which depends on no deep-seated affection.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the bicycle is the much-needed mental and nerve tonic of the poor woman alone. There is an opposite class of patients who, not being obliged to work, are simply too lazy to be well, and who fall into the loathsome habit of invalidism. Some—by no means all—of this class can be appealed to through the bicycle, and restored to a natural and healthy interest in life.

THE BICYCLE AND THE TENEMENT-HOUSE.

FEW men have urgent need either of a new machine for enforcing exercise or occupying the mind; yet there is many a middle-aged or elderly professional man who is exchanging flabby fat for firm muscle, is increasing his breathing-space, toning up his circulation, and putting old age five or ten years farther ahead, by discarding the carriage, buggy, or street-car for the bicycle. The wheel is also effecting a radical change in the lives of many poor artisans. A second-hand wheel can be paid for from the car-fare which would be spent in a year, and the ten or twenty cents a day saved during the wheeling seasons of the next year or two may mean added health as well as comfort. Or it may be that the bicycle allows the workman to reach home for a good warm dinner during a nooning too brief, otherwise, for anything but the appetite-destroying dinner-pail or the dyspepsia-breeding cheap lunch, which, after all, is twice as expensive as a plain, wholesome meal cooked at home. Again, the bicycle, by annihilating distance, makes it possible to seek a home in the suburbs, or at least in a thinly populated portion of the city, remote from the noise, dust, and crowding of

the business center. Thus the hygienic as well as the economic and social level of the workingman's family is raised. It is no exaggeration to say that the bicycle is making self-respecting householders and property-owners of men who would otherwise become the victims of tenement life, necessarily dependent on the charity of the city physician,—for the poor have an enormously high susceptibility to disease,—and destined to succumb to a progressive pauperism which leads to dependence on one form of charity after another, till the professional dead-beat and beggar is evolved. Yet the simple explanation of this miracle is the centripetal tendency of all city valuations, the rent of the ill-ventilated three-room suite of the tenement, with its utter lack of indoor privacy and outdoor freedom, being the same as that of a five-room cottage a few miles distant, with good ventilation, sanitary plumbing, the possibility of at least a small garden, and the certainty of an atmosphere not only of pure air, but of independence.

MARKED MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT NOT THE SEAL OF RUGGED HEALTH.

It may surprise many of the readers of this article to be informed that marked muscular development is not the seal of rugged health that they have imagined it to be. Given, on the one hand, a professional or business man, whose fists are useless as weapons, whose chest expansion is only two inches and a half, and who is abundantly satisfied with a three-mile walk or a ten-mile bicycle ride, and, on the other hand, a trained athlete who can expand his chest to the extent of five inches, and who can trust either to his fists or legs for safety, and supposing them to be otherwise fair representatives of their respective types, the chances of life and freedom from disease are greatly in favor of the former. Remarkable muscular development is seldom attained save at the expense of some serious organic lesion. The ideal of the hygienist, therefore, is a man of moderate and symmetrical muscular development. Moderation excludes the factor of competition, which is the basis of all athletic sports. Symmetry is obtained from no one natural form of exercise or athletic amusement, but requires careful anthropometric study of the individual, and a tedious attention to the prescribed exercises at elaborate training machinery. This, in turn, means the sacrifice of the element of *fun*—a very important hygienic consideration—and of outdoor exercise, unless one has almost unlimited leisure for physical training. Hence, for the civilized man who earns his bread by mental acumen or muscular skill rather than by actual perspiring toil, and who trusts to a general regard for law and order rather than to his natural weapons, comparatively slight muscular development is necessary; nor is it worth his while to tax his leisure or curtail his enjoyment of outdoor sports in the attempt at symmetry. The tendency of all civilized athletics is to develop the locomotor power of the body rather than the capacity for stationary work; and so far as the health of the vital organs is concerned, experience teaches that walking or any other leg exercise in the open air is sufficient.

EFFECTS ON CLOTHING AND MORALS.

THE bicycle seems destined to effect a reform in clothing. Sensible shoes, and neckwear that will not inter-

fere with the poise of the head nor compress the great blood-vessels, have already become popular. Otherwise the ordinary attire of men has no specially objectionable features, though breeches are certainly more comfortable than trousers during hot weather, for bicycling or any other purpose. The wheeling-costumes thus far devised for women have shown a realization of the unfitness of ordinary dress rather than an appreciation of the changes needed. The one hygienic result that has been achieved by all efforts in this direction is the elimination of the long skirt which sweeps the filth and infection of the highway into the homes of civilized man, and doubtless is the cause of many an inexplicable case of contagious disease. If the fashion would only extend to other street dress, we could forgive the many offenses of wheeling-costumes against modesty, good taste, and comfort.

If the bicycle were responsible simply for distracting the attention of thousands of young men and women from artificial fashions in dress, and for creating an honest though sometimes mistaken effort at dress-reform, a great good would have been accomplished. But it is doing much more than this. It is establishing an ideal of physical health, and making deservedly unpopular the sickly heroine of less than a generation ago. The wheel is affording a wholesome outlet for energies that would otherwise be wasted in frivolity or actual dissipation, and in elevating the physical is also raising the moral tone of the youth of our land. The half-grown boy who formerly thought it manly to fuddle his brain with liquor or weaken his heart with tobacco, has changed his ideal to the not very lofty but certainly more innocent one of maintaining a reputation for speed or endurance, and while in training he proudly foregoes bad habits that he would be ashamed to abandon as a mere matter of principle. The use of strong liquors among the class of young men from whom cyclists are largely drawn is on the wane, and even «soft drinks» are used with increasing discretion.

All of this means not that the bicycle is to be used by everybody, nor that it is to be the physical and moral salvation of the age, but that it is aiding in a tangible manner in the solution of many problems, social, economic, moral, and hygienic.

A. L. Benedict, M. D.

How Napoleon Impressed a Foe at St. Helena.

THE letter which follows, from Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn to Sir Alexander Campbell, comes to us from H. A. Wetherall, Esq., of Hill Crest, Addleston, Surrey, England, who found it among the papers of his grandfather, Sir George Wetherall, who was military secretary to Sir Alexander, and his executor, in which latter capacity he is supposed to have come into possession of the letter. Sir George Wetherall, who died in 1868, was also at one time adjutant-general of the English army. It is believed that this letter, which is here printed from the original manuscript, has never before appeared. In THE CENTURY for October and November, 1893, will be found an account by John R. Glover, secretary to the admiral, of the voyage with Napoleon to St. Helena. Sir George was relieved by Sir Hudson Lowe the day after this letter was written.

EDITOR.

St. Helena, 14th April, 1816.

MY DEAR SIR ALEXANDER Accept I pray you my best thanks for your very friendly Letter of the 20 Jan^y last and for the good things of Mauritius which accompanied it. Major Fluker was so obliging as to deliver them to me safe and I was sorry his stay here was so short as to put it out of my Power to shew him any other attention than merely giving him a Passport to see our *great Lion*, the which in fact almost cost him his Passage as his Ship was only here a few Hours & was under way waiting for him before he returned from Long Wood.

I should indeed feel very much Interest as well as Pleasure in visiting you at the Isle of France but under the existing Circumstances there is little or no chance of my having such gratification, as I am very particularly enjoined to continue at this place for the better insuring the Security of Bonaparte until the Admiral destined to remain upon this Station during Peace, & Sir Hudson Lowe destined to take charge of Bonaparte shall arrive, when of course I am to return straight to England as I only consented to bring the arch-Fiend of Europe to this Place & to keep charge of him here until the ulterior arrangements for the Island and the Peace Establishments for the Station should be fixed & completed, and indeed I have already been here much longer than I expected when I sailed, as I was given to understand in London that I might look for being relieved about the Middle of Jan^y last, *our Friends* the present Ministers however, as you probably know, are not given to hurry themselves much where they do not feel themselves much interested & therefore here I am still & without any positive Information as to Sir H. Lowe or my relieving Admiral but of course living in daily or I may say hourly hopes of seeing them, a long Sojourn here not being very enviable. After this Explanation you will not be surprised to learn that I never for a moment thought of bringing Lady Cockburn with me, but I am sure she will feel much flattered & pleased by Lady Campbell's & your kind Recollection & Invitation, of which I shall inform her in my next Letters, she was very well by my last accounts which were to the end of December and gave me Reason to hope that long ere this my Family may have been increased.

I perfectly agree with you with respect to the Indian naval Command & have not the most distant Idea of taking it or any other whilst Peace continues or is likely to continue.

I have got on here better upon the whole than I expected, My *Prisoner Extraordinary* is most securely lodged, at last, and with the Regulations now established here I do not hesitate in saying it is quite impossible for him to escape, he & I are not quite such good Friends as we have been, he having lately made some Requests which I did not deem it prudent or proper to acquiesce in, and unaccustomed as he has so long been to have his Wishes or his Whims controuled in any manner this made him mighty angry, & he has since shewn very distant & sulky with me, but as you may suppose his Sulks or his Smiles have equally little avail with my Determinations. I have given him as much Latitude as I think consistent with his safety, & you may rest assured he will obtain no more, until I hand him over to those destined to have the future charge of him. Were I to attempt to give you my opinion of him, it

would I fear appear too much like trampling upon a fallen foe but in a few Words I will say to you, the more I see of him & know of him the less do I like or admire him, his conduct is far more like that of a spoiled child thwarted than of a Great Man under Misfortune, and (what will perhaps surprise you as much as it has me) his Manners are particularly low & bad and nothing can exceed the apparent capriciousness & overbearing ill nature with which he treats those French Persons who have shewn their attachment to him by accompanying him hither & who continue to flatter him & cringe to him in a way that is neither to be understood nor seen without feelings of disgust & contempt by Englishmen.

Adieu My dear Sir Alexander. I am sorry to say this Miserable Rock offers nothing likely to prove acceptable to you but if I can serve you in aught when I return to *Cavendish Square* pray believe the Pleasure I should have in executing your Commands.

I beg my best Respects & Regards to Lady Campbell and that you will believe the real Esteem with which I ever am, My dear General

Most faithfully & truly yours

G. COCKBURN.

This will be conveyed to you by the *Icarus* Brig of War, which Vessel I send to remain with you until a better Vessel may arrive from England to take your part of the Station—the Commander of the *Icarus* has (certainly very improperly) brought his Wife with him from England & she cruizes with him in the Brig as however the fault is not hers poor Woman, and she appears to be very quiet and respectable I venture to ask of Lady Campbell & yourself to shew her any Countenance or Civilities which may be in your power without inconvenience.

General Grant's Veto of the "Inflation Bill."

THE brief note by Ex-Minister John A. Kasson, in the April CENTURY, touching General Grant's veto of the "Inflation Bill," has called to my mind a statement of some importance made to me upon the same subject by the Hon. John A. J. Creswell of Maryland. I had not supposed that the incident referred to was unfamiliar to historical students. If it is, General Creswell's statement will certainly throw some additional light upon it. It will be remembered that General Creswell was Postmaster-General at the time, and it may be added that among his many high gifts marked ability as a lawyer and strength as a financier were included. I chanced to come into familiar acquaintance with him through the fact that he was the general counsel for the government before the court of Alabama claims, of which I was a member. His statement, which I think must be taken as altogether reliable, is somewhat at variance, but not strangely so, with Mr. Kasson's statement of what General Grant said.

General Creswell informed me that while President Grant did not submit the "Inflation Bill" to the consideration of the cabinet as a body, he did talk with the different members about it. At the close of one of the meetings the President requested General Creswell to remain. When they were alone the bill was discussed, the President saying that although he had thought much upon the subject, he had been unable to come to

a conclusion as to the true line of his duty. General Creswell urged him to veto the bill. The President replied that he was inclined to do so, but the pressure for approval of the measure, on the ground of party necessity, was greater than he had ever before experienced. He said that all but two members of his cabinet advised him to find reasons for signing the bill, and urged that a veto would imperil the prosperity of the country and perhaps wreck the party which had twice elected him. After considerable discussion the President said that his disposition of the measure would doubtless be the most important act of his administration; that in the midst of all the various contentions it was apparent that he must decide the matter for himself; that his judgment was opposed to the bill, and he thought he would veto it, although the weight of official recommendation was in its favor. He said he would have to see what he could do in the way of writing a message before the next cabinet meeting, and requested the Postmaster-General to come to him an hour in advance of the next meeting to see what he should produce.

When General Creswell called prior to the next meeting, the President took from his desk and read a very carefully written memorandum setting forth the considerations which had led him reluctantly to determine to sign the bill, and asked the cabinet officer how he liked it, and if he did not think that, all things considered, he had reached the wisest conclusion. Upon being met with expressions of surprise and regret, he took from his desk another paper and read it. It was the since famous veto message. General Creswell said with enthusiasm: "Mr. President, if you will use that, it will put the substantial sense of the country under lasting obligations to you." "No matter what it does," was the reply, "it is the only thing I can write upon the subject and satisfy my judgment and conscience, and I shall adhere to it." He then explained that he had sometimes found that he could come to the safest conclusions by writing for himself the strongest possible paper on each side of controverted questions, and that he had worked until late into the previous night applying that test to the "Inflation Bill." He said that at first he had given himself up to the thought that he would sign the bill and file with it an explanatory memorandum. He had made this as strong and logical as he could. Then he turned to the other side, and set to work to write the most convincing veto message of which he was capable. The result left no doubt in his mind as to which side had the weight of reason and argument. He felt sure of the right course, and, regardless of clamor and abuse, he would have pleasure in pursuing it.

This doubtless shows the operation of General Grant's mind, and the facts as to what he did in this connection, more fully than his statement to Mr. Kasson. It also shows that Mr. Kasson is in error in supposing that he destroyed the one document before preparing the other, and that he prepared and kept them *for comparison*, which seems to me to be the point of the whole matter, and that he showed both to at least one person. Indeed, both documents may yet be in existence. The difference between the two statements is not great, however, and is easily explained.

All who remember General Grant's manner of speech may readily believe that when he said the veto message was «the only thing I can write upon the subject and satisfy my judgment and conscience,» it was not necessary for him to add, «and I shall adhere to it,» before the matter was completely determined so far as his administration was concerned. His countrymen know much of General Grant, but I surmise they have much yet to learn concerning the singular purity and balance of mind, the independence and wisdom of judgment, and the quiet force of character of President Grant.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS.

Andrew S. Draper.

Anecdotes of Lincoln and Grant.

I. LINCOLN'S READINESS.

I HAVE not hitherto happened to read or hear of the following relating to Lincoln. It seems very characteristic, and worthy of preservation. I give it just as it was told to me by one who was present and heard Lincoln at the time.

In March, 1860, after his famous Cooper Union speech, Lincoln spoke in the town hall at Meriden, Connecticut. The hall was packed with people. Men were there from New Haven, where he had spoken the evening before, among them, on the front row, being President Woolsey of Yale. Discussion as to whether, if elected, a Republican could be inaugurated had been current. During the speech at Meriden a man seated on one of the window-sills at the side of the hall, in a piping voice interrupted Lincoln with: «Do you believe, Mr. Lincoln, that if the Republicans should elect a President they would be able to inaugurate him?» For an instant it was as if a blight had fallen on the audience; then there was a storm of hisses, and cries of «Put him out!» etc. They did not want to face that situation. But Lincoln, straightening himself to his full height, and pointing to the man, soon showed that he wanted to take care of him; and the crowd observed absolute silence as Lincoln, beginning calmly, and with a bit of the Western drawl unique to his audience, but closing with the fire and force that matched the cut of his words and the strength of his logic, answered:

«I reckon, friend, that if there are *votes* enough to elect a Republican President, there 'll be *men* enough to *put him in.*» The audience literally «rose to its feet,» cheering and shouting; and none jumped quicker or higher than President Woolsey. That settled that question once for all in Meriden; and it is said that not a man who then heard Lincoln but was determined not only to vote for him, but to help «put him in,» if necessary.

John P. Bartlett.

II. GENERAL GRANT'S CIGAR.

SHORTLY after General Grant took command of all the armies of the United States he was in Washington. Dr. Daniel Simmons, of 97 Lee Avenue, Brooklyn, was then in the army, serving as corporal in Company A of the First Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, having been transferred from the 83d Regiment New York Volunteers, and was on duty at Washington. He was in command of the guard stationed at the headquarters of General Halleck.

Smoking was very offensive to General Halleck, and he ordered Corporal Simmons to instruct the guard on duty not to allow any one who was smoking to enter. The guard was so instructed. Very soon after the order was issued, General Grant visited General Halleck's office, and the soldier on duty informed him of the order, and said he could not enter while smoking, and General Grant threw away his cigar.

General Grant no doubt mentioned this incident to General Halleck, for he at once sent for Corporal Simmons, and as he entered the room General Halleck said:

«Do you know this gentleman?» looking toward General Grant.

Corporal Simmons replied, «No.»

General Halleck then said that he was General Grant, and that the soldier on duty in the hall had compelled him to throw away his cigar before he would allow him to enter.

Corporal Simmons replied that that was according to the orders from that office to him, and that he gave that order to the guard.

General Halleck then said that the order, so far as it would affect General Grant, must be countermanded.

General Grant at once said:

«No; there is no good reason why General Grant should not comply with orders, and the man on duty did just right.» He then said, directing his remarks to General Halleck: «I hope you will not change your order.»

Corporal Simmons says the order was not changed, and that he afterward saw General Grant visit the office on several occasions, always without his cigar.

B.

The Social Menace of Specialism.

UNDER the stress of a competition unequaled anywhere else, the everlasting American desire to «get ahead,» success has come to mean an ability to do a limited kind of work better than any one else can do it. The price of that success is constant, all-absorbing devotion to that one kind of work, in most cases to the exclusion of all other kinds and of all other subjects of interest, except in rare moments of relaxation, grudgingly self-conceded. The result is often atrophy of the unused faculties, as Darwin, through exclusive devotion to scientific investigation, lost, as he himself confesses, his early appreciation for poetry.

Specialism does not stop when one has become a specialist. For one must, as a corollary of its principal proposition, «call in a specialist,» whether it be a matter of theological dogma, art criticism, sanitary reform, advertising method, or even amusement—from baseball to dining. Thus it is that when we give a private dinner we often call in some professional purveyor of amusement—a singer, or dancer, or reader, or magician—to add the lacking touch of completeness; and when we give a public or club dinner, we do not do our own talking, but fall back upon a specialist to talk to us and for us—a professional «after-dinner orator,» who makes a business of providing for such occasions the maximum of humor (or «good stories») and the minimum of instruction (or serious eloquence). What an aptly descriptive term, as marking the status of the modern elaborate dinner, is the phrase, so common in large cities: «Why, he's a professional diner-out!» And what an aggrega-

tion of bores will be the dinner-party of a not remote future, when specialism shall have done its perfect work! It is no great stretch of the imagination to picture the coming man as tongueless and earless, so far as the higher purposes of human intercourse are concerned. For his tongue will talk only the language of his own specialty, while his ears will be closed to the language of his neighbor's specialty.

Arthur Reed Kimball.

"The Century's" American Artists Series.

SARAH C. SEARS.

WHEN, in 1893, it was announced that the W. T. Evans prize for the "most meritorious water-color painted in this country by an American artist" in the Water-Color Society exhibition had been awarded to Sarah C. Sears (Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears), those familiar with art matters wondered who the newcomer could be, and a good deal of curiosity was awakened in regard to a work by an unknown artist of such merit as to be judged the most worthy by the consensus of the aquarellists. Happily, when seen, the verdict of the jury was indorsed by the knowing, who were unanimous that the intentions of the founder of the prize had on this occasion been fully met. The picture, "Romola" (of which a repro-

duction, engraved on wood by Henry Wolf, is printed on page 420), was also awarded a medal at the World's Fair in Chicago. It showed a firm grasp of the essentials of picture-making, and a virility of handling unusual in the medium employed. It transpired that Mrs. Sears was among those whom fortune has permitted to handle the brush and palette without thought of reward other than the *succès d'estime*—one of that class, each year more numerous in the art-world, who, possessing the talent and the training of the professional artist, do not enter the lists with him in bread-winning, and yet to whom the word "amateur" in its ordinary sense does not apply.

Mrs. Sears's career since that time has been such that it will not be disputed that as an aquarellist she is the peer of her professional brethren.

Sarah C. Sears is of New England origin, having been born in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Her present home is in Boston.

She has been the pupil by turn of Ross Turner, Joseph de Camp, the late Dennis M. Bunker, Edmund C. Tarbell, and George de Forest Brush. She is a member of the New York Water-Color Club.

Mrs. Sears's principal works are "Romola" and portraits of Mrs. Bunker and of Mrs. Templeman.

W. Lewis Fraser.



Mis' Dance's Buryin'.

WE three were still at the breakfast-table when some one knocked at the dining-room door. No one responded to our "Come in." Presently the knock was repeated; it was one that sounded as if knuckles had no part in it, but as if some heavy-handed person had thumped the door with the open flat of his hand.

"Go see who that is, Mason." Mason was the yellow boy who broke our dishes for twenty dollars a month. Without stirring from his place by the sideboard, he announced, "It 's some of them outdo' niggers wants to see Miss Flaunce."

"How does he know?" I asked, whereupon Mason looked smart, but maintained a discreet silence until "Miss Flaunce" asked him directly: "How do you know who it is, Mason?"

"I know it 's outdo' nigger, 'cause no cullud pussion what lives in a fambly don't knock that a-way; en he come to see Miss Flaunce 'cause he knows better 'n 'sturb'e boss at breakfuss." Having proved his acumen, Mason shifted the weight of himself and his brain-power from one leg to the other, and smiled a smile of conscious brightness.

"Perhaps it 's Jim Raincrow from the stable to see about the new mules," I suggested.

"No; he means it is one of the wood-choppers—do you, Mason?"

"Ya-s-s-s, Miss Flaunce," assented that young person, with much elegance; his soul was happy when he was included, however incidentally, in the conversation. Then, with a pleased wriggle, he continued, "It 's Billy Sinkholes; he 's been awaitin' yo' convenience in the pantry."

"We 've finished breakfast; tell him to come in."

"In heah, Miss Flaunce? Not wishin' to cut off yo' disco'se, he 's right raggedy, Miss Flaunce, en—"

"And you can take away the breakfast, Mason." After which implied rebuke nothing was left him but to usher in Billy Sinkholes, not without first making himself obnoxious to the "outdo' nigger" by imperious cautions as to his boots.

Finally the old man appeared, standing in an apologetic attitude outside the threshold, and making so low a reverence that the old felt hat in his hand swept the floor.

"Mornin', Miss Flaunce; mornin', boss."

"Come in, Billy."

"Inside de do'?"—looking around for a mat on which to make assurance doubly sure as to his boots. Finding none, Billy tapped the toe of each delicately against the jamb, dropped his hat outside the door, and took one step into the room.

"You right well, Miss Flaunce?"

"Very well, thank you, Billy."

"En 'e boss, he well too?"

«Yes; we are all well,—comprehensively. «How are things down at the clearing?»

«Well, they's doin' right well, Miss Flaunce; yassum, right well, considerin'»

«No one sick, is there?»

«Well—not to say sick, Miss Flaunce. You know that Jim Dance, you know—that there boy o' Big Nancy's, what come down from the city to do choppin' along of not havin' no wu'k in town? Well, he ain' been right well fuh nigh a week.»

«Yes, I know. Is he worse?»

«No, Miss Flaunce; he ain' no wuss—he 's daid.»

«Not dead! Oh, that 's dreadful! Why, he was chopping yesterday, was n't he?»

«Yassum; but he got took with a suggestin' chill las' night, 'bout 'le'm 'clock, en 'fore they could break it on him hit kilt him, sure enough.»

«Did Dr. Withrow say it was a congestive chill?»

«Naum; he did n't say. He wa'n't thaeh.»

«Do you mean to say that no one went for him?»

«No, Miss Flaunce; did n' nobody go fuh doctuh. Big Nancy 'lowed 't wa'n't no use; scritch-owl flewed in they house las' week, en it lit on Jim's hat hanging upside the wall, en she say she knowed then it his tu'n next.» A pause; Billy was evidently getting a sentence into shape. Finally, «She sent me tuh mek her compliments, and say she 'lowed to have the buryin' about Sadday or Sunday, en she hopes you can favior hit wid yo' comp'ny.»

«Tell her we will, and tell her also that we shall be down in about an hour to see what we can do.»

«Yassum; I des go tell her right now. I meks my 'knowledgegments to you all.» And with another large bow, made up of three small ones, Billy took himself apologetically out of the door. We could hear him on the other side of it, grating his horny hands over the carpet as he groped for his hat.

We found Mis' Dance—under ordinary circumstances called Big Nancy—the center of a rather large gathering. All the other wood-choppers' wives had gathered at her cabin to «set up», which ceremony consisted in about equal parts of eating canned goods and relating religious experiences. When we arrived the attention of all present was being given to a woman named Mary Off, who, seated with her back to the open door, did not notice our entrance. She was saying:

«Next to las' time I got dry 'ligion; I 'speriencted that Methodustin' 'ligion, en never took no babtizin'—not to amount to nothin'. Did n' do me no good 't all, en so this heah las' time I des went in fuh reg'lar Babbis' 'ligion, en I could des feel hit strikin' in ev'y step I took into the creek. I stayed in tell I was soaked th'oo and th'oo, en it med my soul happy, hit did; yes, Lawd'—this with a rising, quavering inflection, ending in an abrupt cry that was taken up by the other women, one of them leading with:

«Yes, Lawd; oh-h, yes! Come down, Lawd, right now, Lawd, en bless this wakenin' hour! Yes, my soul! Oh-h, Lawd! en bless ouh 'flicted sister, en don' tu'n away from her in this here hour uv her deep needments.»

At this invocation, Mis' Dance, who had been moving about composedly enough, stopped short in the middle of the room, flung her arms above her head, and burst into a silent agony of tears. Her tall, spare figure

rocked to and fro, her breast heaved, great tears ran down her face, and not one sound escaped her. The convulsion of sorrow passed as quickly as it came. Mis' Dance drew one long arm, from the elbow down, across her face, and came forward without a trace of any expression on her face beyond one of self-important complacency. «I ain' no ways fixed up fur the buryin'—not yet,» she said. «It all come so kinder sudden-like.»

«Yes, Nancy; it is terrible. I can't tell you how dreadful it seems to me to think that you had n't a doctor, or did n't send up to the house for help; you know I would have come.»

«T would n't er done no good, Miss Flaunce; Jim's tu'n done come. I seen all 'e signs, en' dremp all 'e dreams—won' yuh set down? You Pearl! git offen that cheer! I 'll wear you out, settin' yo'self up on a cheer; you act like you ain't had no raisin'. I 'll raise you—wid a plank! Go fetch 'nuther cheer fuh the yother lady.»

«Ain' no more cheer, maw; we ain' got on'y 'cep' one.»

«You—cleah yourseff! You des lemme get by yuh; you 'll wished I had n't!» Then, with much dignity, «I go fetch cheer myself.»

But this was a manifest impossibility, and we compromised on an old keg, to which I was assisted with considerable state.

«Well, Nancy, what is there we can do?»

«I can't tell des yet, Miss Flaunce; I ain' right shore ef I ken give the buryin' Sadday or Sunday. I done sont to Ine Mount'n fuh the coffin. I boun' to have it by Sadday, I tole 'em; but I don' know ez Pappy Cartwright ken be heah 'fo' Sunday.»

«Is n't Billy Sinkholes a preacher?»

«Yassum; but Pappy Cartwright always done all my buryin' fuh me, en I laid off to hev him come down.» This with an air of experience.

«How many chillen is you buried, Sis' Dance?» inquired one of the women, in the tone that people use when they know the answer to their question, but like to be told again.

«Ten, goin' on 'leven, now,» said Mis' Dance, with evident pride. An appreciative silence followed the announcement.

«You will need some money, Nancy; here.»

«Yassum; thank you, 'm; I do need hit. Jim's s'ciety what he b'longed to allows twelve dollars fuh buryin'; but what 's twelve dollars todes buryin' a man of Jim's size?»

«You won't hays as many expenses as if you were in the city, will you?»

«Pretty near; this here 's on'y Wednesday, en»—lowering her voice confidentially—«all this settin' up cosses right smart. I got my mo'nin' borrowed, en Mary Off en Sis' Turner 's done volunteered fuh the shroud; they in the yuther room sewin' on it now—you Pearl! take some mo' tea en sardines in to 'em.»

«I will tell Jim Raincrow to have the wagon at the station so as to bring the coffin over here, Nancy; what else can I attend to for you?»

«Well, I wuz des studyin' about a hearse; can't have no hearse, en I laid off to see if you could n' loan me en Jim that there huntin'-wagon of the boss—the one without ary top kiver.»

«Yes; of course I will.»

«En, Miss Flaunce, ken Jim Raincrow hitch up a team

of horses instead of them mules? I got a notion 'bout mules not bein' suitable like.»

«Yes, Nancy; you can have anything of that sort you want.»

«I wish I could give ez good a buryin' ez I did to my oldest gal. She wuz consumed, she wuz; en when her han's wuz crosssted on her breas' she look like she wuz restin' good. En they wuz right pale, 'most like white 'oman's han's, Miss Flaunce, en soft; en I know hit wuz er sign to me that she done her work, en gone where the weary is at rest.»

«How long ago did she die, Nancy?»

«I don't know 'zackly, Miss Flaunce; naum, not 'zackly. I was n't never any han' at such figgers. She had a mighty pretty shroud, Lalla Rookh had, all sheered down the front in white satin, like that ball-dress o' yourn. En I put a pair of shore-'nough white kid gloves 'long-side her han's, all ready. You know, Miss Flaunce, it wuz mighty strange 'bout the way she died. Long ez she could say anythin' at all, she kept sayin' that plain little ole prayer 'bout «If I should die before I wake, pray the Lawd my soul to take.» En, shore 'nough, she did n' wake up neither. She just kep' on sleepin', en she 's a white angel this minute, a-takin' Jim roun' the golden streets. En he don't feel lonesome like he would by hisself. I reckon he 's mighty glad hit 's all over en done.»

Mary Off had come in from the other room in time to catch the last few sentences, and now began singing, the others catching up the tune at the second or third word:

I have some friends in glory, I sometimes wish to see;
And there 's others on their journey, but they won't wait for me.

The mother joined in with the rest for the first line, but as we turned to go we saw her wring her hands, then hastily throw the corner of the ragged apron she was wearing over her head, and stand with covered face, rocking silently to and fro, while the hymn went on.

On Saturday, when Jim Raincrow drove the hunting-wagon out of the stable-yard toward Mis' Dance's cabin, we started over to the abandoned graveyard in which Jim's grave had been dug, and arrived there in time to see the funeral procession come slowly along the muddy road and up the little hillside. First came Pappy Cartwright and Billy Sinkholes; then Mis' Dance, alone, wearing a long crape veil, a purple calico dress, and a most vivid plaid shawl; some distance behind walked the pall-bearers; then came the entire colony of wood-choppers, two and two; and lastly the hunting-wagon, containing not only poor Jim in his coffin, but as many of the negro children as could be crowded into it, perfectly delighted with riding in «white folks' carriage.» Mason, in the most citified of clothes and hat, brought up the rear in magnificent solitude. The procession halted at some distance from the grave: the negroes separated into two lines, one on each side of the road, and the pall-bearers faced about, marched back to where the wagon was standing, and after lifting out the children that were sitting on it, took the coffin and bore it to the head of the line. In this order they came to the grave, where, with Pappy Cartwright and Billy Sinkholes at the head, Mis' Dance at the foot, and the others grouped irregularly at one side, the services seemed about to begin. A pause ensued, which we could not ac-

count for until Uncle Billy, seeing that we were ignorant of the etiquette of the occasion, stepped up and informed us that Mis' Dance had «deserved that side for you-all; yessum.» When we had taken our places, Pappy Cartwright lined out the hymn, «Hark! from the Tombs»; but as he knew it, so to speak, by ear, the first couplet was given:

Hark! from the tombs a doleful soun'
Does now pollute my ears,

and upon this being sung with all the fervor and sweetness of the negro voices, he continued:

You livin' men, come gather roun',
En trimble for yo' fears.

In spite of this remarkable version, the singing was impressive. The earnestness of expression, the rising of the voices into a volume of melody, stopping short as the singers reached the end of the line, and the succeeding silence broken only by the solemn voice of the old man, all created an impression deeper than any studied formality. As the last strain died away, he turned to Billy Sinkholes and said, «Brother in the Lawd, will you lead our sperrits in pra'r?» Uncle Billy looked at Mis' Dance, she in turn glanced at us, at the mud underfoot, and then made a motion toward the pall-bearers, three of whom came forward and dropped their hats at our feet. On these we knelt, while the negroes knelt on the bare ground wherever they happened to be, and Billy Sinkholes, dropping his head upon his breast, began in almost a whisper his prayer:

«I ain't prayin' for Jim, Lawd; he 's done wid all the onsartain, shif'less scenes of life; his sands is run out on the sea-shore of eternity; but I am prayin' for our 'flicted sister, her that 's left all alone in her cabin excepting for her youngest chile and her religion. She done give you nigh all she had, Lawd; 'leven chillen o' hern done gone before they mammy; you got 'em, Lawd, and all she axes in their place is that you give her yo' blessed comfort.»

Up to this point Mis' Dance had been standing silent at the foot of the grave; now she broke into low, smothered sobbing, and Billy Sinkholes went on:

«She ain't cryin' 'cause they gone, Lawd; she cryin' 'cause she 's left behind; she 's mighty lonesome, O Lawd, and we can't help her; none of her fr'en's can't help her, Lawd Gawd, excepting you; en when we done put away her ol'es' boy, ez we shall do now, en she goes back to her cabin, en yearns for her first-born 'cause he is not, then you 'll go in that cabin too, merciful Lawd, en help her bear her lonesomeness. We axes hit for the First-born of Christianity. Amen.»

Then, still kneeling, they sang another hymn; the pall-bearers lowered the coffin into the grave, took off their coats, and picking up the shovels lying near, waited. Mis' Dance advanced slowly from the foot of the grave to the side where the earth was lying, picked up a handful of it, then, lowering the veil over her face, dropped the clods on the coffin.

«Yearth to yearth,» said Pappy Cartwright. Another pause.

«Where 's Pearl?» inquired Mis' Dance.

«She in the hearse,» said Mason; «I 'll go make her come.» And presently he came, carrying Pearl, whom he set down by the mother.

«Put in your handful, Pearl,» directed Mis' Dance.

«I'm scairt of graves; I don' want'er, maw.»

«You got it to do.»

«Please don't make me, mammy.»

«Honey, 't won' hurt you. Pick up your handful.»

Pearl finally did, her mother picked her up in her arms, and the child dropped the clod on her brother's coffin.

«Dust to dust,» said Pappy Cartwright; then, stooping for the third handful, he finished as he dropped it in, «and ashes to ashes.»

While the grave was being filled the negroes sang, «How Firm a Foundation, ye Saints of the Lord,» Mis' Dance joining in, but stopping now and again to give directions to the pall-bearers. When the singing was finished she stepped up to Billy Sinkholes and gave some order. And Billy, approaching us, said, with his usual low bow:

«Mis' Dance mek her 'knowledgments to you-all for comin' to her buryin'. And she say, it's a good way back to your house—you want to ride back in the hearse?»

Florence Hayward.

Rapid Transit Realized.

Time: 1907. Place: *A train on the Sixth Avenue Elevated Road.* Characters: *Miss A. and Miss B.*

(They start a conversation when the train leaves Battery Place station, and keep it up, with frequent interruptions by the guard, who calls out the names of the stations in a loud, clear tone. The speed of the train may be gathered from the frequency of the interruptions.)

Miss A.: «Did n't you know that Ellen had married John Strong? They were married last Thursday evening at seven. Our—» («*Rector!*») «—performed the ceremony.»

Miss B.: «Well, I am surprised, and delighted too. Where are they going to live?»

Miss A.: «Oh, have n't you heard? At—» («*Cortland!*»)»

Miss B.: «Why, have they friends or relatives there?»

Miss A.: «I believe he has a mother or something. They're going to occupy a part of the old—» («*Park Place!*»)»

Miss B.: «You don't tell me! That quaint old house?»

Miss A.: «Yes; they've rented the upper—» («*Chambers!*»)» «—and they'll be real cozily situated, I'm sure, for she's a born home-maker.»

Miss B.: «But how will they heat the rooms in that barn of a house?»

Miss A.: «Oh, they'll probably use a—» («*Franklin!*»)» «—heater.»

Miss B.: «By the way, what is his business?»

Miss A.: «He's a lawyer now, but you know he began life as a driver on the Erie—» («*Canal!*»)»

Miss B.: «You don't mean it! And she's such a cultivated girl! How could she ever have him after that?»

Miss A.: «Why, that's just why she took him. Said he was like Garfield. Thought it was—» («*Grand!*»)»

Miss B.: «Well, I can't imagine a more cheerless—what you might call a—» («*Bleecker!*»)» «—life than that of a tow-boy. And now he's a lawyer. What a jump! He must be an athlete. When did you say they were married?»

Miss A.: «On the—» («*Eighth!*»)» «He settled the day, although she opposed it.»

Miss B.: «And she gave in? How foolish! He'll take it as a precedent.»

Miss A.: «That's what I told her, but she only laughed. She wanted it to be on the—» («*Fourteenth!*»)» «—because he met her on St. Valentine's day, and so that date in any month is sacred to her. She is awfully romantic. But was n't it a coincidence? It was her—» («*Eighteenth!*»)» «—birthday.»

Miss B.: «Why, how funny! I think that was awfully nice. He was her birthday present.»

Miss A.: «And she his, for it was also his—» («*Twenty-third!*»)» «—birthday.»

Miss B.: «Why, is n't that perfectly astonishing! And of course when they celebrate their tin wedding it will be another coincidence, because it will be her—» («*Twenty-eighth!*»)» «—birthday.»

Miss A.: «Why, of course, goosey! Once a coincidence, always a coincidence, when it's of that kind. By the same token, it will be his—» («*Thirty-third!*»)» «—birthday. You might go on forever that way. What station are you going to get out at?»

Miss B.: «Fourteenth street. I've got a lot of shopping to do, and I'm in a tearing hurry. Where do you get out?»

Miss A.: «At Eighteenth. Where are we now?»

Guard: «*Forty-second!*»

Both together: «Good gracious!»

(They flutter out hastily.)

CURTAIN.

Charles Battell Loomis.

The Watcher.

My heart is like an empty house,
The hostess being gone;
The halls are laughterless at noon,
The beds are cold at dawn.

My heart is like an empty house,
That has no revel there,
With ashes on the hearth at night,
And winds upon the stair.

The glasses on the buffet stand,
Unused for many a day;
The brazen fire-dogs grin and grin
A new forsaken way;

The spiders weave along the wall
The sunbeams in a thread;
The echoes of old times drift by
Like shadows of the dead.

My heart is like an empty house,
With all the windows down,
Save one high in the cupola
That looks beyond the town.

And ever at the window there
My soul looks out to see
If Phyllida, my heart's desire,
Is coming back to me.

When she comes back the fires will light,
The guests will all return,
The wine will fill the cups, all night
The scented candles burn;

The halls will glow with light o' love,
The shadows slip away;
At noon our laughter will outring
Across the golden day.

Theodore Roberts.

Why Sammy left the Farm.

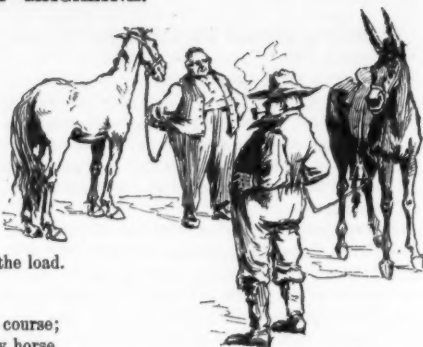
WITH PICTURES BY FRANK VERBECK.



NOPE, I reckon 't ain't no problem why our Sammy went away;

Farmin' ain't no great inducement fer a' active boy to stay;

There 's a pack o' pesky troubles scattered all along the road,
And a feller gets roun'-shouldered sorter pickin' up the load.



Poets sing the «independence of a farmer's life,» of course;
But the bulk o' them there poets never drove a balky horse,
Never tried to cure his habit with some new-discovered rule,
Ner to break the brute from kickin', ner to trade him fer a mule.

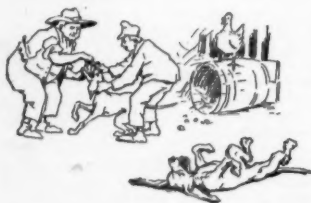


I 'd jest like to see a poet come a-strayin' up this road
Some day when ol' Bill is balkin' an' we 're pitchin' off the load;
He might make me up some meters thet 'u'd start the cuss; an' then
He c'u'd try his hand at stanzies thet 'u'd break a settin' hen,—

Somethin' better than a banner of red flannel to her tail,—
Er an ode to stop her scratchin' when ol' stockin'-feet 'u'd fail.
He might borry inspiration fer a' epic, an' indite
Somethin' better than a hoss-trough to break up a rooster fight.



He c'u'd write a master sonnet that 'u'd keep the tramps away;
He might cure the cow of jumpin' with some never-failin' lay,
Er her tarnal tail from switchin' when it comes to milkin'-time;
Er discourage hawks and varmint with some new an' fatal rhyme.



I would set him to composin' in the «pearly dews of morn»
Somethin' better than a scarecrow to perfect the early corn,
Er a goose-yoke fer the medders, er than rings fer rootin' hogs,
Somethin' hotter than red pepper ez
a cure fer suck-arg dogs.

Mebbe he c'u'd stop a freshet with
his stanzies, an' again,
In the scorchin' drouth of August he
might fetch a soakin' rain;

An' we 'd welcome that there poet with a most rejoicin' shout
If he 'd make us up some po'try that 'u'd knock the chinch-bugs out.

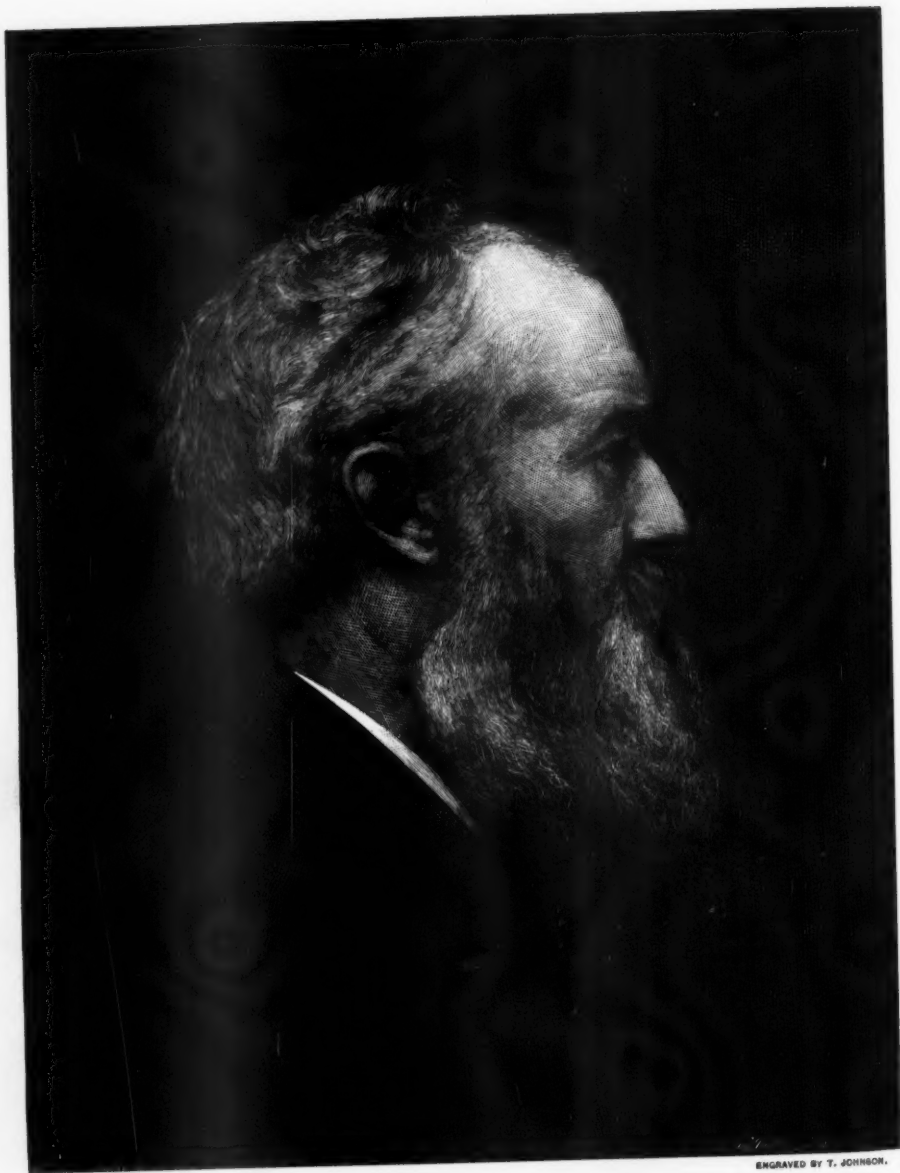


Nope, it ain't no special problem why our Sammy went away;
Boys thet 's seen the things I 've spoke of ain't a-hankerin' to stay;
An' we 're not a-blamin' Sammy, after all is said an' done,
Fer he got chock-full o' po'try 'fore he got to twenty-one.

Ner fer takin' it to market to dispose of it, you see;
An' he 's printin' it in papers, which he 's sendin' home to me;
An' when mother sets and reads 'em out, I tell her, with a laugh,
That I wish he 'd write a poem thet 'u'd break our suckin' calf.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

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31 JUL 1997



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Sincerely Yours
John Burroughs